THE EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY

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The interesting sketch on page two was executed by Keene W. Schwaab, a fifteen-year-old artist living in Newton, Massachusetts. He is a junior in the high school there. (His father is Eugene L. Schwaab, President of the J. S. Canner & Company, well-known library booksellers at 618 Parker Street, Roxbury, Boston 20.) Keene likes American literature, and whenever he finishes a book by Poe, Clemens, Thoreau, or Hawthorne he draws their faces. His father thinks that he may eventually attend the Rhode Island School of Design. We wish here to express to Keene our thanks for his permission to reproduce his etching and to predict for him a distinguished career in the arts.

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KEENE
SCHWAAB

THE COSMIC DRAMA IN THOREAU'S "SPRING"

By JAMES ROSS SWEENEY

The existence of Oriental influence in American letters has long been known, but its scope and depth need re-appraisal. Thoreau's statement that the "pure Walden water is mingled with the sacred water of the Ganges"[1] reveals an acquaintance not only with Indian geography but also with the religio-philosophic concepts of Hinduism, which have been the leaven for both the myth of Shiva Nataraja[2] and, in part, for Thoreau's appreciation of the creative and sustaining power of the cosmos described in "Spring" (chapter XVII of Walden). Transcendentalism was eclectic, drawing upon a variety of European and Asian sources, and like Hinduism was a manifestation of the Perennial Philosophy.[3] Both Thoreau and Emerson[4] believed that man could realize his divine potentialities intuitively and thereby achieve a nexus with God, identifying himself with the Divine Ground.[5]

Although Thoreau's beliefs were derived from many sources, he drew heavily from Emerson's Nature and the Bhagavad-Gita[6]—this latter not the sole fountain of his Orientalism. His reading in this field was extensive.[7] In The Laws of Menu,[8] a work Thoreau excerpted in The Dial (January, 1843), he also encountered rich metaphysical speculation which ultimately may have led him to call himself a yogi as well as "a mystic:"[9]

> Depend upon it that, rude and careless as I am, I would fain practice the yoga faithfully.
>
> "The Yogi, absorbed in contemplation, contributes in his degree to creation; he breathes a divine perfume, he hears wonderful things. Divine forms traverse him, and, united to the nature which is proper to him, he goes, he acts as animating original matter."
>
> To some extent, and at rare intervals, even I am a yogi.[10]

Thoreau, therefore, syncretized Hindu mysticism and New England Romantic idealism.

Although for Hindu and Transcendentalist alike, the union of the individual soul with the Divine Ground was of supreme importance, Indian religious practices were overlaid with legends and myths. One of these was that of Shiva Nataraja,[11] which has combined folklore and religious truths in order to represent the Divine creative and sustaining power in the cosmos. Shiva is generally regarded as the Destroyer[12] who with Brahma (the Creator) and Vishnu (the Preserver) comprises the Hindu Trimurti. In the higher concept of this god, He, Brahma, and Vishnu are one deity creating, sustaining, and destroying the universe.[13] Although Thoreau might not have been too familiar with Shiva per se,[14] through his extensive reading he was undeniably acquainted with the motif. Shiva's cosmic dance has become the great symbol of Divine Energy which is often represented by statues in which the four-armed god holds in one hand a drum, symbolizing creation; in another fire, the symbol of purification and dissolution; a third is uplifted as a sign of protection; another points down to the raised foot, the symbol of release from Maya (the phenomenal world); the other foot is planted upon the back of a malevolent dwarf, and the figure is surrounded by an arch of flame representing matter or the universe.[15] This great rhythmic play symbolically taking place within the heart of every individual,[16] thereby liberating his soul from illusion, has been described as "that of 'expanding form,' a stupendous dionysian affirmation of the dynamism of the phenomenal spectacle...which at once affirms and transcends the apprehended traits of the individual and his cosmos."[17]

In a similar manner "Spring" is the expression of the Divine Energy as revealed in the natural realm. Beginning in the latter part of February, "Spring" moves gradually but at an increasing tempo to a great crescendo in early May. It is the story of re-creation, renewal, and rebirth, not simply in terms of mechanical processes, but of organic and spiritualized energy. Emerson, who was Thoreau's patron and literary mentor, says that the world "proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remote and inferior incarnation of God, a projection in the unconscious.... It is therefore, to us, the present expositor of the divine mind."[18]

The motifs of organic creation, reproduction, purification, and cosmic energy which form an integral part of Shiva's dance, are also embraced in the narrative of the thaw in the deep cut along the railroad bed. Thoreau tells us:

> When the frost comes out in the Spring, and even in a thawing day in winter, the sand begins to flow down the slopes like lava, sometimes bursting out through the snow and overflowing it .... As it flows it takes the forms of sappy leaves or vines, making heaps of pulpy sprays a foot or more in depth, and resembling...brains or lungs or bowels, and excrements of all kinds.[19]

Note the forceful diction in "thawing day," "flow down," "bursting...and overflowing" which indicate increasing energy result-

ing not in lava, but in organic substances such as "leaves," "vines," "pulpy sprays," and "brains or lungs or bowels, and excrements." "No wonder," Thoreau says of the thawing deep cut, "that the earth expresses itself outwardly in leaves, it so labors with the idea inwardly." This inward labor, here connoting both the reproductive processes and the expansion and expression of an idea, is enriched and clarified by the following lines which, in 1844, Thoreau copied from the Laws of Menu into his literary notebook:

5. This universe existed only in the first divine idea yet unexpanded, as if involved in darkness, imperceptible, undiscoverable by reason, and undiscovered by revelation as if it were wholly immersed in sleep.

6. Then the sole self existing power, himself undiscerned, but making this world discernible, with five elements and other principles of nature, appeared with undiminished glory, expanding his idea, or dispelling the gloom.[20]

This same idea is more succinctly stated in the Bhagavad-Gita by Krishna who says, "Arjuna, I am the cosmos revealed, and its germ that lies hidden."[21] Thoreau's picture of the thaw has been described by Sherman Paul as "one of the most brilliant and sustained analogies in transcendental writing; it was a myth of creation as expression, an elaborate metaphor of the organic process of art and nature and self-reform, of the creative and shaping power of Idea, and the renewal that proceeds from the inside out. And it was more than that: a metaphor of birth, and a metaphor of purification."[22] Thoreau himself extends the metaphor of creation in this manner:

When I see on the one side the inert bank,—for the sun acts on one side first,—and on the other this luxuriant foliage, the creation of an hour, I am affected as if in a peculiar sense I stood in the laboratory of the Artist who made the world and me,—had come to where he was still at work, sporting on this bank, and with excess of energy strewing his fresh designs about.[23]

Even the concept of the purity of the Artist's creation[24] is more fully understood when we realize that "the hand of an artist employed in his art is always pure:"[25]

Thus it seemed that this one hillside illustrated the principle of all operations of Nature. The Maker of the earth but patented a leaf.... this suggests at least that Nature has some bowels, and there again is Mother of humanity. This is the first frost coming out of the ground; this is Spring.... I know of nothing more purgative of winter fumes and indigestions. It convinces me that Earth is still in her swaddling clothes, and stretches forth baby fingers on every side. Fresh curls spring from the baldest brow. There is nothing inorganic.[26]

The principle illustrated in this great metaphor is Shiva's dance, which is in the stage of re-creation and rebirth after the period of repose or winter. Here the Mother of humanity gives birth to new life, and all matter is reawakened by Divine impulse.

In the night of Brahma, Nature is inert, and cannot dance till Shiva wills it: He rises from His rapture, and dancing sends through inert matter pulsing waves of awakening sound, and lo! matter also dances appearing as a glory round about Him. Dancing, He sustains its manifold phenomena. In the fulness of time, still dancing, he destroys all forms and names by fire and gives new rest.[27]

Thoreau was intimately acquainted with this theme as expressed in Menu:

51. He, whose powers are incomprehensible, having thus created both me and this universe, was again absorbed in the supreme Spirit, changing the time of energy for the time of repose.

52. When that power awakes...then has this world its full expansion; but, when he slumbers with a tranquil spirit, then the whole system fades away.[28]

A number of the attributes of Shiva's dance, in addition to creation and maintenance of the universe, are to be found in "Spring." Purification may be seen in the purging of "winter's fumes and indigestions;" and dissolution is implied by the renewal of activity after the icy slumber of winter when "our human life but dies down to its root." A more outstanding example of the destructive process understood as Shiva's act of dissolution may be found at the conclusion of the chapter where Thoreau says:

I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organizations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp,—tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood! With the liability to accident, we must see how little account is to be made of it. The impression made on a wise man is that of universal innocence. Poison is not poisonous after all nor are any wounds fatal.[29]

In this same chapter of Walden Thoreau quotes from a work of Hindu literature, Kalidasa's brilliant courtly drama, Shakuntala:

The sulphur-like pollen of the pitch-pine soon covered the pond and the stones and rotten wood along the shore, so that you could have collected a barrelful. This is the "sulphur showers" we

hear of. Even in Calidasa's drama of Sacontala, we read of "rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus."[30]

This quotation is taken from Act VII, scene 1, where King Dushmanta remarks of the forest-home of the hermits:

> I see with equal amazement both the pious and their awful retreat.—It becomes, indeed, pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life; to bathe in rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath; to meditate in caves, the pebbles of which are unblemished gems; and to restrain their passions, even though nymphs of exquisite beauty frolick around them: in this grove alone is attained the summit of true piety, to which other hermits in vain aspire.[31]

It is highly significant that Thoreau should have elected to quote from this passage, since its tenor suggests the "hermit of Concord" himself and the waters of Walden mingling with the Ganges.

In "Spring" the theme of change, metamorphosis, and release has been employed in Thoreau's metaphors: "ice-thaw-flux, seed-flower-fruit, grub-chrysalis-butterfly."[32]

> Thus, also you pass from lumpish grub in the earth to the airy and fluttering butterfly. The very globe continually transcends and translates itself, and becomes winged in its orbit.[33]

Release, the fourth great attribute of Shiva's dance, which the Hindu Brahmin experiences through a trance or Nirvana, climaxes this chapter. When the ice has melted on the pond Thoreau finds his final liberation in a spontaneous and unconscious ecstasy.[34] The supreme symbol of release from karma is the hawk whose flight is described as follows:

> It was the most ethereal flight I had ever witnessed. It did not simply flutter like a butterfly, nor soar like the larger hawks, but it sported with proud reliance in the fields of air; mounting again and again with its strange chuckle, it repeated its free and beautiful fall.... It appeared to have no companion in the universe,—sporting there alone,—and to need none but the morning and the ether with which it played. It was not lonely, but made all the earth lonely beneath it. Where was the parent which hatched it, its kindred, and its father in the heavens? The tenant of the air, it seemed related to the earth but by an egg hatched sometime in the crevice of a crag;—or was its native nest made in the angle of a cloud, woven of the rainbow's trimmings and lined with some soft midsummer haze caught up from the earth? Its eyry now some cliffy cloud.[35]

Sherman Paul writes, concerning this passage, that Thoreau having "won his renewal by lonely heroism...saw his transcendence in the soaring, solitary hawk, the bird he associated with nobleness and knightly courage. The hawk, he wrote in his Journal, soared so loftily...because it had 'earned this power by faithfully creeping on the ground as a reptile in a former state of existence.'"[36]

In short, Thoreau the Transcendentalist was an adherent of the Perennial Philosophy who had an intimate knowledge of Hindu literature and thought and who considered himself a yogi of sorts. In his reading he encountered a number of passages asserting the greatness of Shiva or Rudra, and although he probably did not set out to describe the "Dance of Shiva," he consciously strove to express in a literary form the Divine Energy which maintains the life of the cosmos. Through his incorporation into "Spring" the themes of creation, purification, dissolution, and liberation he produced a magnificent literary example of Shiva's cosmic drama.

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1 See Thoreau's Writings, (Walden ed., 20 vols.) Boston & N.Y., 1906, II, 329. Cited hereafter as Walden. 2 See infra.

3 The Perennial Philosophy embraces four fundamental doctrines: the Divine Ground, the direct intuition, the presence of a divine spark within man, and the identification of the spark with the Divine Ground. See Aldous Huxley's "Introduction" to the Bhagavad-Gita, tr. Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood, N.Y., 1951, p. 13.

4 On Emerson and the Orient, see Frederick Ives Carpenter, Emerson and Asia, Cambridge, Mass., 1930; Emerson's Indian Superstition, ed. with a Dissertation on his Orientalism at Harvard by Kenneth W. Cameron, Hanover, N.H., 1954; and Arthur Christy, The Orient in American Transcendentalism, N.Y., 1932. See also Kenneth W. Cameron, "Emerson and Southey's Oriental Books," The Transcendentalists and Minerva, (3 vols) Hartford, 1958, II, pp. 433-437; "More Remarks on Indian Superstition and Emerson's Oriental Resources while at Harvard," ibid., III, pp. 829-854; and "More Notes on Orientalism in Emerson's Harvard," E S Q, no. 22 (Spring, 1961), pp. 81-90.

5 See Emerson's Nature (Boston, 1838), p. 13, and Walden, p. 123. "The fact is," said Thoreau in 1853, "I am a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot." See his Journal, V, p. 4.

6 See Henry Seidel Canby, Thoreau, Boston, 1939, p. 97. Thoreau tells of his esteem for the Bhagavadgita in Walden, pp. 83 and 328.

7 Thoreau read not only Hindu scriptures like The Rig-Veda, the Sama-Veda, the Puranas, the Laws of Menu, the Haravansa, and the Upanishads, but also Hindu philosophic and dramatic works and current journals on British India. See Walter Harding, Thoreau's Library, Charlottesville, 1957; the appendix of Arthur Christy, op. cit.; Camer-

on's "Books Thoreau Borrowed from the Harvard College Library," Emerson the Essayist, II, pp. 191-208, and his "Ungathered Thoreau Reading Lists" (especially Legenda in Oriental literature) in The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, pp. 376 and 378.

8 See Sherman Paul, The Shores of America, Urbana, 1958, p. 74: "The Laws of Menu touched Thoreau's life at many points. As a guide for students it served one of the purposes for which Thoreau intended Walden...." 9 See note 5.

10 See Thoreau's Writings, VI, p. 175. The quotation is from the Haravansi, and was transcribed in his Journal, II, p. 191.

11 Shiva Nataraja is the Lord of Dancers and King of Actors who is often invoked in the prologues of Hindu dramas. He is the cosmic dancer as well. His devotees, according to Zimmer, are "asked to adore, not the names and forms, but the dynamism—this torrential cosmic stream of fleeting evolutions, which is continually producing and wiping out individual existences (this Niagara, of which we are the drops), as it seethes in a roaring, tremendous foam." See Heinrich Zimmer, Philosophies of India, N.Y., 1951, p. 351.

12 The epithet "Destroyer" is applied to Shiva's power of "dissolution", by which all matter is reabsorbed in Undifferentiated Unity. It is Shiva who dissolves the "fetters [of phenomenal existence] that bind each separate soul." See Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, The Dance of Shiva, N.Y., 1957, p. 73. But as the Destroyer he is also the reproductive god who restores that which is dissolved, and is often represented by the symbols of human reproduction. Popular Hinduism has tended to magnify the reproductive and distructive elements of Shiva's nature; even American writers have emphasized the destructive image. See Emerson's Indian Superstition, p. 51, lines 63-65.

13 See Margaret E. Noble and Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists, N.Y., 1914, p. 291.

14 In the course of the development of Hindu religion and literature, Rudra, the primitive lord of beasts and sacrifices, who is first mentioned in the Vedas, developed into the great and powerful Shiva. This evolution may be traced through Thoreau's reading. See note 7.

15 See Coomaraswamy, op. cit., pp. 66-78.

16 Traditionally the location of the dance has been the sacred shrine of Tillai or Chitambaram. See Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists, p. 313.

17 See Zimmer, op. cit., p. 598.

18 See Emerson's Nature (1836), p. 80.

19 See Walden, p. 336.

20 See Cameron, The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, p. 311. The italicized portions are the glosses of Calluca.

21 See the Bhagavad-Gita, ed. cit., p. 82.

22 See Sherman Paul, op. cit., p. 348.

23 See Walden, p. 337.

24 This Artist was the immanent, Transcendent Creator; i.e., Emerson's Oversoul or Brahma.

25 See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, p. 310. (The quotation is from the Laws of Menu.)

26 See Walden, p. 340.

27 See Coomaraswamy, op. cit., p. 78.

28 See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, p. 312, and note 20 above.

29 See Walden, p. 350. Also the Bhagavad-Gita, p. 94: Krishna says, "I am come as Time, the waster of the peoples, / Ready for that hour that ripens to their ruin. / All these hosts must die; strike, stay your hand—no matter. / Therefore strike.... / Seem to slay. By me these men are slain already. / You but smite the dead, the doom-devoted heroes...." 30 Ibid., p. 351.

31 See Calidas, Sacontala or the Fatal Ring in Sir William Jones' The Works, (13 vols.) London, 1807, IX, pp. 515-516. The play opens with a benediction in the name of Shiva or ISA. Thoreau borrowed this volume from Harvard on Jan. 28, 1850. (See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 376.) Cameron has suggested that this was the first Hindu work printed in the United States because it first appeared in the Monthly Anthology and Boston Review under the editorship of the Rev. William Emerson. (See Indian Superstition, pp. 14 and 39.)

32 See Sherman Paul's "Introduction" to Walden and Civil Disobedience, Boston, 1960, p. xxiv.

33 See Walden, p. 338.

34 See Sherman Paul's "Introduction," p. xxxviii.

35 See Walden, p. 349.

36 See Sherman Paul's "Introduction," pp. xxxviii-xxxix.

ANNOTATIONS ON THOREAU'S *CORRESPONDENCE*

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

The Editors of the handy volume of Thoreau's Correspondence[1] received our thanks[2] many months ago for issuing their documents without heavy annotations and thus speeding them into print. Thoroughly to have edited them would probably have delayed their publication for several years. Since 1956, when the publishers were considering the manuscript, many useful bibliographical aids have come into being and are employed in the following pages, which are intended to supplement the helpful work of Messrs. Harding and Bode and build upon it, possibly extending its usefulness. The publishers of the Correspondence (the New York University Press) have generously permitted me to quote from it for my catchwords[3] and cite its pagination system in order to benefit all who own the master text. I trust that the gains accruing to us all from such cooperative effort will be immediately apparent.

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1 The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, ed. Walter Harding and Carl Bode, N.Y. (New York University Press), 1958. Copyright held by the Press.

2 See my "Thoreau's Letters," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 13 (IV Quarter 1958), pp. 97-98.

3 Permission was given under date of September 22, 1959.

8.9 eusselmon nea [well-benched ship] as Homer has it] See the Odyssey, Book II, line 241; XII, line 358; XIV, line 345; XXIV, line 117. The reproduced text is from Two Thoreau Letters, ed. Edwin B. Hill, Ysleta, [Texas], [?1948], a copy of which is in the Houghton Library.

CONCORD, August 5, 1836.

FRIEND RICE,—

You say you are in the hay field: how I envy you! Methinks I see thee stretched at thy ease by the side of a fragrant rick with a mighty flagon in one hand, a cold slice in the other, and a most ravenous appetite to boot. So much for haying. Now I cannot hay nor scratch dirt, I manage to keep soul and body together another way. I have been manufacturing a sort of vessel in miniature, not a *eusselmon nea* as Homer has it, but a kind of oblong bread-trough.

In days of yore, 'tis said, the swimming alder Fashioned rude, with branches lopped and stript of its smooth coat, Where fallen tree was not and rippling stream's vast breadth Forbade adventurous leap, the brawny swain did bear secure to farthest shore.

8.11 In days of yore, 'tis said, the swimming alder....] The alder or Alnus was used poetically in Latin literature for "boat" because the light wood was supposed to have been used prehistorically in boat-building. See Alexander Adam, Roman Antiquities: or, An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Romans, Edinburgh, 1792, p. 308:

NAVIGATION at first was very rude, and the construction of veſſels extremely ſimple. The moſt antient nations uſed boats made of trunks of trees hollowed, (*ex ſingulis arboribus cavatis*), Virg. G. i. 126, 262. Plin. xvi. 41. Liv. xxvi. 26. called ALVEI, LINTRES, SCAPHÆ, *vel* MONOXYLA, *Paterc.* ii. 107. *Ovid. Faſt.* ii. 407. *Liv.* i. 4. xxv. iii. *Plin.* vi. 23. or compoſed of beams and planks faſtened together with cords or wooden pins, called RATES, *Feſtus*; or of reeds called CANNÆ, *Juvenal.* v. 89. or partly of ſlender planks, (*carinæ ac ſtatumina*, the keel and ribs, *ex levi materia*), and partly of wicker hurdles or baſket-work, (*reliquum corpus navium viminibus contextum*), and covered with hides, as thoſe of the antient Britons, *Cæſ. B. C.* i. 54. *Lucan.* iv. 131. and other nations, *Herodot.* i. 194. *Dio.* xlviii. 18. hence called NAVICIA VITILIA *corio circumſuta*, Plin. iv. 16. vii. 56. and *naves ſutiles*, xxiv. 9. *f.* 40. in alluſion to which, Virgil calls the boat of Charon *Cymba ſutilis*, Æn. vi. 414. ſomewhat ſimilar to the Indian canoes, which are made of the bark of trees; or to the boats of the Icelanders and Eſquimaux Indians, which are made of long poles placed croſs-wiſe, tied together with whales ſinews, and covered with the ſkins of ſea-dogs, ſewed with ſinews inſtead of thread.

See also Charles Dexter Cleveland, A Compendium of Grecian Antiquities, (2nd ed.) Boston, 1831, p. 173:

"The Athenians, it is supposed, were the first people of Greece that made use of ships, and for a long time they maintained their superiority on the sea. The first ships were built without art, and possessed neither strength nor ornament. In some places they were nothing more than the trunks of trees hollowed, which were called πλοῖα μονόξυλα, from their consisting of only one piece of timber; or σκάφη, from the verb σκάπτεσθαι, because they were made by 'hollowing' a tree."

See Virgil's Georgics, I, 136: "Tunc alnos primum fluvii sensere cavatas." (Then first did rivers feel the hollowed alder.) Also II, 451: "... et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus missa Pado...." (So, too, the light alder, sent down the Po, swims the raging wave.) In Thoreau's day, the definitive commentary on Virgil's lines was: Publius Virgilius Maro Varietate Lectionis et Perpetua Adnotatione illustratus a Christ. Gottl.

Heyne, (4th ed., ed. G. P. E. Wagner, 5 vols.) Lipsiae, Londini, 1830-1831, I, pp. 309 and 476-476:

[Thoreau may be parodying Jane Taylor's "The Philosopher's Scales." See note on 146.8.]

Paullatim, et sulcis frumenti quaereret herbam;
Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem. 135
Tunc alnos primum fluvii sensere cavatas;
Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,
Pleiadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton.
Tum laqueis captare feras et fallere visco

139. FERAS, VISCO,

134 *Ut vitem et sulcis* coni. Waddel. *herba* Parrhas. 135 *Ut* Heins. e melioribus; antea *Et s.*, ut in utroque Goth. Eratque hoc haud dubie lenius: nisi etiam *ut sulcis* adsciveris. (Malis Virgilium scripsisse: *Ut varias usus — — Paulatim*; *ut sulcis — — herbam*, *Et silicis* etc. Sed vid. V. L. ad Ge. IV, 203. *Wr.*) 136 *Tunc alnos fluvii primum* scripti Heins. quod Wakef. sequitur ex ed. ant. praeter Medic. et Gud. (receptum verborum ordinem exhibet iam Ald. tert. *Wr.*) *alveos* Scheff. *alnus* Mentel. pr. a m. pr. 137 *stellas* Menag. alter. *Navita cum stellis* laudat Serv. ad Aen. VI, 64. *dum* ed. Norib. 138 *Pliadas* alii: ita *atque Hyadas* scribendum foret. Alii *que* adiiciunt. (Med. a m. pr. *Arctom. Wr.*) 139 *Tunc* Medic. a m. pr. (vid. Q. V. XXV, 5, b. *Wr.*) *laqueo* unus Mead. *hibisco* coni. virorum doctorum ap. Burm.

homines. *meditando*, exercendo, experiundo. Nota res. cf. Cerda. 134. *frumenti herbam*, noto more poetarum pro herba frumentacea, h. e. frumento, segete: conf. Ecl. V, 26. *quaereret sulcis*, aratione produceret, *usus;* ut usu, arte, pararentur frumenta.

136. Tum primum navigatio inventa. Multis modis variatum phantasma apud poetas: vide Tibull. I, 3, 35. Propert. III, 5, 43. Manil. I, 78 sq. *Nec vitam pelago, nec ventis credere vota Audebant, se quisque satis novisse putabant.* Legendum saltem *sua;* Santenius emendabat: *sua quisque satis sola nosse putabant.* — *sensere* tamquam onus novum, ipsi adhuc intacti: pro habuere. *alnum* vero nominat, quia palustribus et littoribus gaudet: Ge. II, 451 *Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus Missa Pado.* 137. Sidera locis suis et nominibus notari coepere. (*numeros fecit:* „ad distinguenda sidera observabatur numerus stellarum, quibus quodque constaret." Sic Iacobs. *Wr.*) Enumerantur autem ea, quae et lucidissima sunt et inter reliqua omnium prima observata, in primisque ad navigationis prima exordia in usum vocata. (*nomina fecit Pleiadas* etc. ut ap. Liv. VII, 22.: „Quidam Kaesonem, alii Gaium nomen Quintio adiiciunt." et multa alia id genus; vid. V. L. ad Aen. III, 18. et Not. ad eiusd. l. vs. 693. *Wr.*) 138. *Arctos*, ursa maior, Helice, olim Callisto, *Lycaonis* filia, nota vel ex Ovid. Met. II, 505. *clara* vero tamquam sidus: ut sup. v. 5 *clarissima mundi sidera.* Nisi forte Virgilius graecum versum ante oculos habuit: Ἰλιὰδας θ' Ὑάδας τε, κλυτήν τε Λυκάονος Ἄρκτον.

139. *Venatio* et *aucupium* iuventum. Aves hic inter *feras* riam referri solent: conf. ad Virgilium Sequ. h. v. p. 400. Lucan. VII, 230. 514. Cicero Philipp. II, 8 et 44. Vide Cellar. Geogr. ant. T. II, p. 529; hinc praestantissimos arcus poeta ab iis designat.

449. 450. *Nec non*, etiam tilia et buxus tornari et scalpi possunt. *buxum* doctius poeta dixit, ea forma ut *malus*, *malum*.

451. Alnus navigiis utilis est. Padi ripae *alnis* consitae; itaque usus earum in faciendis navigiis promptus ac proclivis. Georg. I,

446. *frondibus ulmi*. Ulmus — *frondem* iucundiorem bubus praebet, etc. vid. Colum. V, 6, 3 et VII, 3, 21. Varro I, 24, 3. 447. *myrtus:* conf. Aen. VII, 817. III, 23. *bona bello cornus*, h. sagittis, iaculis, hastis; *tota* enim *ossea* est, Plinii verbo XVI, 38, s. 73. 448. *Ituraea*, ultra Iordanem, vel inde, quod ea Philippi tetrarchia apud Lucam et Iosephum fuisse memoratur, nota. Incolebant eam Arabes latrociniis infames, et sagittandi arte clari: latiore tamen nominis acceptione Ituraei etiam ad Sy-

476 P. VIRGILII MARONIS

Viminibus salices fecundae, frondibus ulmi,
At myrtus validis hastilibus et bona bello
Cornus; Ituraeos taxi torquentur in arcus.
Nec tiliae leves aut torno rasile buxum
Non formam adcipiunt ferroque cavantur acuto. 450
Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,

446. ULMI: 447. HASTILIBUS, 450. ADCIPIUNT,

445 Potest et hic duplici modo interpungi; aut sic, ut vulgo fit; aut: *Viminibus salices, fecundae frondibus ulmi.* Quod praeferam. (Recte vulgo interpungitur; in bono enim poeta semper simplicissima ratio tenenda. Remoto etiam colo in fine versus, comma posui, ut facilior iam prodeat verborum ordo: salices viminibus, frondibus ulmi, at myrtus et cornus, bello bona, validis hastilibus fecundae. Et fuisse, qui haec ita distinguere mallent, dicitur e Serv. Dresd. Sustuli etiam comma, quod erat post *hastilibus. Wr.*) *fecundae vitibus ulmi* Zulich. et Medic. a m. pr., ut ap. Burm. commemoratur. At Fogginii fide *frontibus ulmi* legitur, *d* ab recenti manu alteri *t* adscripta. (idque suo iam testimonio confirmat Frevtagius; neque is *vitibus* in cod. invenit.) Est hoc quidem etiam in Leid. *frondibus* Ven. *et fr.* edd. Aldd. et Iunt. cum Goth. pr. 447 *Ad* Medic. a m. pr., item *bella.* Tum *at bona b.* unus Mead. *bona telo* coni. Io. Schrader., ut respondeat hastilibus. 448 *Itureos, Tyreos, Ithyrios, Ithyreos, Ithireos*, inserto *et* ab aliis, librariorum ludibria apud Burm. At *Itureos* aliquot apud Pierium. Graeci scriptores audiendi sunt, in quibus Τυρρηνοὶ. (*Ityreos* etiam Medic. et Serv. Dresd. *Wr.*) *curvantur* in nonnullis ap. Pierium, Fabric., Goth. pr., sed est hoc interpretamentum τοῦ *torquentur*, quod fere omnes scripti, Burmanno teste, habent. Videtur alterum legisse Avienus Perieg. 931. de arcubus: *Ambitus hos etenim multus trahit, et grave pondus curvis inest taxis.* Mox v. 450 ante v. 449 in Goth. pr. erat positus. 451 *torquentem* Medic. a m. pr. (est ea prior lectio, ducta e vs. 448. *Wr.*) *adnatat* ex ed. Argent. notarat Reiskius, unde reiungebat: *torrente unda levis adnatat alnus.*

Missa Pado; nec non et apes examina condunt
Corticibusque cavis vitiosaeque ilicis alveo.
Quid memorandum aeque Baccheia dona tulerunt?
Bacchus et ad culpam causas dedit; ille furentis
Centauros leto domuit, Rhoetumque Pholumque
Et magno Hylaeum Lapithis cratere minantem.

452 *exagmine* Medic. a m. pr. (*exacmine* Medic. apud Foggin. sed e translosa, et ultimae *e* supra adiecta *a*. *Exacmina* idem Medic. Ecl. IX, 30. Ge. IV, 103.; atrobique *e* transfixa. *Exagmina* in eod. Ge. IV, 21. *Hr.*) 453 *alvo* ab Medic. et aliis scribitur. vid. Burm. (*alveo* libri, praeter Romanum, ad unum omnes; *alveus* pro *alveus* diri etiam Lexica docent; itaque *alvo* recipiendum videri possit; at vid. Q. V. XVI, 4. *Hr.*) 454 *et quae B.* ab aliis legi, in Servianis notatur. (*tulere* hic, non *tulerunt*, scribendum videri, pronunciavi Q. V. V. *Hr.*) 455 *cupam* apud Lutat. ad Stat. uno loco, at altero *culpas* Parthas. Goth. pr. unus Mead. 456 *Rhoetum* scribi ex membranis plerisque notavit Heinsius. *Rhoecum* ex Callimacho (in Dian. 221) repouere volebat Pierius. *Rhoecum* gigantis nomen esse, *Rhoetum* Centauri, statuerunt alii; melius dixeris, nomina aut poni promiscue aut confundi. In latinis libris *Rhoetum* constanter scribi, copiose docuit Bentley. ad Horat. Carm. II, 19, 23. adde Iatpp. ad Hygin. p. 5 Stav. *Centaurus*, graeca flexione, ex aliquot vett. notavit Pierius. 457 *magna* ed. Iunt. *Hyleum. Hileum, Ileum, Leum*, scribitur, v. Propert. I, 1, 13. Graecum est Θλαῖος. *minacem* Menag. pr., sed vid. Burm.

136 *Tunc alnos primum fluvii sensere cavatas.* Ex Lucan. IV, 131. 134 colligas, latera coriis fuisse tecta. *torrens* proprie ad Padi naturam. *Missa Pado*, immissa in amnem de navalibus. At Burmannus, ut alnus ibi natae transferantur ad alias regiones, ut *India mittit ebur*, Georg. I, 57, quod alienum a loco. Expressum esse versum a Claudiano XXXV, 178 *missamque Pado qui remigat alnum*, iam alii notarunt. 453. *Corticibus cavis*, intra corticem, et adeo intra truncos cavos arborum.

454. 455. Sationem silvarum suadere poetam memineris ex v. 433. Tot tantisque utilitatibus multum ceduntfructus vicinarum quae tamen tam assiduam operam exigunt; quin earum cultura multa adeo mala affert. Hoc, ut poetam decebat, a generali ac nuda enuntiatione ad facti exemplum deducit. *ad culpam*, h. ad furores, ad facinora et crimina committenda incendit homines; ut iam bene Burmann. exposuit. 456. Spectant ad Centaurorum vino inebriatorum furores et pugnam cum Lapithis in nuptiis Pirithoi cum Hippodamia. Vid. Ovid Metam. XII, 210 sqq. Habuit noster ante oculos Odyss. Φ, 295 sqq. Cum ap. Ovid. l. l. *Rhoetus* et *Pholus* non occisi sed fugati memorentur, Martinus, alium doctum Britannum secutus, copiose adstruit, *furentes leto* iungendum esse, non *domuit leto*. At enim *furere caede* facile dixeris, nunquam *furere morte*, *leto*. Sed tota

See also Georgicorum Libri Quattuor. The Georgics of Virgil, with an English Translation and Notes, by John Martyn, (2nd ed.) London, 1746, p. 37: "The alder-tree delights in moist places, and on the banks of rivers. One of these trees that was grown hollow with age, falling into a river, may be imagined to have given the first hint towards navigation." See also Bucolica et Georgica: With notes by John Martyn, Oxford, 1829, p. 132.

For the influence here of Jane Taylor's "The Philosopher's Scales," see the passages quoted from her in the note on 146.8.

8.15 The book has passed away, and with the book the lay] The "book" was a collection of Mother Goose rhymes and the "lay" was the verse about the wise men of Gotham. See The Original Mother Goose's Melody, as issued by John Newbery, of London, circa 1760; Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., circa 1785, and Munroe & Francis, of Boston, circa 1825. Reproduced in facsimile, from the first Worcester edition, with introductory notes by William H. Whitmore, Boston, 1892. (The introductory notes contain an account of the early American editions:) "Few books in the English language have had so great and persistent circulation as the collection of Nursery Rhymes known as Mother Goose's Melody.... According to my present knowledge, I feel sure that the original name is merely a translation from the French; that the collection was first made for and by John Newbery, of London, about A.D. 1760; and that the great popularity of the book is due to the Boston editions of Munroe & Francis, A.D. 1824—1860." Of the three Worcester editions, only the third is dated [1799]. The first must have appeared ca. 1785.

> Mother Goose's Melody: Sonnets for the Cradle. In Two Parts. Part I. Contains the most celebrated songs and lullabies of the good old nurses calculated to amuse children and to excite them to sleep.... The Third Worcester edition. Worcester, 1799.
>
> Mother Goose's Quarto: or Melodies Complete. Some of which have recently been discovered among the manuscripts in Herculaneum.... Boston (Munroe & Francis), [1824]

The Only True Mother Goose Melodies, without addition or Abridgement; embracing, also, a reliable life of the Goose Family never before published, Boston, 1833.

Mother Goose Melodies, Portland, 1838.

8.16 wise men three of Gotham In bowl did venture out to sea]

The book has passed away, and with the book the lay, which in my youthful days I loved to ponder. Of curious things it told, how wise men three of Gotham In bowl did venture out to sea, And darkly hints their awful fate.

[I reproduce below pages 17-24 of the first Worcester edition of ca. 1785:]

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 21

THREE wiſe Men of *Gotham*
They went to Sea in a Bowl.
And if the Bowl had been ſtronger
My Song had been longer.

It is long enough. Never lament the Loſs of what is not worth having. *Boyle.*

THERE

22 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

THERE was an old Man,
And he had a Calf,
And that's Half:
He took him out of the Stall,
And put him on the Wall,
And that's all.

Maxim. Thoſe who are given to tell all they know generally tell more than they know

THERE

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 23

THERE was an old Woman
Liv'd under a Hill,
She put a mouſe in a Bag,
And ſent it to Mill:
The Miller did ſwear
By the point of his Knife,
He never took Toll
Of a Mouſe in his Life.

The only Inſtance of a Miller refuſing Toll, and for which the Cat has juſt Cauſe of Complaint againſt him; *Coke* upon *Littleton*.

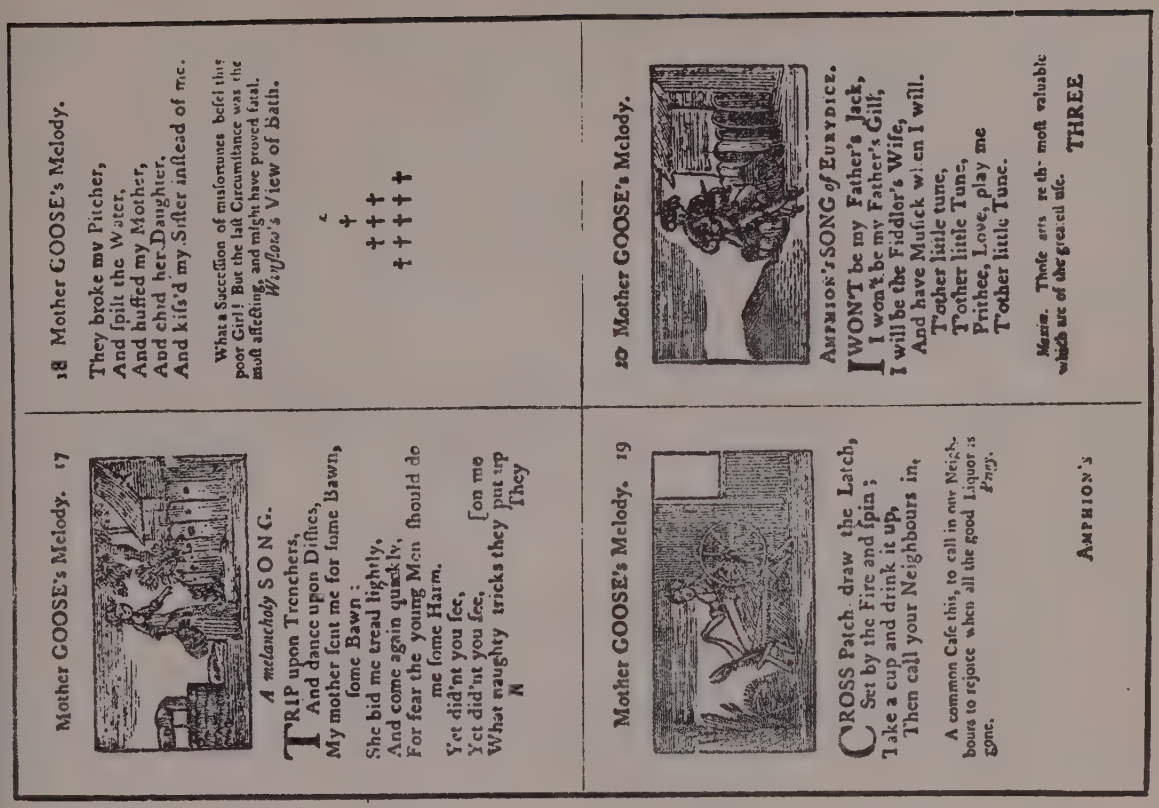
THERE

24 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

THERE was an old Woman
Liv'd under a Hill.
And if ſhe isn't gone
She lives there ſtill.

This is a ſelf evident Propoſition, which is the very Eſſence of Truth *She lived under the Hill, and if ſhe is not gone ſhe lives there ſtill.* Nobody will preſume to contradict this.
Cæuſa.

PLATO's



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 17

A melancholy SONG.

TRIP upon Trenchers,
And dance upon Dishes,
My mother sent me for some Barm,
some Barm :
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young Men should do
me some Harm.
Yet did'nt you see,
Yet did'nt you see, [on me
What naughty tricks they put up
They

18 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

They broke my Pitcher,
And spilt the Water,
And huffed my Mother,
And chid her Daughter,
And kiss'd my Sister instead of me.

What a Succession of misfortunes befel this poor Girl! But the last Circumstance was the most affecting, and might have proved fatal.
Wrighton's View of Bath.

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 19

CROSS Patch draw the Latch,
Set by the Fire and spin;
Take a cup and drink it up,
Then call your Neighbours in.

A common Cafe this, to call in our Neighbours to rejoice when all the good Liquor is gone.

20 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

AMPHION's SONG of EURYDICE.

I WON'T be my Father's Jack,
I won't be my Father's Gill,
I will be the Fiddler's Wife,
And have Muſick when I will.
Tother little tune,
Tother little Tune,
Prithee, Love, play me
Tother little Tune.

Mem. Thoſe are the moſt valuable words we have of the great Amphion.

THREE

AMPHION's

See Thoreau's college theme, "The Story-Telling Faculty," in Franklin B. Sanborn's The Life of Henry David Thoreau, Boston & N.Y., 1917, pp. 117-120, esp. 119. Prof. Edward Tyrrel Channing had assigned the topic on September 16, 1836. Thoreau probably handed in his theme when it was due on September 30, 1836, a few weeks after writing his letter to Charles Wyatt Rice:

> As that appetite [for novelty] is insatiable, so are the sources whence it may be gratified inexhaustible. When youth has ripened into manhood, and Care has stamped the brow,—though the lay may have lost its charm, which tells of curious things,—
>
> > How wise men three of Gotham, in a bowl
> > Did venture out to sea,—
> > And darkly hints their awful fate;—
>
> though this be an old story, the page of History is never closed, the Castalian Spring is never dry.

8.19 If men have dared the main to tempt in such frail barks] Thoreau knew Pindar's lines in the essay, "Wherefore the Pythian Priestess Now Ceases to deliver her Oracles in Verse" in Plutarch's Morals: Tr. from the Greek by Several Hands, (5th ed., 5 vols.) London, 1718, III, p. 123:

> "Were it the Will of Heav'n, an Ozier Bough
> Were Vessel safe enough the Seas to Plough."

See also Thoreau's translations from Pindar in Writings (Walden ed.), V, p. 391.

9.2 Natives—a harmless, unoffensive race...appeared somewhat astonished]

An obvious allusion to the Phaeacians in Homer's Odyssey, Books VI, VII, and VIII.

Natives—a harmless, unoffensive race, principally devoted to agricultural pursuits— appeared somewhat astonished that a stranger should land so unceremoniously on their coast.

Got her off at twenty minutes of four, and after a short and pleasant passage of ten minutes arrived safely in port with a valuable cargo.

9.7 "Epistolary matter," says Lamb, "usually comprises three topics, news, sentiment and puns."]

See Charles Lamb's essay, "Distant Correspondents," ¶ 2.

"Epistolary matter," says Lamb, "usually comprises three topics, news, sentiment and puns." Now as to news I don't know the coin— the newspapers take care of that. Puns I abhor and more especially deliberate ones. Sentiment alone is immortal, the rest are short-lived—evanescent.

Now this is neither matter-of-fact, nor *pungent*, nor yet sentimental—it is neither one thing nor the other, but a kind of hodge-podge, put together in much the same style that mince pies are fabled to have been made, i. e. by opening the oven door, and from the further end of the room, casting in the various ingredients—a little lard here, a little flour there—now a round of beef, and then a cargo of spices—helter skelter.

9.9 Puns I abhor and more especially deliberate ones.] Thoreau, of course, said this in jest. After Walden had been published on August 9, 1854, he pencilled on the inside of the rear cover of his manuscript journal (volume XXII) the following notes which I publish with the kind permission of the Pierpont Morgan Library:

My faults are

[1] Paradoxes——saying just the opposite—all which may be imitated

[2] Ingenious——

[3] Playing with words——getting the laugh——not being simple strong & frank—

[4] Using current phrases & maxims when I should speak for myself—

[5] Not always earnest——

[6] In short——in fact——alas! &c

[7] Want of conciseness——

For Emerson's criticism of Thoreau's style, see Journals, VI, 440-441 (1843).

9.24 Dan Homer is all the rage at present.] See 341.22.

My health is so much improved that I shall return to C. next term if they will receive me. French I have certainly neglected, Dan Homer is all the rage at present.

This from your friend and classmate,

D. H. Thoreau.

P. S. It would afford me much pleasure if you would visit our good old town this vacation; *in other words, myself.*

Don't fail to answer this forthwith; 'tis a good thing to persevere in well doing.

How true it is that the postscript contains the most important matter, invariably.

9.30 'tis a good thing to persevere in well doing.] Cf. Galatians 6:9—"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." (All Biblical references *passim* are to the Authorized or King James Version.)

13.11 "The clock sends to bed at ten, and calls me again at eight." Indeed I deem "conformity one of the best arts of life."] See Mrs. Elizabeth (Robinson) Montagu, *The Letters...with Some of the Letters of her Correspondents*, pub. by Matthew Montagu, (3 vols.) Boston, 1825, I, 87-88. In her letter to the Duchess of Portland, dated April 8, 1741, Mrs. Montagu wrote: "Amongst the old furniture, not to forget the clock, who has indeed been a time-server....; even me it governs, sends me to bed at ten, and makes me rise, oh barbarous! at eight. I go to bed, awake, and arise asleep; but I have ever held conformity one of the best arts of life, and though I might choose my own hours, I think it proper to follow theirs." For one of the last themes of the senior year, Professor Edward Tyrrel Channing (on May 5, 1837) assigned to Thoreau's class the topic, "Conformity in Things Unessential," giving quotations from Mrs. Montagu. The paper was due on May 19, 1837. See Sanborn's *The Life of Henry David Thoreau* (1917), pp. 150-152. Because Thoreau's classmates apparently enjoyed the exercise and remembered it, the allusion here was felicitous.

14.11 that "antique and fishlike" office of Major Nelson] See Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, II.ii.27: "A very ancient and fish-like smell." I have discussed Albert Hobart Nelson as Thoreau's fishing companion in "Thoreau's Three Months Out of Harvard and his First Publication," *Emerson Society Quarterly*, no. 5 (IV Quarter 1956), pp. 2-10. See note on 41.16.

19.22 this frostbitten 'forked carrot' of a body must be fed and clothed after all] Thoreau here is alluding to two passages in Shakespeare: (1) Lear's speech to "Poor Tom" (Edgar) in *King Lear*, III.iv. 99ff.: "Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come; unbutton here. [Tearing off his clothes]." (2) Falstaff to Bardolf concerning Justice Shallow in *2 Henry IV*, III.ii.318: "I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked he was for all the world like a forked radish...."

19.24 my German and metaphysical cat-sticks] According to the *N E D*, a "catstick" is "a stick or bat used in the games of tip-cat and trap-ball." Thoreau seems to be speaking metaphorically of his early efforts to comprehend the German language and philosophy.

20.10 It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the full import] Cf. 1 Cor. 1:9——"But it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

20.25 I have perused...the first number of the 'Boston Review.'] The *Boston Quarterly Review*, I, no. 1 (Jan., 1838), pp. 1-128, contained the following:

"Introductory Remarks" by Orestes A. Brownson.
"Christianity Not an Original Revelation with Jesus, Nor a System of Theological Doctrines, Properly So Called" [by Brownson].
"Review of Whittier's *Poems Written During the Progress of the*

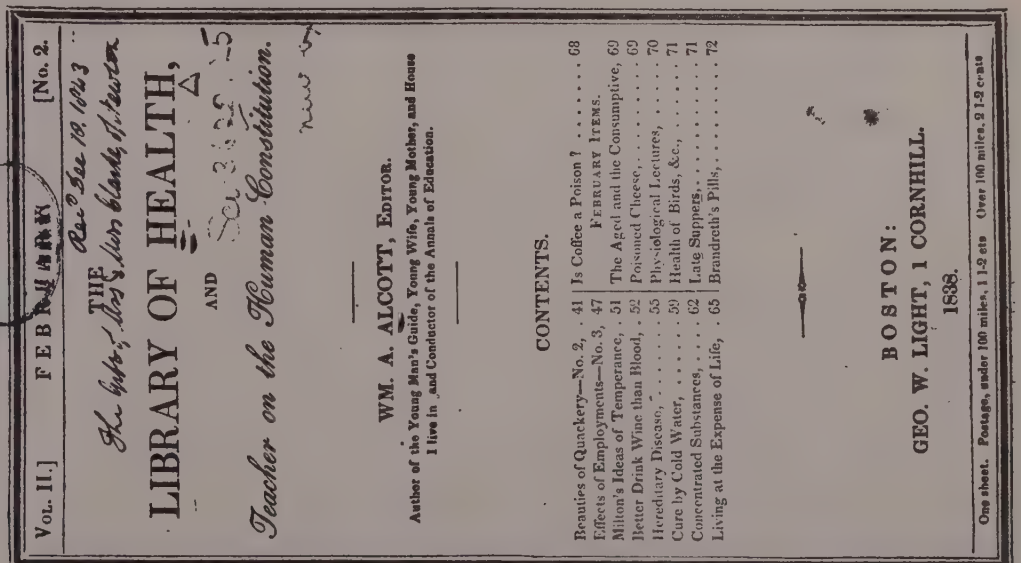
Abolition Question in the United States (1830-1838)."
"Democracy"—A review of an Address of the Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts...at Worcester, Sept. 20, 1837.
"Review of the Poems of William Thompson Bacon (1837)".
"Review of an article in the Christian Examiner on 'Locke and the Transcendentalists."
"Review of Emerson's American Scholar (1837)."
"Literary Notices."

23.7 Unfortunately, the "Americana" has hardly two words on the subject.] See "Flint" in the Encyclopaedia Americana. A Popular Dictionary ...on the Basis of the Seventh Edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon, ed. F. Lieber et al., (13 vols.), Phila., 1829-1833, V (1831), p. 148: "Its principal use is for gun-flints, and it is also reduced to a powder, and used in the manufacture of porcelain and glass. The manufacture of gun-flints is exceedingly simple, and a good workman will make 1000 flints a day. The whole art consists in striking the stone repeatedly with a kind of mallet, and bringing off, at each stroke, a splinter sharp at one end, and thicker at the other. The splinters are afterwards shaped at pleasure, by laying the line at which it is wished they should break, upon a sharp instrument, and then giving it small blows with a mallet...."

23.13 Dr. Jacob Bigelow in his "Technology"] See Jacob Bigelow, Elements of Technology, taken chiefly from a course of lectures delivered at Cambridge, on the application of the sciences to the useful arts, Boston, 1829. Thoreau probably refers to the second edition with additions, Boston, 1831.

24.17 What's done, may be undone] See note on 9.9. This is an example of Thoreau's deliberate "saying just the opposite." Here he modifies Macbeth, V.i.75: "What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed!"

25.1 those [numbers] of the library of health received since —38.... But one number...has been received.] See The Library of Health and Teacher on the Human Constitution, (6 vols.) Boston, 1837-1841. Two numbers of Volume II (1838) are shown below:



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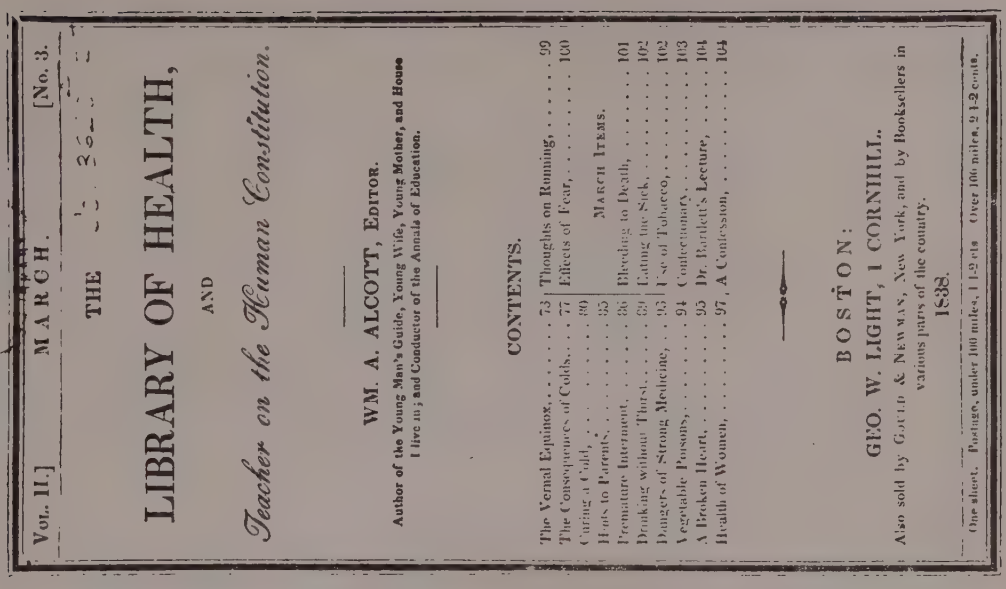

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28.10 I have no acquaintance with "Cleavelands First Lessons," though I have peeped into his abridged grammar] See Charles Dexter Cleveland, First Lessons in Latin, upon a New Plan, combining abstract rules, with a Progressive Series of Practical Exercises, Boston, 1829; (2nd ed.) Boston, 1831; (stereotype ed.) Boston, 1833. The "abridged grammar" seems to have been: Alexander Adam, Adam's Latin Grammar: with numerous additions and improvements, designed to aid the more advanced student by fuller elucidations of the Latin Classics. By C[harles] D[exter] Cleveland. Phila., 1836; London, 1836.

28.23 For information see Adam's Latin Grammar—before the Rudiments] Thoreau owned Alexander Adam, Adam's Latin Grammar, ed. Benjamin A. Gould, Boston, 1829. (This edition was used by students at Harvard and by candidates applying for admission thereto.)

28.27 one must occasionally hang his harp on the willows, and play on the Jew's harp, in such a strange country as this.] Allusion to the Hebrew song of the Babylonian captivity: Psalm 137:2-5—"We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof [of the Euphrates].... How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Cf. Thoreau's recollection of this Psalm in his contribution to the Harvard Class Book of 1837: "If I forget thee, O Concord, let my right hand forget her cunning." See Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 224.

29.7 Mental Philosophy is very like poverty—which, you know, begins at home; and, indeed, when it goes abroad, it is poverty itself.] A parody of the proverb, "Charity begins at home." For many examples throughout the ages, see Burton Stevenson, The Home Book of Quotations, (3rd ed.) N.Y., 1937, p. 243.

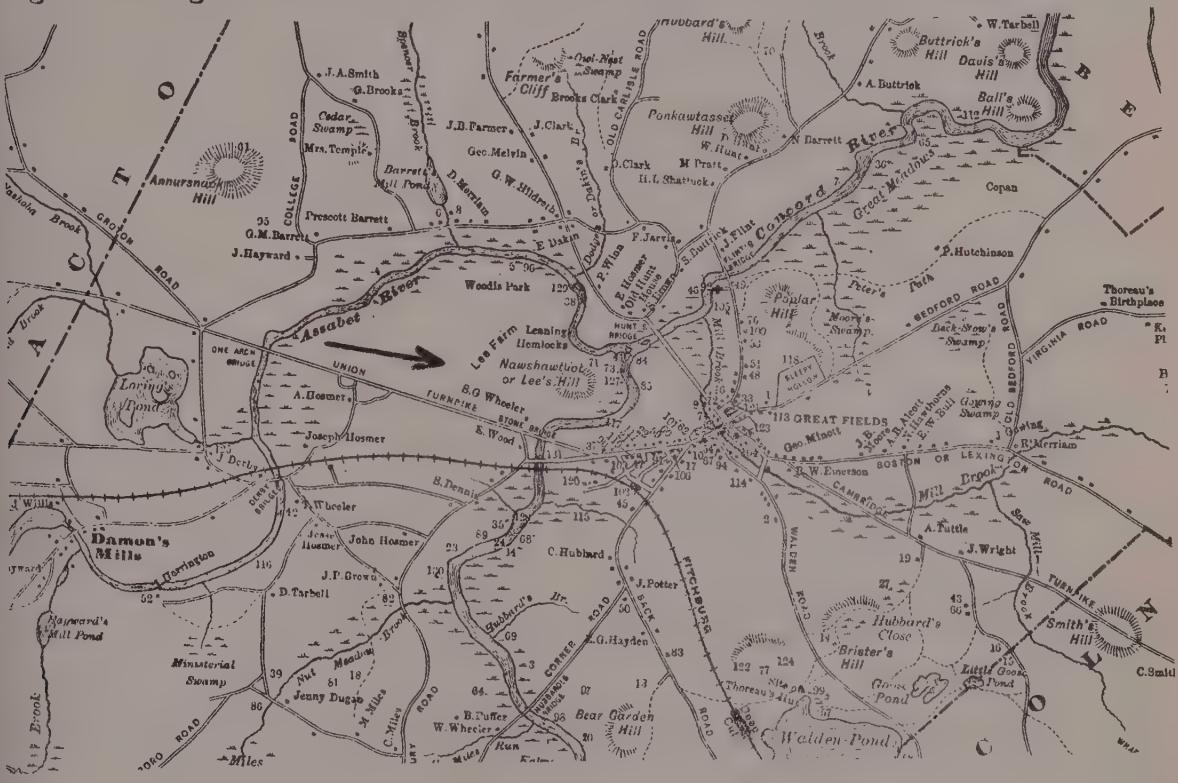
29.10 an abridgment...of Abercrombie, would answer her purpose.] A possible reference to John Abercrombie, The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings, N.Y., 1836. (It contained questions for the examination of students.) An earlier edition appeared in London in 1833. Thoreau, doubt-

less, meant "abridged assignments," for I have located no abridged text.

35.8ff. Canerem cum Horatio, si vox non faucibus haeserit—"Vides, ut altâ...."] Thoreau slightly modifies the first two stanzas of Horace's ninth ode in Book I:

> Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
> Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
> silvae laborantes, geluque
> flumina constiterint acuto.
>
> Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
> large reponens, atque benignius
> deprome quadrimum Sabina,
> o Thaliarche, merum diota.

He substitutes Nawshawtuct, or Lee's Hill, near the confluence of the Assabet and Sudbury Rivers for Horace's Soracte, which was on the western side of the Tiber Valley, about twenty-four miles northeast of Rome, rising to a height of 2267 feet. See also 452.17. See the arrow below.



35.16 "necque jam stabulis gaudet pecus...."] Thoreau here quotes lines 2-5 of Horace's fourth ode of Book I:

> ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,
> nec prata canis albicant pruinis,
> Iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna
> iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes....

35.24 Bulwerius est mihi nomen incognitum, unus ex ignobile vulgo....] By 1840, Bulwer-Lytton (1803-1873) had gained considerable popularity as a novelist, having published (among other works) Pelham (1828), Eugene Aram

(1832), England and the English (1833), Last Days of Pompeii (1834), and Rienzi (1835). Thoreau here indicates his small reading in contemporary fiction. See, however, the note on 525.5.

36.1 Si amas historiam et fortia facta heroûm non depone Rollin] In his personal library, Thoreau had Charles Rollin's The Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes & Persians, Macedonians, and Grecians, in four volumes, probably the edition published by W. Borradaile, (4 vols.) N.Y., 1825.

36.6 Bonus liber opus est nobilissimum hominis!] Thoreau's "An honest book's the noblest work of man" is obviously a parody of Alexander Pope's "An honest man's the noblest work of God" (Essay on Man, Epis. IV, line 248).

36.12 "Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae."] A quotation from Virgil's Eclogues, I, 82-83: "...et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant maioresque cadunt altis montibus umbrae." (Even now the house-tops over there are smoking, and longer shadows fall from the mountain heights.) The importance of Virgil's descriptions of the countryside (in the Georgics and Eclogues), while Thoreau was writing Walden, remains to be assessed.

40.4 where the bolt hits, thither was it aimed] This is probably proverbial. Cf. Matthew 24:28——"For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

40.27 Mr. Wood pronounces...that the scholars will not be forthcoming] A more illuminating reference to Deacon Elijah Wood of Concord appears on 41.14-15. He was born Sept. 18, 1790, and died Nov. 26, 1861, only a few months before Thoreau himself died. Though his education in the village school was brief, he learned enough about music to make himself useful to the church in his later years. As farmer and shoe manufacturer he became well known but was not affluent. "When business was done, away to the prayer-meeting, for he was absolutely needed to start the singing, or he might be on his way to the Social Club." See Elijah Wood, Jr., "Memoir of Elijah Wood," Memoirs of Members of the Social Circle in Concord, (2nd series, 1795-1840), Cambridge, 1888, pp. 194-200, from which I also draw the following:

> He was public-spirited. Deacon Wood was greatly interested in singing from my first remembrance, and farther back to the age of eighteen years, from which time he began to direct and lead in the old church. Singers, as a class, are a sensitive people, and sometimes get offended at the most trifling cause. He, with his mild and pleading manner, would generally reconcile them. We can truly say he was the father of singing in Concord. He had the entire charge of it from 1808 to 1826, when the church separated, and of the old church till 1851,—a continuous leadership for forty-three years, and in that time he never was absent but seven Sabbaths.... A leader is required to spend much more time than is generally supposed, which accounts for Deacon Wood's lack of prominence in town affairs. He must rehearse with his choir every week. He must attend the singing-school, in order to keep up with the times and learn new tunes. He must call on his pastor Saturday eve for his hymns, in order to make his best selection. Generally, in a live town some singing association exists, which he must attend. Then comes the family practice, of which he was very fond, and some of his sons were worn out with it, and never recovered.

He joined the church in 1836, and was chosen deacon April 29, 1841, having held the office twenty years to his death.

41.3 Mr Whiting, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School] This was William Whiting, Sr., a memoir concerning whom, by Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, appears in Memoirs of Members of the Social Circle in Concord, (2nd series, 1795-1840), Cambridge, 1888, pp. 247-265.

41.16 Nelson] This was the attorney, Albert Hobart Nelson, a memoir concerning whom, by John Shepard Keyes, appears in Memoirs of Members of the Social Circle in Concord, (2nd series, 1795-1840), Cambridge, 1888, pp. 382-386. Nelson was educated in the Concord Academy and at Harvard. In 1840, the year of Thoreau's letter, he was married, became active in politics, and was chosen a member of the Social Circle. Between 1836 and 1840, he was leader in Concord of the younger set, which included Hiram Barrett Dennis, Rufus Hosmer, Jr., C. C. Field, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, and John Thoreau. They "made up a more brilliant and agreeable set of gentlemen than were ever at one time collected in this town. Their balls and parties, their rides and walks, their boating and camping, their games and flirtations, kept the place in a blaze of excitement, and made the social life very gay." (See loc.cit., p. 383.) See also the note on 14.11.

41.18 and Concord river running nine times round—to the contrary] Thoreau remembered the River Styx, of classical mythology, which ran nine times around hell. According to John Lempriere's A Classical Dictionary, a copy of which Thoreau owned: "If any of the gods had perjured themselves, Jupiter obliged them to drink the waters of the Styx, which lulled them for one whole year into a senseless stupidity; for the nine following years they were deprived of the ambrosia and the nectar of the gods...." Thoreau's mentioning laudanum and poppy in this connection hints at sloth in the atmosphere of Concord. Cf. the introductory chapter to A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers: "It has been proposed that the town should adopt for its coat of arms a field verdant, with the Concord circling nine times round."

44.22 and thrid so many woods, as lie between Concord and Plymouth] "Thrid"—a common form of the verb "thread" from the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries—was used by some of Thoreau's contemporaries, notably by Coleridge and Wordsworth.

45.21 as the plant puts forth leaves] An echo of Emerson's Nature (1st ed.), Boston, 1836, 79.18-23: "Therefore, that spirit, that is, the Supreme Being, does not build up nature around us, but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old." This Swedenborgian figure Emerson found in Sampson Reed's "Oration on Genius" and in his Observations on the Growth of the Mind. See Emerson the Essayist, II, pp. 9 and 29. On the organic metaphor, see the note on 444.1.

47.4 [I] can sympathize with God Apollo, who served King Admetus for a while on earth.] For other references to Apollo and Admetus in the Correspondence, see 74.13; 76.7; 312.21; and 557.17. Full details about Apollo's banishment from heaven and his caring for the flocks of Admetus for nine years appear in John Lempriere's A Classical Dictionary, London, 1804, s.v. The following poem, which appeared originally in the Boston Miscellany (September, 1842), was reprinted in the New Bedford Mercury on Friday, Sept. 2, 1842, on page 4, attesting to the popularity of the myth in Thoreau's day. Compare Emerson's statement in Journals, III,

443 (January, 1835): "Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the priests; another significant fable. Every man is an angel in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if Heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as an asylum, and here they will break out into rare music and utter at intervals the words they have heard in Heaven, and then the mad fit returns and they mope and wallow like dogs. When the gods come among men they are not known. Jesus was not. Socrates and Shakspear were not." The foregoing seems to be a variation of a line near the beginning of Chapter XI of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre as translated by Carlyle—a line which Emerson may have read in Carlyle's "Goethe," Foreign Review, II, no. 3 (July, 1828), pp. 80-127. See also Carlyle's Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, (4 vols.) Boston, 1838-1839, I, pp. 220-286, esp. page 265: "Thus you perceive here, while, in the main field of the picture, Abraham receives a visit from his gods in the form of fair youths, Apollo among the herdsmen of Admetus is painted above on the frieze. From which we may learn, that the gods, when they appear to men, are commonly unrecognised of them." Cf. Emerson's "Statement of the First Philosophy" (June, 1835), section VII, in Emerson the Essayist, I, 193.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

There came a youth upon the earth
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth
Either to plough or reep or sow.

He made a lyre, and drew therefrom
Music so deep and rich,
That all men loved to hear, and some
Muttered of faggots for a witch.

But king Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine.

And so, well pleased by being soothed
Into a sweet half sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy of his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths seemed rough,
In his was musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw,
And yet, unwittingly in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For hour after hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
And in mere weeds and stones and springs
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
Yet when a sight they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed and called him good-for-naught.

But after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon
More full of love because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
And after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

47.15 the old rhyme:— "Three scipen gode
Comen mid than flode
Three hundred cnihten."] Not located.

48.1 I have hardly found rest for the sole of my foot.] Cf. Genesis 8:9——"But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot."

48.2 ...followed the star of my destiny till it has...come and stood over this place.] Cf. Matthew 2:9—"...and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

48.23 "Nature" I found—and language can not express my admiration of it.] Thoreau had earlier recommended Emerson's Nature to Isaiah T. Williams.

48.24 When gloom like a thick cloud comes over me] Cf. Bryant's "Thanatopsis," lines 8-9, and the imagery of "thick cloud(s)" in John Bradshaw's A Concordance to the Poetical Works of John Milton, London, 1894, s.v.

48.26 Few copies of Mr Emerson's Essays have found their way to this place.] The Essays (First Series) had been published on March 20, 1841. (See Emerson's Letters, II, 387 fn.) Williams' testimony that Buffalo had seen only a few copies within the first six months signifies a slow sale. Thoreau had read the book—or part of it—in proof sheets by March 12, 1840. See my The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 368.

48.27 Mr. Park's German I have also found] See Bela Bates Edwards and Edwards Amasa Park, Selections from German Literature, Andover, 1839:

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48.29 I have also obtained "Hero Worship"] Thoreau had completed reading Carlyle's On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History on April 15, 1840—in proof sheets which had come to Emerson from England. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 368.

48.36 Also Mr. Alcott's "Human Culture"] Thoreau apparently did not own a copy of Bronson Alcott's The Doctrine and Discipline of Human Culture (Boston, 1836) but may have borrowed a copy from Emerson. See his Correspondence, p. 53.

52.10 The Hindoo Scripture says, "Single is each man born; single he dies; single he receives the reward of his good...."] This is an extract from the Laws of Menu which Thoreau had been reading between July and September, 1841, copying portions into his volume of "Miscellaneous Extracts" (M.A. 594). For full details concerning Thoreau's acquaintance with The Works of Sir William Jones—especially the edition in six volumes (London, 1799)—see The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 310. See also the note on 68.18.

52.16 the New Testament,—yet if [a soul] be faithful enough it will have...a revelation fresher and directer than that] Thoreau here reflects the "Introduction" to Emerson's Nature (Boston, 1836) and Emerson's An Address Delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College (Boston, 1838), a pamphlet which Isaiah Williams asked especially to have sent to him.

53.13 The "Explanatory Preface" by Elizabeth Peabody] See Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, Method of Spiritual Culture, being an Explanatory Preface to the Second Edition of Record of a School, Boston (James Munroe & Co.) 1836. It begins: "The work now put to the press, for the second time, has, in several particulars, been misunderstood. And I am told that I must ascribe this to my own want of perspicacity,—especially in the last chapter, which undertook to sum up the general principles of Spiritual Culture, deduced from a view of the soul, that some persons say is not intelligible. On this account, I here attempt another explanation of the psychology, which is made the basis of Mr. Alcott's School, with the principles and methods, which are evolved from it; intending to omit that

chapter altogether, although there is nothing in it, which I wish to take back, or by which I did not mean something important. [¶] To contemplate Spirit in the Infinite Being, has ever been acknowledged to be the only ground of true Religion. To contemplate Spirit in External nature, is universally allowed to be the only true Science. To contemplate Spirit in ourselves, and in our fellow men, is obviously the only means of understanding social duty, and quickening within ourselves a wise Humanity. —In general terms,—Contemplation of Spirit is the first principle of Human Culture; the foundation of Self-education. [¶] This principle, Mr. Alcott begins with applying to the education of the youngest children...."

56.8 when Byron compares the light on Jura to that of the dark eye of woman] See note on 66.26 and Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III, stanza xcii:

> ... Oh night,
> And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
> Of a dark eye in woman!

58.9 "Land of every land the pride Beloved of Heaven o'er all the World beside... That spot of earth divinely blest—That dearer sweeter spot than all the rest"] This is a free rendering and condensation of James Montgomery's "The West Indies," Part III, lines 1-16, on "The Love of Country, and of Home, the same in all ages and among all nations." See his The West Indies and Other Poems, N.Y., 1810 or Phila., 1811:

> There is a land, of every land the pride,
> Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
> Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
> And milder moons emparadise the night;
> A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
> Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
> The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
> The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
> Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
> Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
> In every clime the magnet of his soul,
> Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
> For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
> The heritage of nature's noblest race,
> There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest....

58.13 memory...retires to wander in the 'Graveyard of the past'] Probably a commonplace, but compare Nature (Boston, 1836), 5.14-15—"...why should we grope among the dry bones of the past...?" Williams may have been quoting an expression used by Thoreau in an earlier letter.

58.16 "when the daughters of music are brought low."] See Ecclesiastes 12:4—"And the doors shall be shut in the streets...and all the daughters of music shall be brought low." (This is a part of the famous advice of Qoheleth to "remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them"—Eccles. 12:1). See 409.15.

58.27 "true to the dreams of Childhood"] Possibly a quotation from one of the three pamphlets on Alcott's school, which Thoreau had enclosed in his letter of Sept. 8, 1841. See Correspondence, p. 53.

59.5 "has no need of a candle neither the light of the Sun"] Cf. Revelation 22:5—"And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

59.10 I do not "burn with high hopes"] A possible allusion to Philip James Bailey's first poem, Festus (1839), which has been considered "for the daring of its theme and the imaginative power and moral altitude which it displays, one of the most notable of the century." See the section on "Home": "Burn to be great."

59.10 Tis not that "the way seems steep and difficult" but that "the event is feared"] See Paradise Lost, II, lines 71 and 82: "The way seems difficult and steep to scale...."

59.12 "daily contact with the things I loath"] Not located.

59.30 Adieu ye Classic halls. My Muse adieu!] Possibly reminiscent of Childe Harold's farewell to England in Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I, line 118: "Adieu, Adieu! my native shore...." It was, doubtless, much imitated and parodied by college undergraduates.

60.9 I should admire Pope's Homer if it were for nothing but that it flows so smoothly.] Interesting evidence of Pope's continuing popularity in the United States. See Agnes Marie Sibley, Alexander Pope's Prestige in America, 1725-1835, N.Y., 1949, and Leon Howard, "The American Revolt Against Pope," Studies in Philology, XLIX (1952), 48-65.

63.26 "carvels licht, fast tending throw the sea"] From the "Allegorie of Vertue and Delyte" translated by John Bellenden, II, 56, stanza xxv, line 1: "As carvell ticht [sic], fast tending throw the see." Taken from James Sibbald, Chronicle of Scottish Poetry; from the Thirteenth Century to the Union of the Crowns, (4 vols.) Edinburgh, 1802. Thoreau was reading in this book during June, 1837, and again during December, 1841. (See Emerson the Essayist, II, 194-195, and The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 196ff.) The extract was inscribed on page 103 of the Literary Notebook in the Library of Congress.

> As carvell ticht, fast tending throw the see,
> Levis na prent amang the wallis hie,
> As birdis swift with mony besy plume
> Persis the air, and wate nocht quhair they flie,
> Sicklyk our lyfe without activitie;
> Giffis na frut, howbeit ane shado blume,
> Quhay dois thair lyfe into this erd consume,
> Without vertew, thair fame and memorie
> Sall vanis soner than the reiky fume.

Thoreau quotes from the same poem at the end of this letter.

65.12 good verse by the old Scotch poet John Bellenden] See stanza xxiii in ibid., II, 55. See the transcript in the Library of Congress Literary Notebook and the note on 63.26:

> The rage of youtheid may nocht dantit be,
> Bot grit distress and sharp adversitie,
> As be this reason is experience;
> The fynest gold or silver that we se,
> May nocht be wrocht to our utilitie,
> Bot flammis kein and bitter violence;
> The more distress, the more intelligence.

Quhay sailis lang in hie prosperitie,
Ar sone owreset be stormis without defence.

66.26 some verses of Byron] See Don Juan, Canto I, stanzas 214-215. Thoreau owned a volume of Byron, purchased apparently while he was studying at Harvard. (See Walter Harding, Thoreau's Library, p. 38.) For some criticism of Byron which Thoreau read during his senior year, see my Thoreau Discovers Emerson: A College Reading Record, N.Y., 1953, pp. 14 and 11. See the foregoing note on 56.8. For Byron's influence on American literary critics, see Herbert L. Kleinfield, "Infidel on Parnassus: Lord Byron and the North American Review," N E Q, XXXIII, no. 2 (June, 1960), pp. 164-185.

67.21 as you say, "Man's ends are shaped for him"] Thoreau is here quoting Isaiah Williams' words in the letter of Nov. 27, 1841 (Correspondence, 58.23). They seem to be an allusion to Hamlet, V.ii.10:

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

67.29 Though we must "abide our destiny"] Thoreau is quoting from Isaiah Williams' letter of Nov. 27, 1841 (Correspondence, 58.23).

68.16 But need we sell our birthright for a mess of pottage?] See the story of Esau's selling his birthright to Jacob in Genesis 25:29-34.

68.17 trust that we shall be fed as the sparrows are.] See Matthew 6:26, 10:29-31, and Luke 12:6-7.

68.18 "Grass and earth to sit on, water to wash the feet...."] From Chapter III ("On Marriage") in the Laws of Menu, translated by Sir William Jones. (See note on 52.10.) The quotation appears in The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 315: "Grass and earth to sit on, water to wash the feet, and, fourthly, affectionate speech are at no time deficient in the mansions of the good, although they may be indigent."

69.34 "such is the sovereign doom & such the will of Jove"] Not identified. Perhaps it is a commonplace. It resembles Statius' Thebais, Book I, line 413 (in Pope's translation):

'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.

70.35 but yet "that undiscovered country" Who shall tell us whether to fear—or desire it?] An echo of Hamlet, III.i.79: "The undiscover'd country from whose bourn / No traveller returns."

71.9 "I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day."] See Revelation 1:10-11—"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and What thou seest, write in a book...."

74.12 it is a part of the harmony of the spheres] Richard Fuller had given Thoreau a music box. Cf. "Sphere Music" in Journal, I, 58 (Sept. 2, 1838). See note on 259.28. Pythagoras seems to have been the first who taught the music of the spheres. He believed that the planets made a sweet melody which was inaudible to most human ears because out of their range. Cf. Job 38:7 for a reference to the time "When the morning stars sang together...."

74.13 condescended to serve us Admetuses] See note on 47.4.

76.7 We are all of us Apollo's serving some Admetus.] See note on 47.4.

77.8 Mrs. Lidian Emerson, who almost persuades me to be a Christian] See Acts 26:28—"Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

77.34 lecture on Peace by a Mr. Spear (ought he not to be beaten into a ploughshare?), the same evening] Possibly Charles Spear, of Boston, who was publishing at this time. The Biblical allusion is to Isaiah 2:4; Joel 3:10; and Micah 4:3. Mr. Spear did not speak before the Concord Lyceum but under private auspices. One possible reason was that the Concord community was beginning to react against so many disturbing addresses. For example, on Dec. 19, 1842, the Lyceum records give the following: "Horace Greely Esq. of N. York. lectured in the Lyceum on Protection and Free Trade after which Hon Sam[l] Hoar moved a vote of thanks to M[r] Greely for his 'able address' after which it was announced that Wendell Phillips Esq. would lecture on Slavery at the next meeting when The Hon. John Keyes offered the following Resolution which was laid on the table for future action. 'Resolved that as this Lyceum is established for Social and Mutual improvement the introduction of the vexed and disorganizing question of Abolitionism or Slavery should be kept out of it." On Jan. 25, 1843, Mr. Keyes' question was again brought into the open and discussed, and again put upon the table. Alcott records in his Diary that he heard the peace lecture and subsequent conversations on the date of his arrest.

77.38 that we, that is, Lane and myself, perhaps, should agitate the State while Winkelried lay in durance] Thoreau's epithet for Alcott is an echo of Emerson's Nature (Boston, 1836), 26.3. For a note on Arnold Winkelried and his heroism, see Emerson the Essayist, I, 414. Alcott had refused to pay his taxes for 1843 and was taken to the Concord jail on Jan. 17 by Sam Staples, but as his tax was paid by Samuel Hoar despite his protests he was promptly released. For his subsequent attempts to become a martyr and for his frequent failures, see Odell Shepard, Pedlar's Progress, Boston, 1937, p. 354.

78.3 But Lane...had cogitated and even written on the matter, in the afternoon] Lane, doubtless, hoped to capitalize on Alcott's imprisonment by writing up an account of it even before Alcott was actually jailed. When the plan failed, he used Mr. Spear's lecture on peace as a point of departure, and in his remarks at the conclusion thereof steered a middle course between his fiery composition of the afternoon and the actual fiasco. Alcott apparently could not see the event in perspective. When both the facts and modesty should have kept him quiet, he was inclined to glory in what he hoped might have been his martyrdom.

78.8 with a "My Prisons," which made us forget Silvio Pellico] See Silvio Pellico, My Prisons, Memoirs of Silvio Pellico, ed. [Andrews Norton], (2 vols.) Cambridge, [Mass.], 1836. Also My Imprisonments: Memoirs of Silvio Pellico da Saluzzo, tr. from the Italian by Thomas Roscoe, N.Y., 1833. Besides appearing in many editions, this work was much reviewed: See "Pellico's Narrative of his Imprisonments," Edinburgh Review, LVII (1833), pp. 476-485, which is as rebellious against tyranny as Thoreau could desire. See also Mrs. H. F. S. Lee, "Silvio Pellico," Christian Examiner, XXI, no. 3 (Jan., 1837), pp. 325-335; "Memoirs of Pellico—London Translation," North American Review, XLIV, no. 94 (Jan., 1837), pp. 121-138. For many others, see the earliest volume of Poole's Index.

Whether Thoreau ever read the book is uncertain. See John C. Broderick, "Thoreau and My Prisons," B P L Q, VII (1955), pp. 48-50.

79.8 the "Tribunes" and "Standards"] Most probably the New York Tribune and the National Anti-Slavery Standard, which was published between June, 1840, and April, 1870. See note on 358.17. The New-York Tribune had been founded by Horace Greeley in 1841.

80.25 Noah would hardly have done himself the pleasure to release his dove] See Genesis 8:6-12.

84.1-3 On shoulders whirled in some eccentric orbit
Just by old Pestum's temples and the perch
Where Time doth plume his wings.]
Both Ethel Seybold (Thoreau: The Quest and the Classics) and Carl Bode (Collected Poems of Henry Thoreau) consider these to be original verses. Paestum, the Roman name of Poseidonia, the colony on the coast of Lucania, founded about 600 B.C., was famous for its Greek temples and for its roses, which bloomed twice each year. See Virgil's Georgics, IV, 119. These lines may anticipate at least one idea which Thoreau incorporated in his poem, "To Edith [Emerson]," cited in the note on 134.11. Cf. also 189.13.

87.11 The spirit abhors a vacuum more than Nature.] The proverb, "Natura abhorret vacuum," goes back at least as far as Rabelais' Gargantua (1534), Bk. I, ch. 5. Many subsequent authors have modified it or paraphrased it, as, for example, Boswell in his Life of Samuel Johnson (under the date June 20, 1771): "Whatever philosophy may determine of material nature, it is certainly true of intellectual nature, that it abhors a vacuum: our minds cannot be empty."

87.12 There is a tide which pierces the pores of the air.] A possible echo of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, IV.iii.216ff.:

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune....
> On such a full sea are we now afloat;
> And we must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures.

87.30 a review...of Conversations on the Gospels, Record of a School, and Spiritual Culture] Charles Lane's review, entitled "A. Bronson Alcott's Works," appeared in The Dial, III, no. 4 (April, 1843), pp. 417-453.

88.3 And now I come to the little end of the horn.] Since the Renaissance, the phrase has meant "to fare badly in an enterprise." See George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston, Eastward Ho! (1605), I.i.68ff. "And when I was wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeezed out at the buckle." See also John Fletcher, A Wife for a Month (1624), III.iii: "The prodigal fool the ballad speaks of, / That was squeez'd thro' a horn." I have been unable to find a Renaissance picture or emblem of the "horn of suretyship" which gave currency to the phrase.

88.4 I have brought along the Minor Greek Poets, and will mine there for a scrap or two] This was, doubtless, the Poetae Minores Graeci, Fragmenta Quaedam Accedunt etiam Observationes Radulphi Wintertoni in

Hesiodum, [many editions: Cantabrigiae, 1677, 1684; London, 1728; etc.] —a copy he borrowed from the Fruitlands Library. See Ethel Seybold, Thoreau: The Quest and the Classics, p. 98. He apparently also acquired it for his own library. (See Walter Harding, Thoreau's Library, p. 99.) With the help of this volume he prepared the article "Anacreon," which appeared in The Dial, III, no. 4 (April, 1843), pp. 484-490, beginning: "We lately met with an old volume from a London bookshop, containing the Greek Minor Poets, and it was a pleasure to read once more only the words, —Orpheus,—Linus,—Musaeus—those faint poetic sounds and echoes of a name, dying away on the ears of us modern men; and those hardly more substantial sounds, Mimnermus—Ibycus—Alcaeus—Stesichorus—Menander. They lived not in vain. We can converse with these bodiless fames, without reserve or personality." (The editors of The Correspondence incorrectly state on p. 85 that none of Thoreau's translations from the Greek was included in the April number!)

88.6 As for Etzler....] Thoreau gave much thought to a review of John Adolphus Etzler's The Paradise within the Reach of all Men, without Labor, by Powers of Nature and Machinery. An Address to all Intelligent Men. In two parts. Part I (2nd English ed.), London, 1842. It was first published as "Paradise (To Be) Regained," The United States Magazine and Democratic Review, XIII, no. 65 (Nov., 1843), pp. 451-463. See Thoreau's Writings (Walden ed.), IV, 280-305. An earlier edition of Etzler had been published in two volumes at Pittsburgh in 1833.

88.10 The translation of the Æschylus I should like very well to continue] He had been working on The Seven Against Thebes. His completed text has recently been published with an informative introduction. See Thoreau's Translation of "The Seven Against Thebes" (1843), ed. Leo Max Kaiser, Hartford, 1960.

89.10 Hammer Purgstall (von Hammer) may be one] Emerson, in his Journals, three years later, indicates that he was reading and translating Persian poetry in Hammer-Purgstall's German collection, which about this period had entered his library. This resource for Emerson's poetry remains to be explored. See Joseph, freiherr von Hammer-Purgstall, Geschichte der schönen Redekünste Persiens, mit einer Blüthenlese aus zweyhundert persischen Dichtern, Wien, 1818. [Emerson's copy is now in the Houghton Library: *AC85.Em345.Zy818h.] In 1847, Emerson recommended to a Boston friend another of his Oriental favorites: Der Diwan von Mohammed Schemsed-din Hafis. Aus dem Persischen zum erstenmal ganz übersetzt von Joseph von Hammer, Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1812. See Letters, III, 429.) Writing Cabot in 1855 (Letters, IV, 531), Emerson said: "The Eastern poetry I looked through, but find the Persian still the best by far, and shall stay by Von Hammer with all the more content."

89.16 a book written by him—The Life of Savonarola—which he wishes to have republished here. See [John Abraham Heraud], The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola, illustrating the Progress of the Reformation in Italy, during the Fifteenth Century, London, 1843. The work was reviewed in The Dial, III, no. 4 (April, 1843), pp. 536-540.

90.5 As they say in geology, time never fails, there is always enough of it] One contemporary authority who placed chief emphasis upon geologic time was Charles Lyell in his Principles of Geology. See, for example, the fourth edition of that work, (4 vols.) London, 1835, index and I, 111-114, and III, 449ff. Thoreau mentions Lyell in the Journal, II, 364, and toys with the subject of Biblical and geologic time in A Week. See the Writings (Walden ed.), I, 346. Among the geological works bearing on this

subject one might list:

Buckland, William: Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology, London, 1837.

Lee, Charles Alfred: The Elements of Geology, for Popular Use, New York, 1840.

Phillips, John: A Guide to Geology, London, 1834.

Phillips, John: Treatise on Geology, (2 vols.) London, 1839.

Rhind, William: The Age of the Earth Considered Geologically and Historically, Edinburgh, 1838.

Smellie, William: The Philosophy of Natural History. With an Introduction and Various Additions and Alterations, intended to adapt it to the present state of knowledge by John Ware, (5th ed.) Boston, 1834; (stereotype ed.) Boston, 1841.

90.28 He [Lane] has just given me a notice of George Bradford's Fénelon for the Record of the Months] Was this George Partridge Bradford? I can find no trace of such a title or translation by him. See The Dial, IV, no. 1 (July, 1843), p. 133 fn.: "We are sorry to omit Notices which we had prepared of 'Thoughts on Spiritual Subjects, translated from Fenelon'...which were crowded out by the unexpected length of our printed articles."

91.24 William B. Greene has sent me a volume of tales translated by his father.] This was probably William Batchelder Greene. See Nathaniel Green, Tales and Sketches. Translated from the Italian, French and German, Boston (Little & Brown) 1843. The prefatory note is dated "Boston, Jan. 1843." The contents are as follows:

"The Artist's Excursion"
"The Harp" [by Karl Theodor Körner]
"Xeri, or a Day in Batavia"
"Love and Madness"
"The Man and the Table"
"First Love"
"The Nightingale of Murom" [by Wilhelm Müller]
"Il Sasso Rancio"
"Countess Survilliers"
"Poor Margaret"
"The Madonna"

94.12 the old orator prescribed, 1st, action; 2d, action; 3d, action] According to Plutarch's Lives of the Ten Orators, Demosthenes when asked for the three essentials of good oratory remarked: "Action! Action! Action!" For imitations, like Thoreau's, see Burton Stevenson, The Home Book of Quotations, (3rd ed.) New York, 1937, p. 7. See "Of Boldness" in Francis Bacon's Essays: "Question was asked of Demosthenes, what was the chief part of an orator? he answered, action: what next? action: what next again? action. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended...." Cf. Emerson's Journals and Notebooks, I, 276.

98.16 Good-bye, and εὖ πράττειν, which, a wise man says, is the only salutation fit for the wise.] The Greek means literally: "Live well" or "Behave well." I have not discovered Thoreau's source or identified the "wise man."

103.15 You have helped to keep my life "on loft," as Chaucer says of Griselda] See the Clerk's Tale, line 229: "And ay she kepte hir fadres lyf on-lofte."

103.33 like the man who, when forbidden to tread on English ground, carried Scottish ground in his boots] Not identified.

104.11 "In the full tide of successful operation?"] Perhaps a paraphrase of Thomas Jefferson's sentence in the First Inaugural (March 4, 1801): "In the full tide of successful experiment." Thoreau might have memorized Jefferson's address (or a part of it) during his years at the Academy to fulfil a declamation exercise.

105.22 and Sunday before last...hundreds...stretching...to Sanday Hook] A deliberate pun for Sophia's enjoyment.

110.25 his own treads fast upon the neck of his understanding] Cf. Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, II.ii.14: "My conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart." (Thoreau seems to have mixed two metaphors.)

110.28 He likes Carlyle's book] Possibly Carlyle's On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History, the proof sheets of which Thoreau read in April, 1840—possibly a loan by Emerson to whom he is writing. The book appeared in London in 1841. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 368-370. The Editors of The Correspondence suggest Past and Present—another possibility.

112.17 except as inflictions are sanctified to the righteous] A familiar New-England homiletical phrase based upon any one of a number of Biblical passages; e.g., Romans 8:28—"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." The whole chapter is a commentary on this verse.

113.30 I had rather see a brick for a specimen...as they exhibited in old times.] A possible allusion to Jonathan Swift, The Drapier's Letters, No. 2 (Aug. 4, 1724): "I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his house, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he shewed as a pattern to encourage purchasers."

115.3 receipt of two acceptable numbers of the "Pathfinder"] See The Pathfinder, New York, Feb. 25, 1843—June 3, 1843: Numbers 1-15 all published. (Subscriptions were taken by Parke Godwin at 25 Pine Street.) I list the contents in part:

No. 1	(Feb. 25)	A review of the Life of Jean Paul Richter, tr. from the German, (2 vols.) Boston, 1842. (pp. 4-6). [Many copies of this first issue were distributed free. See p. 14.]
No. 2	(Mar. 4)	"The Lawyers and their Prospects" (pp. 17-19) [Emerson is quoted.] "Mr. Emerson's Lectures" (pp. 19-20)
No. 3	(Mar. 11)	
No. 4	(Mar. 18)	"The Birth-Mark" by Nathaniel Hawthorne (pp. 59-61) [This was reprinted from The Pioneer.]
No. 5	(Mar. 25)	"A Text from Plato" (p. 65) A sympathetic review of The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Theodore Parker, Boston, 1843. (pp. 67-68)
No. 6	(Apr. 1)	
No. 7	(Apr. 8)	[Emerson is mentioned on page 103.]
No. 8	(Apr. 15)	
No. 9	(Apr. 22)	

No. 10 (Apr. 29) [Emerson is mentioned on p. 149.]

No. 11 (May 6)

No. 12 (May 13)

No. 13 (May 20) "A Letter from Mr. Brownson" (p. 193)
Enthusiastic review of Carlyle's Past and Present (pp. 196-198)

No. 14 (May 27) "A Hermit" (p. 222)

No. 15 (June 3) Review of The Works of William E. Channing, D.D., vol. 6, Boston.

THE PATHFINDER.

No. 2. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1843. PRICE 6¼ CENTS.

THE POLITICAL PATHFINDER

Il n'appartient qu'a la liberte de connaitre la verité et de la dire. Quiconque est gené, ou par ce qu'il doit a ses maitres ou par ce qu'il . oit a son corps, est force au silence; s'il est faciiué par l'esprit du parti. il ne devient que l'organe des erreurs.—*Histoire du Parlement—Avant Propos.*

THE EXPIRING CONGRESS.

The event of the week is—or rather will be, for it has not taken place at the present writing—the adjournment of Congress. An adjournment is at all times a heart-cheering event. It should be made the occasion of a general thanksgiving. The Church should insert a clause, praising God for it, into its liturgies. The people should, as old John Adams predicted of a certain great anniversary, hail its recurrence with "illuminations, bonfires and rejoicings."

Mr. Webster—that famous democrat—once upon a time when he heard of "a glorious whig triumph" in the state of New York, observed that he breathed freer and deeper; we have the same quickening of the respiratory organs, when we learn that Congress, or the state legislature, has adjourned. Now, at least, we are accustomed to say, we shall be safe for some months. We shall not be cursed for sixty days, at any rate, with bad speeches and worse laws. Disastrous experiments in rhetoric, more disastrous experiments in legislation, we shall be spared. Providence, in its kindness, will not for the space of a whole summer, afflict us with either wanton violations of the King's English, or the people's rights. The sworn foes to logic and good sense have separated. The vast congregation of unsettled spirits, so potent to do evil, so powerless to do good, has been dispersed. Rejoice, we say, to the nation, once again rejoice!

The present Congress has had the misfortune to resemble the most of its predecessors. A family likeness runs through all political bodies. The confession of the sinner, is applicable to it, as to all, "we have done the things we ought not to have done, and left undone the things we ought to have done." It would be difficult to

THE LAWYERS AND THEIR PROSPECTS.

Mr. Emerson, in one of his recent lectures in this city, quoted an old Indian proverb, to this effect: That whatever we do ourselves gives us pleasure,—whatever we do by another gives us pain. We were inclined to think that this saying had nothing to recommend it but its age and its foreign birth, until we attempted to test its efficacy in explaining the universal and everlasting unpopularity of lawyers. The literature of all ages has carefully treasured up every thing which could minister to their professional odium, and whenever the poet, the novelist, or the dramatist wishes a particularly accomplished villian, he uniformly makes a lawyer sit for the picture. It must be because we hate those by whom we have been served, or rather, according to the proverb, that whatever we are compelled to do by another gives us pain, the agent is associated in our mind with the cause of our pain, that lawyers are looked upon with such general disfavor. Other crafts receive sympathy in their misfortunes. Lawyers as men sometimes—as lawyers never. Almost every form of appeal which the compound ingenuity of necessity and merit could devise have been employed to awaken the sympathy of the public for those who have suffered by the financial calamities of our city for the last few years. Rarely have these appeals been made in vain except by the lawyers. Beyond their own ranks, we have scarcely heard a friendly murmur or supplication in their behalf. What we have to say now, however, rather concerns the present and future condition of the legal profession in this country, which is to a certain extent new in the world, than those general characteristics which are old.

Besides the calamities which the lawyers have suffered, in common with their fellow citizens, from the destruction of public confidence, and the interruption of general business, the strong arm of legislation has been repeatedly uplifted against their order as if it were determined to make them a vicarious sacrifice for the political sins of the whole nation. These, and other causes which will presently appear, have resulted in the prostration of the legal profession in this city, to an extent we believe unknown before in our history. It appears by the register of lawyers recently published, that we have over one thousand of that profession in this city, keeping offices, and of course incurring the expenses incident thereto. Of these thousand, we speak advisedly when we say, that not over two hundred are receiving from the professional business enough to cover their expenses. Of the remaining six hundred, a limited portion rely upon resources independent of their professional income. The remainder do as others do who are unable to make both ends meet—they coax them as nearly together as possible. But all are equally victims to one of the misfortunes incident to an unsuccessful practice. They are compelled to waste much of the most valuable time and energy of their lives in waiting for the world to discover the value of their services. That they may be always ready for whatever business fortune has in store for them they dare not involve themselves in any collateral pursuits, but must live on, idly hoping from day to day that their turn is at hand. They delude themselves with fond anticipations of distinctions, such as those which tardily rewarded the patient faith of Hale, of Eldon, and the few other illustrious chiefs of the English bar, who were rescued from that great serbonian bog of exaggerated hopes where armies whole have sunk. Time wears away, and with it the courage and enthusiasm which can only exist in the atmosphere of successful effort. Of the thousand who enter the list not ten will achieve any such result as would have induced them at the outset to have exposed themselves to the agonizing suspense, the heart-sickness of hope deferred, which they all will have to endure.

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURES.

Ralph Waldo Emerson concluded his course of lectures, in this city, on the 22d ult. In the last two lectures he discoursed of the moral movement which has of late been going forth in the regions about Boston, and which in all its diversified forms has become pretty commonly lumped under the distinctive name of Transcendentalism. He hit off, with much humor, the narrowness and selfishness of most of the projects of social reform which have been started in that quarter, while he at the same time admitted the corruptions and falsities they assailed. He sympathized with the *spirit* of protest which was abroad, whilst he could not but perceive that it often resulted in forms as limitary and debasing as any which it would overthrow. Abjuring all proposed organizations and institutions of reform as superficial and hurtful, he responded to the prevalent spirit of reform, as a sure augury of something soon to intervene, higher and better than our current projects of relief at all contemplate. He looked for a higher development of humanity itself—a development which should supercede the mechanical appliances which now engage speculation, and of itself compel the best ministry of obedient nature. In this fact he had faith—a faith which quite reconciled him to all the failures of a fidgetty philanthropy in its plans of outward melioration, or rather its plans of inward melioration by outward means.

Mr. Emerson does not argue. He makes a tacit appeal to certain intuitive truths of consciousness, as he apprehends them, and on these bases his hopes and prophecies.—He does not appeal to the logical faculty of his auditors at all—any more than if such faculty had been unanimously voted a disgrace to the race—but regards them as so many pure mirrors capable of reflecting truth on the instant it is presented to them. This characteristic distinguishes his lectures very widely from all others; and while it secure to them a much more ethereal aspect than a mere philosophical inquiry wears, it renders his statements proportionally difficult either of intelligent assent, or of intelligent confutation. In this peculiarity we find both Mr. Emerson's power and his weakness; his power to delight his auditor, his weakness to instruct or convince him. Speaking for himself only, and from himself, he is free to paint whatever his most poetic vision finds to paint, and he always does it in such a manner as to compel the exclamation—"this, too, is an Artist!" But on the other hand, speaking only for himself, and from himself, no one is willing to say—"these pictures shall stand also for *my* vision of the facts of the universe." Every one who hears Mr. E. admires him: every one confesses his insight into specialities, the manifold delicate and subtle graces of his thought, the responsive subtleties of his diction which make it a surprisingly perfect organ to the most evanescent hues of spiritual meaning; every one admires his pictured words, his robust contempt of conventionalities, his genial humor, his quick sympathy with all that is expressive in character. But few, we apprehend, go away from him with an enlarged admiration of TRUTH. Very few, we apprehend, have any idea that they see the fair face of truth—of law—one whit more clearly after the lecture than before it commenced. It cannot be otherwise. Mr. Emerson does not put himself *en rapport* with his hearer's understanding at all. He is indeed careful to avoid every symbol which the ordinary understanding of man recognizes as expressive of moral truth—every term of relation which common men find necessary to interpret the facts of life to their intelligence, and consequently he is never truly *understood* but in spite of himself. He never speaks *to* another. He only gets to the length of speaking *from* himself. He does not address an audience: he soliloquises. From the beautiful depths of his own spirit he warbles forth whatever melodies lie garnered up there; but he is a rare auditor who ever finds himself joining in the song, or mistaking the melodies for his own.—They issue from Mr. Emerson's own private bosom exclusively, and after deliciously bewitching the listening ear for a moment, rush back to it in undiminished volume. No man, in theory, so zealously proclaims the identity of man as Mr. Emerson—no man, in practice, so thoroughly disclaims it. No man is so intensely individual—so intensely incommunicable and private.

The drift of Mr. Emerson's last lecture was to proclaim the present spiritual aspiration of our land—attested unfitly by the fleeting and vicious projects of social reform which abound—as the forerunner of a higher development of humanity than had yet been witnessed on earth. The development ascribed to the Christ he did not consider the highest: for a reason which not a little excited our amazement when we heard it announced. He did not think the Christian the highest development of humanity, because—it was *defeated!* He did not think Jesus had any claim, in other words, to be regarded as a special divine manifestation, because he was put to death—because brute sense did not succumb to the overpowering virtue of divinity which beamed in his eye. One will hardly allow Mr. Emerson to speak as understandingly here as the profound christianity of his heart would have entitled us to expect.—The simple delight of Jesus, humble man! was to love his brethren as he loved himself. And finding himself in a position which forbade him to satisfy their wishes by accepting the regal function at their hands, without at the same time hardening the fierce pride and selfishness of their hearts, he magnanimously refused the proffered honor, and allowed himself to be uncomplainingly hunted down to death, that thus he might exhibit to them a higher dignity than that of any earthly king-ship—the dignity of *self-sacrificing* and still triumphant love. Now, it strikes us as a very puny objection to this development of humanity, to say that it was defeated! Why, what Mr. Emerson calls its defeat was the very essence of its success! Its only defeat would have been the success which he would have given it! Had these brutal Jews acknowledged the potency of Christ's eye—then the highest development of human character would have lain, not in the sublime freedom of *self*-denial, not in the divine power of love—but in brute force, in the power to *overpower*—to enforce obedience, and not to win it. And the success of such a character would have lain, not in its eternal and spiritual supremacy over every other character, but in the possession of some miserable Jewish kingdom, where the king should stand alone, without sympathy or fellowship in one of his people. The famous Mr. Miller is insisting upon just such a second thought in Jesus, as this which Mr. E. desiderates as a first one.

But Mr. Emerson will say, perhaps, that it is not congruous with our idea of the Highest, that he should be rejected by a lower. It depends entirely upon how our idea of the Highest is constituted. Our own individual idea of the Highest is, that he exhibits himself the highest, by so much as he furnishes subjectivity to his creatures, in himself becoming objective to them.—Unless we dismiss the words high and low from our vocabulary entirely, we must say that God is known as the highest, only as he furnishes the universal objective to every subjective—the necessary *being* of every conscious phenomenon. And if we transfer our gaze from the intellectual sphere to the moral, and seek the highest as *character*, we shall find the same trait there attending him: we shall find him not absorbing, not overpowering the creature, but bringing him into larger relief rather by the voluntary subjection of himself to the creature, by falling away before him, and allowing him the unlimited sweep of his own characteristic will. We shall, in a word, see him displayed as a LOVE, since it is Love alone in the moral sphere which tolerates any self but its own; which, in fact, explains the existence of a free creature at all. The highest is not defeated in deferring to a lower—thus only is he *manifestly* Highest. When the High condescends to the low, the strong to the weak, the wise to the ignorant, the loving to the base—he is exalted, not degraded.

The golden age to which Mr. Emerson aspires, is an age when man shall be sans eyes, sans ears, sans every organ of external intelligence, and shall be wholly compact of inward sensibility: when he shall have forgotten his present complexities of me and thee, mine and thine, black and white, cold and hot, good and bad, and shall wholly *be* and not *know*; when, in short, he shall no longer be man at all, but only *be*. An age of sad perplexity we fear when it comes—but, at all events, not to be contemplated just now with any tolerance. "Let us not be danglers upon God, but *vessels* of God." Assuredly; but ves-

sels rejoicing in what we contain, vessels sensibly dignified by such a freight; or at the very least, capable of knowing when we are full and when empty. The devil is a greatly higher creation than a tulip, for he at least chooses to be himself, takes pleasure in his existence: but the tulip only *is* without any choice or pleasure whatever.

These, of course, are after-thoughts. Ordinarily, Mr. Emerson's listener feels no desire unsatisfied in the profound poetry and the spirit-born music, which seem now, for the first time, to have found authentic and adequate speech.

[Page 103:]

It is but fair to remind the reader that Mordaunt acts under an error. He fancies, he says, that he has been administering justice, and he finds that it is revenge.—The shades of pride and disappointment are nicely discriminated, and the tragedy ends in a late repentance.

Of the sentiment and language of the play we propose to give the reader a few specimens. Mr. Emerson, the other day, in one of his lectures remarked with regret, how soon life in this country reached its goal; how soon hope, effort, and all the living faculties of a man were extinguished. The youth ceased to aspire from the time he engaged in a particular business, the crowning event of his life was his moving to a new town, his joining an Association, getting into a Temperance Society, or getting out of one, and that in one event women mostly seemed to resign all individualism and progress—when they got married. Our author has struck upon the same idea, and eloquently painted the ONE ACT of woman. Mabel thus speaks:

He whom my will shall for its King elect
Must bring me something more than that I have;
Women who marry, seldom act but once;
Their lot is, ere they wed, obedience
Unto a Father; thenceforth to a Husband;
But in the one election which they make,—
Choice of a mate for life and death, and Heaven,—
They may be said to *act*. The man they wed
Is as the living record of their deed. If he be base
It veils their deed with shame, if he be great
Encircles it with glory; and if good
Haloes it with religion. Wouldst thou know
Whom I would have to be *my* husband, Sire?
In brief terms I will sketch him. He shall be
High born, handsome, I'd rather—but at least
With features lit up by the sacred light
Which makes the elect band of noble men!
Whose history is the world's, and whose high names

These are the elements of Poetry.
Is that Man fit to be a Statesman, think you,
Whose heart is strange to them?
'Tis our Time's curse
That under worship of the selfish Idol
We designate the Practical, it scoffs
At the sweet lore taught in the Poet's page,
And deems the pictures of heroic men,
The generous, the high-hearted, and the pure,
The idle coinage of a dreamy brain;
And yet what art so practical as that
Which showing what men should be, nourishing
Feelings of goodness, beauty, bravery,
By portriture of those possessing them,
Describes the mental model of a world
After which it were well that ours were fashioned

Here is a passage that is a vindication of the modern manners and costume of the play.

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN LIFE.

MORDAUNT. I have known heroines in this modern time,—
Think you some patient wife, who meekly bears,
By her hearth's solitude, the cold neglect
Of him, who swore to foster her; fulfils
Duty's behests, with uncomplaining toil;
Restrains the sigh, her bitter fate would prompt;
Loving, though unbeloved, so bearing slight,
Should teach her slighter, kindness.—Is she not
A heroine?

MABEL. In truth I think she is!

MOR. Ay, there are homesteads, which have witnessed deeds
That battle fields, with all their bannered pomp,
Have little to compare with. Life's great play
May, so it have an Actor great enough,
Be well performed upon a humble stage.
* * * * *
The *forms*
Of the heroic change from age to age,
The *spirit in the forms* remains the same.

This is the moment of Mordaunt's revenge.

I have not sought for vengeance in this act.
My life, my energies, my talents all
Did I task for the deed! Such apparatus
Was meant for nobler uses, than belong
To a mere private feud—but I have fought
A battle for high principles, and taught
Convention, when it dares to tread down *Man*,
MAN SHALL ARISE IN TURN, AND TREAD IT DOWN!
As for this lady!—she has never loved me,
Nor have I lately sought to win her love:
I would not wreak on her such wretchedness,
As she caused me for pastime! I have done,
My mission is fulfilled. (*Moves towards the door.*)
PIERPONT. (*half drawing his sword*)—

[Page 149:]

Readings in American Poetry. By Rufus W. Griswold. New York. J. C. Riker, Ann street. 1843.

To all, save a few literary virtuoso's, this small volume will be quite as acceptable as the larger volume previously prepared by the same editor. It does not contain as many verses, it is true, but we think it contains almost as much poetry. We have, in a neat and small compass, many of the best productions of our best writers, selected with great taste and skilfully arranged. Mr. Griswold certainly deserves the thanks of the reading public for the publication of this cheap and beautiful collection of poems. On the whole, it is among the most desirable presentations of our literature in that department that has yet been made.

"Comparisons," as Mrs. Malaprop says, "are oderous," and we shall not therefore enter upon so unsavory a task as to compare the merits of our more eminent bards. A few words of general and desultory remark, however, cannot here be out of place. As a mere artist, we are disposed to place Mr. Bryant at the head of our poetical writers. In the nice choice and arrangement of words, in accuracy of description, in elegance of style, and general perfection, his poems stand at this day without rivals. Mr. Willis is the only one of our American writers who approaches him in gracefulness and ease; but Mr. Willis's productions are sometimes disfigured by an affected prettiness which he is now mature enough to throw off. Dana, in deep knowledge of the workings of the human heart, power to move the emotions, and robust strength of thought, is superior to Bryant, and is capable, we should think from present indications, of writing a much grander *long* poem. He would make our greatest dramatist, if he were disposed to cultivate his dramatic faculty. What he is about, we know not, but surely such lofty endowments as his, were not given to be wasted in idleness.

Fitz Greene Halleck, is the most popular of our poets, and to some extent deserves his popularity; but the peculiar vein of mingled pathos and humor which early won him his rank, seems to have been worked out, and we expect nothing further from that source. Dr. Holmes, of Boston, possesses a much richer soil for quaint and quiet humor.

J. G. Whittier is the democratic poet of this country. He is full of spirit and fire. A deep sympathy with man, his aspirations and struggles, pervade every line that he writes. His versification is not always good, but the thought is bold and striking, and the sentiment noble and generous.—The ballad recently contributed to the Democratic Review, is worthy of the pen of either Lockhart or Macaulay.

As a writer of sonnets, Jones Very, of Boston, surpasses any of the writers on this side of the Atlantic, and in sweetness and beauty has no one that excels him in England. His essays, it might be mentioned at the same time, are among the finest specimens of prose composition that we have recently read.

Henry Longfellow is the leader of our romantic school. He began by the imitation of Mr. Bryant, and subsequently fell into certain peculiarities of the Germans; but recently he has dropped all efforts at mere imitation, and relying upon his own powers, which are fertile and various, is producing some of the most tender and stirring lyrics of the day. His translations are always good: his ballads superior; but his most enduring fame will rest upon the Psalms of Life. How profoundly touching is the "Excelsior"!

Mr. Griswold has selected one piece from the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.—He should have selected more, for Mr. Emerson is more essentially a poet than any other person within our reach. In proof of this, read the following which we take from an old number of the *Dial*. Is there any thing better in the "old Masters"?

THE PROBLEM.

I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;

Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

[illegible]

• • •

Read that third paragraph again!

Among our female poets, the authoress of "Miriam," a drama, is entitled to the first place. Mrs. Sigourney has written too much and too carelessly. Mrs. Smith possesses great delicacy of sentiment, but is too little of the artist. But our female writers deserve a separate and elaborate article, and we therefore postpone the subject to another time.

THE PATHFINDER.

No. 13. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1843. PRICE 6¼ CENTS.

THE POLITICAL PATHFINDER.

Il n'appartient qu'a la liberte de connaitre la verite et de la dire. Quiconque est gene, ou par ce qu'il doit a ses maitres ou par ce qu'il doit a son corps, est force au silence; s'il est fascine par l'esprit de parti, il ne devient que l'organe des erreurs.—*Histoire du Parlement—Avant Propos.*

A LETTER FROM MR. BROWNSON*

BOSTON, May 9, 1843.

DEAR SIR—I should like the numbers of the Pathfinder from the beginning. I like the spirit and general character of your paper very much. It is free, frank, independent, manly, and does you great credit. To some of your doctrines, however, I do not quite assent. Nevertheless, I wish you all prosperity, and should be glad to help you onward, in any way in my power.

But, my dear sir, since you have become a confirmed Fourierist,† I wish to have a little talk with you, especially since in noticing from time to time my own position, you do not seem to me to be quite just to me. I make no complaint; but I do not wish to be misapprehended by one for whom I have the unfeigned respect that I have for the editor of the Pathfinder.

You seem perpetually charging me with narrow and one-sided views. In this I think you are wrong; and a little more intimate acquaintance with me would convince you of the fact. I am satisfied that this is the case; because I do not find that in criticising me, you suggest any views which I had not previously taken, and rarely any which I have not myself expressed. Before we accuse any one of coming short of the truth, we ought to be sure that we do not come short of his actual views in our understanding of them. I refer now to your remarks on my article on Universal History. The view which you say I do not take, lay in my mind when writing the article, and I had supposed was so distinctly implied in the whole design and scope of the article, and so expressly stated in several passages that no one could mistake it; and I am not a little surprised to find you overlooking it. The fact of antagonism in the actual condition of mankind, I begin by assuming. I suppose it so obvious to every body that there is no need of expressly recognizing it. I attempt to show that it has no foundation in the original of things, and therefore that when the creation is in its *normal* state, there is no antagonism.—Now, why did I speak of a *normal* state, if I did not recognize an *unormal* state? I attempt also to refute the Optimism of Cousin, and to show that the whole past movement of Humanity has not been in accordance with the law of order, that there have been *crimes* in the history of the race. Now how reconcile this with the statement of a ground for union, peace, harmony in the Original of all things, save on the hypothesis of a disorderly and profane movement of individuals and the race.

The evil there is in individuals and society, does not spring from an Original Duality, but from a secondary duality. It consists in our loss of unity, and attempting to live in duality, that is to say, in multiplicity alone. Its remedy is in attaining to unity, which shall convert the duality into a Trinity, that is, in attaining to unity in multiplicity, and multiplicity in unity, which gives us at once unity and universality. This is my doctrine, and I do not see that you suggest any thing that goes beyond it. If you will turn to my essay on the Community System, in the February number of the Democratic Review, I think you will perceive that it must have been written with this thought.

In remarking on my essay on Democracy and Liberty, you say I do not seem to have gone to the root of the matter. What matter? Have I not gone to the root of the matter I was discussing? You ought to criticise an article in reference to the design of the writer in writing it. I should hardly suppose that after the much I have written that it could be necessary for me to say that I do not regard the state as the great and only agent of working out the social condition I am seeking. I require, in my theory, four terms: the Church, the State, the Community or Phalanx, and the Family. I see no way of working out the reforms we need without the active presence of all four. My one-sidedness consists solely, I apprehend, in my unwillingness to sacrifice any one of them. You will pardon me, if I say that you and my friends the Fourierists, seem disposed to sacrifice all but the third;‡ and it is you, instead of me, who are one-sided, narrow and partial.

In organizing the state, I adopt the views of Mr. Calhoun. The state is essential, and so far as that is concerned, I demand and seek for guaranties. But I do not believe when I have got the State, *a la* Calhoun, that I have got all; nor does Mr. Calhoun himself; but I hold it a capital defect in him, not as a statesman, but as a complete man, that he contemplates very little action for the melioration of mankind, save through the State. But I can labor for the state, without ceasing to be a church man, or without overlooking other modes and forms of organization. I think you are in danger of underrating the state and political action.

To pass from politics to religion. I believe I comprehend your view of the church. I read very attentively the London Phalanx, which I regard as a very able publication. But I do not agree with you.—The Fourier Catholicism is based on pantheism, unless I have entirely misapprehended it.§ The church in which I believe does not grow *out* of human nature, is not founded by Providence by his action *in* and through human nature, but by the gracious extra-mundane intervention of Providence *for* man. If I understand Fourierism, it recognizes Providence only in the fixed, the permanent, and the necessary, in universal and necessary principles, which is to deny Providence, and to fall into pantheism.

Moreover, according to your view, the church has really failed, and there has been no Church of God since the first forty years of our era.‖ This, as a Christian, I cannot admit. Christ promised to be with the church always unto the end of the world. To say that he has failed in this promise is tantamount to rejecting him altogether.—To say that the church, since the destruction of the Jewish Church, has been corrupt or deficient, is to deny the whole supernatural character of the gospel dispensation. Now, as I believe in its supernatural character, as I believe in Jesus as the Son of God, as God with us, and that he founded the church as the ground and pillar of the truth, I cannot believe it has

failed, nor suffer myself to talk of it as inadequate to our wants. I cannot set in judgment on it, for it is my judge, and I am bound to obey it. I am sure this is not Fourierism.

You are wrong in classing me with the Puseyites. Till within the last three weeks I had never read a single publication of the Oxford Divines. I am reading the Tracts for the Times, but thus far I dislike them exceedingly. I do not agree with those authors that the Anglican Church is Catholic, or a branch of the Catholic Church, nor that the church in communion with the See of Rome is heretical and schismatic. The English Church is protestant and schismatic. It is insular, and its claims to Catholicity are ridiculous.

You say that I have reproduced the old Catholic doctrines of apostolic succession, &c. I am inclined to think that you have not attended sufficiently to the Doctrine of Life, and of the solidarity of the race, to do me full justice on these points. The church has always contended for the true faith, and established the most appropriate discipline for the time; but it has not always given us through its doctors the true *philosophy* of the faith, or of the discipline. Now, in adopting its faith and discipline I do not adopt its *philosophy*. I have applied to its interpretation a new philosophy, and therefore, when I affirm its doctrines, it is with a significance its doctors have not always given them. I do not hold that the life can be transmitted only by the laying on of the hands of the Bishop. Apostolic succession does not, therefore, with me necessarily imply *episcopal* succession — The distinction is important, and leads to grand results. The spiritual communicability and transmissibility of life, through communion of man with man, and of generation with generation, as developed in my letter to Dr. Channing, plays a very important part in my theory of the church, and brings all within its pale who have in space and time had communion with those who originally communed with Christ. In developing my doctrines, if you wish to do me justice, you must not leave out of view this doctrine, which you will find implied, but nowhere stated in any of the writings of the church. By means of this doctrine I am able to escape what has been regarded as objectionable in the teachings or dogmas of the church, even while admitting the *authority* of the church.¶

But in speaking of the church, we must beware how we condemn it, because it has not as yet accomplished its whole work. It has not yet done its work, but it is doing it as fast as possible, and when it shall no longer have to struggle for its very existence, as it has had to do since the rise of protestantism, in consequence of the supremacy which protestantism secured to the temporal power, it will reassume, with fresh vigor, its work of social amelioration. Instead, then, of looking for a church to come, I accept the church that is, and labor to effect the well being of the race through its agency. My great objection to Fourier is his rejection of the church, and his sustaining a new church, founded not upon the word of God, but upon his individual interpretation of that word.

You will forgive me for troubling you with this long letter. I have wished to draw your attention especially to certain points which I deem important.

O. A. B.

*We are not certain that this letter was intended for publication, but as Mr. Brownson conceives that we have not fully represented his views, we prefer that he should state his own position for himself. Let us say, however, that having read his various publications, we have attempted to present him to our readers with as much fairness and precision as our limited command of language would permit. It is a singular fact in the history

has now remained several days. The life of Mr. Brunel is, consequently, seriously endangered — He is the son of Mr. J. Brunel, the engineer who carried to a successful termination the famous Thames Tunnel.

A fire-work manufactory has exploded in London, killing one man and wounding two others.

Thomas Carlyle, the justly celebrated, author as far as *thought* is concerned—but who contrives, as much as possible, to obscure his thoughts by his involved and un-English style—has just published a remarkable work, entitled "Past and Present," and which may be perused with profit, both in the United States as well as England, though it more especially bears upon the social condition of this country, particularly as regards the corn-laws. Carlyle thinks those laws must be got rid of before an infinite number of reforms, all more or less wanted, can be commenced. If removed, England, he says, will then have an opportunity of regaining a healthy state, by resorting to an enlarged system of colonization. Should she neglect to do so, he predicts that ruin will be the consequence. The author indulges in some hard-hitting at the general characteristics and predilections of the age—the intensity of mammon-worship, the decay of admiration and reverence for the sublime and beautiful—the love of shows and shams rather than of truths and realities—and the prevalence of cold skepticism, selfishness and littleness. The work, in short, is well worth reading, though not at all likely to suit the popular market. It is a piece of vigorous eccentricity, and those who want to get at its vigor, must patiently bear with its eccentricities.

Covent Garden, lately under the manage of Bunn, has been suddenly closed, by which six hundred persons have been thrown out of employment — There seems but little prospect of this once famous theatre—so identified with the fortunes of the Kembles—being speedily re-opened. Knowles's new play of The Secretary has not proved very attractive at Drury Lane. Macready has manfully endeavored to uphold the declining drama, but it seems difficult, indeed, to arrest its downward tendency.

One of the most singular misprints of the press ever met with has lately been made. It beats the famous one of Sir Robert Peel joining a party *fiends* (friends) in Hampshire, to the purpose of shooting *peasants* (pheasants.) It occurs in a copy of Handel's "Messiah," and is occasioned by the omission of the letter *e* at one of the sublimest passages—"The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be (*e*) *hanged!*"

Fanny Elssler has been dancing two evenings at Bath and Bristol. She received 100 guineas each night. So you see that John Bull is just about as sensible as Brother Jonathan. These dancers should be well paid—nay, extravagantly paid, for a sprained ancle might at once stop their career; but really, when we look at the sums given for intellectual exertion—at the past records of the stage

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

An Industrial Mission to China.—We hear that the American Institute has appointed John R. Peters, jr., as its agent to proceed to China, under the auspices of the American embassy, which shortly goes out. To give him facilities for penetrating into the country, for acquiring a knowledge of its arts, and for communicating to them our own, he will be attached to that embassy. Mr. Peters has been educated as a civil engineer, and being familiar with mechanical operations both practically and scientifically, is well qualified for observing and comprehending whatever in the useful arts is worth transplanting from China into our country. The Institute deserves to be commended for having determined upon this agency.

Disaster and Suffering.—Capt. Blanchard of brig Turner, of Portland, reported as having been lost, on her passage to Madeira, arrived in Boston on Sunday, in brig Caroline, from Gibraltar. On the 16th of February, in lat. 31 45, lon. 30, during a heavy gale, a sea broke over the stern and washed overboard the man at the wheel, which caused the vessel to broach too, and threw her on her beam ends. The foremast and bowsprit went by the board, and the mainmast was cut away, when she righted, full of water. The crew could get out but one barrel of bread, which was all wet, and a few pieces of pork, which, with the fish they caught, enabled them to sustain life on the wreck forty five days, when they were taken off by French brig La Furet, from Senegal, and landed at Gibraltar.

During the last eight days that they were on the wreck they had not a drop of water. They had saved none, but they had caught from the rain enough to last them about three weeks, allowing each man a pint a day. The crew were all saved, but suffered severely from the exposure and privations to which they were subjected.

A Hermit.—There is living upon Staten Island, an old man who has devoted himself to the rigid and solitary life of the hermit. He has constructed a rude hut, in the middle of a forest belonging to Ald. Cedra, where he passes both day and night, refusing to hold communication with his fellow-men, and living wholly upon cold water. He was formerly a sailor; and the only reason he can give for his curious delusion, is, that he was very wild and wicked in his youth, and that God, in order to punish him, has now commanded him to live upon water for the space of forty days. Fourteen of these days of penance have already passed yet he persists in adhering to his simple diet. He is somewhat pale and emaciated, we are told, but quite vigorous and active. During the last summer, he took the same notion into his head, but after eleven days fasting, found out that his punishment was remitted for a time. It is again laid upon him, and he thinks he will be able to endure to the end.

117.25 projects that so often seem without feet or hands] Possibly a recollection of Martin Luther's opinion of one of Melancthon's writings—that it is "alive, hath hands and feet." See Emerson's Early Lectures, I, (1833-1836), p. 147.

118.8 not until after our return did I read his "Celestial Railroad"] Emerson read "The Celestial Railroad" on June 9, 1843, after a walk with Hawthorne. (One wonders what was his reaction to Hawthorne's humorous treatment of Transcendentalism therein.) See Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Celestial Railroad," U. S. Magazine and Democratic Review, XII, no. 59 (May, 1843), pp. 515-523. This number also included two articles by O. A. Brownson, a poem ("The Human Sacrifice") by Whittier, and George Bancroft's "William Ellery Channing."

123.31 Seven cities contended for Homer dead] Thoreau found this fact under "Homer" in John Lempriere's A Classical Dictionary, an edition of which he owned: "No less than seven illustrious cities disputed the right of having given birth to the greatest of poets, as it is well expressed in these lines:

Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenae,
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ."

124.4 And Hawthorne too I remember...along the banks of the Scamander....] The passage is redolent of the Trojan War. Thoreau here calls his beloved Concord River the Scamander, which was a celebrated stream of Troas, having its source east of Mount Ida. According to Homer it was called Xanthus by the gods and Scamander only by men. Its waters gave a beautiful tint to hair or wool bathed in it. (See John Lempriere, A Classical Dictionary, s.v.) Thoreau and Hawthorne frequently rowed on the Concord River. By "the ruins of chariots and heroes" Thoreau alludes to the Battle Ground adjoining the Old Manse.

124.6 Tell him not to desert even after the tenth year.... "Are there not the cities of Asia?"] Calchas, the soothsayer, who sailed with the Greeks to Troy as a high priest, told them that Troy could not be taken before ten years of siege. When the city fell, many of its inhabitants escaped, like Aeneas; others remained to build up the city--remained "at home" to rebuild it. In other words, Concord ought not to be deserted, whatever the circumstances. It will serve writers as ably as more famous literary centers.

124.7 Staying at home is the heavenly way.] The best commentary on this line is the final chapter of Walden. See Journal, V, 27, for a quotation which he found in Girolamo Benzoni's Historia Indiae Occidentalis (edition uncertain): "Coelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt." See 369.10 and 538.21.

124.23 "At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue....] The last two lines of Milton's "Lycidas," which Thoreau had studied with great care during his last year at Harvard. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 153ff. and 191ff.

125.15 the Fates pay a compliment to those whom they make sick—and they have not to ask what have I done] This sentence does not seem related to the classical notion that the gods love those who die young. Perhaps Thoreau means that when the Three Fates (Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos) send sickness, they send a timely warning of the inevitable. Moreover, since they act arbitrarily, they do not trouble to give ex-

planations or justifications for their behavior. Lidian Emerson must not, therefore, expect a reason for her illness. The gods are behind it.

128.14 a new periodical called The Present in September] William Henry Channing's short-lived journal, The Present, was published in New York, from September, 1843, to April, 1844. Only volume one (consisting of twelve numbers) was issued.

131.23 I fancy...you are poring over..."Burgh's Dignity"] Thoreau himself had read James Burgh, The Dignity of Human Nature. Or, A Brief Account of the Certain and Established Means for attaining the True End of our Existence. See under Feb. 17, 1835, in the Harvard Charging List in Emerson the Essayist, II, 193 and 200. The college copy was the "new edition" in two volumes, London, 1767.

131.23 or Massillon] This was Jean Baptiste Massillon, Sermons, selected and translated by William Dickson, (2 vols.) Brooklyn, 1803. These were a part of Thoreau's personal library. Prof. Walter Harding (Thoreau's Library, p. 73) mentions this copy.

131.26 absorbed in Chaptelle] This might have been Jean Antoine Claude Chaptal, Chemistry Applied to Arts and Manufactures, (4 vols.) London, 1807, or Elements of Chemistry, tr. from the French by W. Nicholson, (3 vols.) London, 1791; Phila., 1796; Boston, 1806.

132.22 I have not seen Mrs. Child] Thoreau had read Lydia Maria Child's Philothea while at Harvard. (See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 168-169.) He had edited her essay, "What is Beauty?" for the April, 1843, issue of The Dial; and he knew that she had published or was about to publish the first series of Letters from New York (1843).

134.4 Pray dont think of Bradbury and Soden any more...they have given up their shop here.] In the New York City directories of 1842 and 1843, Bradbury, Soden & Co., Publishers, were located at 127 Nassau Street. I do not find them listed in later years. They probably had purchased graphite from the Thoreaus, failing to pay for the final shipment.

134.5 "For good deed done through praiere
Is sold and bought too dear I wis
To herte that of great valor is."] Lines 5234-5236 of Chaucer's translation of The Romaunt of the Rose, in a passage headed: "Comment Raisoun diffinist amiste." Thoreau copied these lines together with a long passage on "Friendship" into his Literary Notebook (p. 171) now in the Library of Congress.

134.11 As for Edith—I seem to see a star in the east over where the young child is.] An allusion to Matthew 2:2 and 9. Concerning Thoreau's fondness for Edith, see my "A New Thoreau Poem—'To Edith,'" E S Q, no. 18 (I Quarter 1960), pp. 40-41. See notes on 144.21; 194.13; and 84.1-3.

135.5 their motto is to let well alone.] For an early example of this proverb, see Terence, Phormio, line 419 (Act II, scene 3): "Let well alone, as the saying is." (Actum, aiunt, ne agas.) See also Le Roi d'Angleterre et le Jongleur d'Ely, line 306 (ca. 1250): "Let well enough alone." (Assez est bone, lessez ester.) Dozens of other examples appear in English.

135.32 How charming is divine philosophy] See Milton's Comus, line 476.

135.32 Some wise and some otherwise] See James Howell, English Proverbs (1659): "Some are wise, and some are otherwise." See Tobias George Smollett, Roderick Random, chap. 6 (quoting the proverb): "Some folks are wise, and some are otherwise." See Benjamin Franklin, Poor Richard (1735): "Some are weather-wise, some are otherwise."

136.1 I was glad to read the reviews there] While residing on Staten Island in 1843, Thoreau read at the Mercantile Library in New York City the current Edinburgh Review, Quarterly Review, North American Review, and others. For the lengthy list of its subscriptions in 1843-1844, see its printed catalogue of 1844, pages 271-272. See also its Twenty-third Annual Report, N.Y., January, 1844, page 12: "The Reading Rooms are now supplied with forty-one Foreign and twenty-five American Periodicals; nine Foreign and ten American newspapers; making a total of eighty-five periodical publications."

136.2 Carlyle's late article] Carlyle's "Dr. Francia" appeared in the Foreign Quarterly Review, XXXI, no. 62 (July, 1843), pp. 544-589.

136.17 you were forsaking the deep quiet of the Clove for the limbo of the false booksellers] "Clove" is defined as "a ravine or valley, chiefly in place-names" and is derived from the Dutch. See A Dictionary of Americanisms on Historical Principles, ed. Mitford M. Mathews, (2 vols.) Chicago, [1951], I, 345. For other references to "Clove" and to "Clove Road," see the index to Emerson's Letters, ed. Rusk.

139.3 I carried the Agriculturist about the city] The American Agriculturist, published in New York, began in April, 1842, and had a long life, absorbing more than thirty other agricultural journals before the end of the century.

141.21 Dr [Philip J.] Forbes, of the [New York] Society Library...let me take out some untake-out-able-books] Though the charging records of this institution are in remarkably good order, Thoreau's borrowings were apparently not listed in them but issued "on the cuff" so that there would be no evidence of violation of the Society's rules. (I wish to thank Miss Sylvia Hilton, Librarian, for permission to examine the ledgers and visitors' books.)

143.19 the great questions of Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute] An echo of Milton's Paradise Lost, Book II, line 560.

143.21 here comes Channing with his "Present"] See note on 128.14.

144.16 I will copy a few such sentences as I should read to you] On page 113 of the Descriptive Catalogue of the Gluck Collection of Manuscripts and Autographs, published by the Buffalo Public Library in July, 1899, is listed a Thoreau manuscript of "extracts from the writings of the poet Francis Quarles." Now apparently lost, it might have been the enclosure here referred to.

144.21 How does Saxon Edith do? Can you tell yet to which school of philosophy she belongs...saint of some Christian order, or a follower of Plato and the heathen?] A possible allusion to the Platonic heroine in Lydia Maria Child's Philothea. See note on 132.22.

145.19 I have just opened Bacon's Advancement of Learning for the first time] The Mercantile Library owned Of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, London, 1825. (See the Catalogue, N.Y., 1844, p. 10.)

145.31 Your letter to contributors is excellent and hits the nail on the head.] Remembering Thoreau's famous remark about driving nails in the final chapter of Walden, one ought here to recall that the proverb, "Thou hittest the nail on the head," goes back at least to John Stanbridge's Vulgaria (1520); to Beaumont and Fletcher's Love's Cure, II.i.; and to John Heywood's Proverbs, I, 11. I reproduce herewith Emerson's "A Letter" from The Dial, IV, no. 2 (October, 1843), pp. 262-270:

A LETTER.

As we are very liable in common with the letter-writing world, to fall behindhand in our correspondence, and a little more liable because, in consequence of our editorial function, we receive more epistles than our individual share, we have thought that we might clear our account by writing a quarterly catholic letter to all and several who have honored us in verse, or prose, with their confidence, and expressed a curiosity to know our opinion. We shall be compelled to dispose very rapidly of quite miscellaneous topics.

And first, in regard to the writer who has given us his speculations on Rail-roads and Air-roads, our correspondent shall have his own way. To the rail-way, we must say, like the courageous lord mayor at his first hunting, when told the hare was coming, "Let it come, in Heaven's name, I am not afraid on 't." Very unlooked for political and social effects of the iron road are fast appearing. It will require an expansion of the police of the old world. When a rail-road train shoots through Europe every day from Brussells to Vienna, from Vienna to Constantinople, it cannot stop every twenty or thirty miles, at a German customhouse, for examination of property and passports. But when our correspondent proceeds to Flying-machines, we have no longer the smallest taper light of credible information and experience left, and must speak on *a priori* grounds. Shortly then, we think the population is not yet quite fit for them, and therefore there will be none. Our friend suggests so many inconveniences from piracy out of the high air to orchards and lone houses, and also to other high fliers, and the total inadequacy of the present system of defence, that we have not the heart to break the sleep of the good public by the repetition of these details. When children come into the library, we put the inkstand and the watch on the high shelf, until they be a little older; and nature has set the sun and moon in plain sight and use, but laid them on the high shelf, where her roystering boys may not in some mad Saturday afternoon pull them down or burn their fingers. The sea and the iron road are safer toys for such ungrown people; we are not yet ripe to be birds.

In the next place, to fifteen letters on Communities, and the Prospects of Culture, and the destinies of the cultivated class, — what answer? Excellent reasons have been shown us why the writers, obviously persons of sincerity and of elegance, should be dissatisfied with the life they lead, and with their company. They have exhausted all its benefit, and will not bear it much longer. Excellent reasons they have shown why something better should be tried. They want a friend to whom they can speak and from whom they may hear now and then a reasonable word. They are willing to work, so it be with friends. They do not entertain anything absurd or even difficult. They do not wish to force society into hated reforms, nor to break with society. They do not wish a township, or any large expenditure, or incorporated association, but simply a concentration of chosen people. By the slightest possible concert persevered in through four or five years, they think that a neighborhood might be formed of friends who would provoke each other to the best activity.

They believe that this society would fill up the terrific chasm of ennui, and would give their genius that inspiration which it seems to wait in vain. But 'the selfishness!' One of the writers relentingly says, What shall my uncles and aunts do without me? and desires to be distinctly understood not to propose the Indian mode of giving decrepit relatives as much of the mud of holy Ganges as they can swallow, and more, but to begin the enterprise of concentration, by concentrating all uncles and aunts in one delightful village by themselves! — so heedless is our correspondent of putting all the dough into one pan, and all the leaven into another. Another objection seems to have occurred to a subtle but ardent advocate. Is it, he writes, a too great wilfulness and intermeddling with life, — with life, which is better accepted than calculated? Perhaps so; but let us not be too curiously good; the Buddhist is a practical Necessitarian; the Yankee is not. We do a good many selfish things every day; among them all let us do one thing of enlightened selfishness. It were fit to forbid concert and calculation in this particular, if that were our system, if we were up to the mark of self-denial and faith in our general activity. But to be prudent in all the particulars of life, and in this one thing alone religiously forbearing; prudent to secure to ourselves an injurious society, temptations to folly and despair, degrading examples and enemies; and only abstinent when it is proposed to provide ourselves with guides, examples, lovers! ——

We shall hardly trust ourselves to reply to arguments by which we would too gladly be persuaded. The more discontent, the better we like it. It is not for nothing, we assure ourselves, that our people are busied with these projects of a better social state, and that sincere persons of all parties are demanding somewhat vital and poetic of our stagnant society. How fantastic and unpresentable soever the theory has hitherto seemed, how swiftly shrinking from the examination of practical men, let us not lose the warning of that most significant dream. How joyfully we have felt the admonition of larger natures which despised our aims and pursuits, conscious that a voice out of heaven spoke to us in that scorn. But it would be unjust not to remind our younger friends that, whilst this aspiration has always made its mark in the lives of men of thought, in vigorous individuals it does not remain a detached object, but is satisfied along with the satisfaction of other aims. To live solitary and unexpressed, is painful, — painful in proportion to one's consciousness of ripeness and equality to the offices of friendship. But herein we are never quite forsaken by the Divine Providence. The loneliest man after twenty years discovers that he stood in a circle of friends, who will then show like a close fraternity held by some masonic tie. But we are impatient of the tedious introductions of Destiny, and a little faithless, and would venture something to accelerate them. One thing is plain, that discontent and the luxury of tears will bring nothing to pass. Regrets and Bohemian castles and æsthetic villages are not a very self-helping class of productions, but are the voices of debility. Especially to one importunate correspondent we must say, that there is no chance for the æsthetic village. Every one of the villagers has committed his several blunder; his genius was good, his stars consenting, but he was a marplot. And though the recuperative force in every man may be relied on infinitely, it must be relied on, before it will exert itself. As long as he sleeps in the shade of the present error, the after-nature does not betray its resources.

Whilst he dwells in the old sin, he will pay the old fine.

More letters we have on the subject of the position of young men, which accord well enough with what we see and hear. There is an American disease, a paralysis of the active faculties, which falls on young men in this country, as soon as they have finished their college education, which strips them of all manly aims and bereaves them of animal spirits, so that the noblest youths are in a few years converted into pale Caryatides to uphold the temple of conventions. They are in the state of the young Persians, when "that mighty Yezdam prophet" addressed them and said, "Behold the signs of evil days are come; there is now no longer any right course of action, nor any self-devotion left among the Iranis." As soon as they have arrived at this term, there are no employments to satisfy them, they are educated above the work of their times and country, and disdain it. Many of the more acute minds pass into a lofty criticism of these things, which only embitters their sensibility to the evil, and widens the feeling of hostility between them and the citizens at large. From this cause, companies of the best educated young men in the Atlantic states every week take their departure for Europe; for no business that they have in that country, but simply because they shall so be hid from the reproachful eyes of their countrymen, and agreeably entertained for one or two years, with some lurking hope, no doubt, that something may turn up to give them a decided direction. It is easy to see that this is only a postponement of their proper work, with the additional disadvantage of a two years' vacation. Add that this class is rapidly increasing by the infatuation of the active class, who, whilst they regard these young Athenians with suspicion and dislike, educate their own children in the same courses, and use all possible endeavors to secure to them the same result.

Certainly we are not insensible to this calamity, as described by the observers or witnessed by ourselves. It is not quite new and peculiar, though we should not know where to find in literature any record of so much unbalanced intellectuality; such undeniable apprehension without talent, so much power without equal applicability, as our young men pretend to. Yet in Theodore Mundt's* account of Frederic Holderlin's "Hyperion," we were not a little struck with the following Jeremiad of the despair of Germany, whose tone is still so familiar, that we were somewhat mortified to find that it was written in 1799.

"Then came I to the Germans. I cannot conceive of a people more disjoined than the Germans. Mechanics you shall see, but no man; priests, but no man; thinkers, but no man. Is it not like some battle-field, where hands and arms and all members lie scattered about, whilst the life-blood runs away into the sand? Let every man mind his own, you say, and I say the same. Only let him mind it with all his heart, and not with this cold study, literally, hypocritically to appear that which he passes for, but in good earnest, and in all love, let him be that which he is; then there is a soul in his deed. And is he driven into a circumstance where the spirit must not live, let him thrust it from him with scorn, and learn to dig and plough. There is nothing holy which is not desecrated, which is not degraded to a mean end among this people. It is heartrending to see your poet, your artist, and all who still revere genius, who love and foster the Beautiful. The Good! They live in the world as strangers in their own house; they are like the patient Ulysses whilst he sat in the guise of a beggar at his own door, whilst shameless rioters shouted in the hall and ask, who brought the raggamuffin here? Full of love, talent and hope, spring up the darlings of the muse among the Germans; come seven years later, and they flit about like ghosts, cold and silent; they are like a soil which an enemy has sown with poison, that it will not bear a blade of grass. On earth all is imperfect! is the old proverb of the German. Aye, but if one should say to these Godforsaken, that with them all is imperfect, only because they leave nothing pure which they do not pollute, nothing holy which they do not defile with their fumbling hands; that with them nothing prospers; because the godlike nature which is the root of all prosperity, they do not revere; that with them, truly, life is shallow and anxious and full of discord, because they despise genius, which brings power and nobleness into manly action, cheerfulness into endurance, and love and brotherhood into towns and houses. Where a people honors genius in its artists, there breathes like an atmosphere a universal soul, to which the shy sensibility opens, which melts self-conceit,—all hearts become pious and great, and it adds fire to heroes. The home of all men is with such a people, and there will the stranger gladly abide. But where the divine nature and the artist is crushed, the sweetness of life is gone, and every other planet is better than the earth. Men deteriorate, folly increases, and a gross mind with it; drunkenness comes with disaster; with the wantonness of the tongue and with the anxiety for a livelihood, the blessing of every year becomes a curse, and all the gods depart."

The steep antagonism between the money-getting and the academic class must be freely admitted, and perhaps is the more violent, that whilst our work is imposed by the soil and the sea, our culture is the tradition of Europe. But we cannot share the desperation of our contemporaries, least of all should we think a preternatural enlargement of the intellect a calamity. A new perception, the smallest new activity given to the perceptive power, is a victory won to the living universe from chaos and old night, and cheaply bought by any amounts of hardfare and false social position. The balance of mind and body will redress itself fast enough. Superficialness is the real distemper. In all the cases we have ever seen where people were supposed to suffer from too much wit, or as men said, from a blade too sharp for the scabbard, it turned out that they had not wit enough. It may easily happen that we are grown very idle and must go to work, and that the times must be worse before they are better. It is very certain, that speculation is no succedaneum for life. What we would know, we must do. As if any taste or imagination could take the place of fidelity! The old Duty is the old God. And we may come to this by the rudest teaching. A friend of ours went five years ago to Illinois to buy a farm for his son. Though there were crowds of emigrants in the roads, the country was open on both sides, and long intervals between hamlets and houses. Now after five years he has just been to visit the young farmer and see how he prospered, and reports that a miracle has been wrought. From Massachusetts to Illinois, the land is fenced in and builded over, almost like New England itself, and the proofs of thrifty cultivation everywhere abound;—a result not so much owing to the natural increase of population, as to the hard times, which, driving men out of cities and trade, forced them to take off their coats and go to work on the land, which has rewarded them not only with wheat but with habits of labor. Perhaps the adversities of our commerce have not yet been pushed to the wholesomest degree of severity. Apathies and total want of work and reflection on the imaginative character of American life, &c. &c., are like seasickness, which never will obtain any sympathy, if there is a woodpile in the yard, or an unweeded patch in the garden: not to mention the graver absurdity of a youth of noble aims, who can find no field for his energies, whilst the colossal wrongs of the Indian, of the Negro, of the emigrant, remain unmitigated, and the religious, civil, and judicial forms of the country are confessedly effete and offensive. We must refer our clients back to themselves, believing that every man knows in his heart the cure for the disease he so ostentatiously bewails.

As far as our correspondents have entangled their private griefs with the cause of American Literature, we counsel them to disengage themselves as fast as possible. In Cambridge orations, and elsewhere, there is much inquiry for that great absentee American Literature. What can have become of it? The least said is best. A literature is no man's private concern, but a secular and generic result, and is the affair of a power which works by a prodigality of life and force very dismaying to behold,—the race never dying, the individual never spared, and every trait of beauty purchased by hecatombs of private tragedy. The pruning in the wild gardens of nature is never forborne. Many of the best must die of consumption, many of despair, and many be stupid and insane, before the one great and fortunate life, which they each predicted, can shoot up into a thrifty and beneficent existence.

* Geschichte der Literatur der Gegenwart. 1842. p. 86.

But passing to a letter which is a generous and a just tribute to Bettina von Arnim, we have it in our power to furnish our correspondent and all sympathizing readers with a sketch,* though plainly from no very friendly hand, of the new work of that eminent lady, who in the silence of Tieck and Schelling, seems to hold a monopoly of genius in Germany.

"At last has the long expected work of the Frau von Arnim here appeared. It is true her name is not prefixed; more properly is the dedication, *This Book belongs to the King*, also the title; but partly because her genius shines so unmistakeably out of every line, partly because this work refers so directly to her earlier writings, and appears only as an enlargement of them, none can doubt who the author is. We know not how we should characterize to the reader this most original work. Bettina, or we should say, the Frau von Arnim, exhibits her eccentric wisdom under the person of Goethe's Mother, the Frau Rath, whilst she herself is still a child, who, (1807) sits upon 'the shawl' at the foot of the Frau Rath, and listens devoutly to the gifted mother of the great poet. Moreover, Bettina does not conceal that she solely, or at any rate principally, propounds *her* views from the Frau Rath. And in fact, it could not be otherwise, since we come to hear the newest philosophical wisdom which makes a strange enough figure in the mouth of Goethe's mother. If we mistake not, the intimate intercourse with Bruno Bauer is also an essential impulse for Frau von Arnim, and we must not therefore wonder if the Frau Rath loses her way in pure philosophical hypotheses, wherein she avails herself of the known phrases of the school. It is true, she quickly recovers herself again, clothes her perceptions in poetical garb, mounts bravely to the boldest visions, or, (and this oftenest happens,) becomes a humorist, spices her discourses in Frankfort dialect by idiomatic expressions, and hits off in her merriest humors capital sketches. For the most part, the whole humoristic dress seems only assumed in order to make the matter, which is in the last degree radical, less injurious. As to the object of these 'sayings and narratives reported from memory' of the Frau Rath, (since she leads the conversation throughout,) our sketch must be short. 'It is Freedom which constitutes the truest being of man. Man should be free from all traditions, from all prejudices, since every holding on somewhat traditional, is unbelief, spiritual selfmurder. The God's impulse to truth is the only right belief. Man himself should handle and prove, 'since whoever reflects on a matter, has always a better right to truth, than who lets himself be slapped on the cheek by an article-of-Faith.' By Sin she understands that which derogates from the soul, since every hindrance and constraint interrupts the Becoming of the soul. In general, art and science have only the destination to make free what is bound. But the human spirit can rule all, and, in that sense, 'man is God, only we are not arrived so far as to describe the true pure Man in us.' If, in the department of religion, this principle leads to the overthrow of the whole historical Christendom, so, in the political world, it leads to the ruin of all our actual governments. Therefore she wishes for a strong reformer, as Napoleon promised for a time to be, who, however, already in 1807, when these conversations are ascribed to the Frau Rath, had shown that instead of a world's liberator, he would be a world's oppressor. Bettina makes variations on the verse, 'and wake an avenger, a hero awake!' and in this sense is also her dedication to read. It were noble if a stronger one should come, who in more beautiful moderation, in perfecter clearness of soul and freedom of thought, should plant the tree of equity. Where remains the Regent, if it is not the genius of humanity? that is the Executive principle, in her system. The state has the same will, the same conscience-voice for good and evil as the Christ: yet it crumbles itself away into dogmaticalness of civil officers against one another. The transgressor is the state's own transgression! the proof that it, as man, has trespassed against humanity. The old state's doctors, who excite it to a will, are also its disease. But they who do not agree in this will, and cannot struggle through soul narrowing relations, are the demagogues, against whom the unsound state trespasses, so long as it knows not how to bring their sound strength into harmony. And precisely to those must it dedicate itself, since they are its integration and restoration, whilst the others who conform to it, make it more sunken and stagnant. If it be objected, that this her truth is only a poetic dream which in the actual world has no place, she answers: 'even were the truth a dream, it is not therefore to be denied; let us dedicate our genius to this dream, let us form an Ideal Paradise, which the spiritual system of Nature requires at our hands.' 'Is the whole fabric of state, she asks, only a worse arranged hospital, where the selfish or the ambitious would fasten on the poor human race the foolish fantastic malversations of their roguery for beneficent cooperation? and with it the political economy, so destitute of all genius to bind the useful with the beautiful, on which these state's doctors plume themselves so much, and so with their triviality exhibit as a pattern to us, a wretched picture of ignorance, of selfishness, and of iniquity; when I come on that, I feel my veins swell with wrath. If I come on the belied nature, or how should I call this spectre of actuality! Yea justly! No! with these men armed in mail against every poetic truth, we must not parley; the great fools' conspiracy of that actuality-spectre defends with mock reasoning its Turkish states'-conduct, before which certainly the revelation of the Ideal withdraws into a poetic dream-region.' But whilst the existing state in itself is merely null, whilst the transgressor against this state is not incorporated with its authorizations with its directions and tendencies, so is the transgressor ever the accuser of the state itself. In general, must the state draw up to itself at least the lowest class, and not let it sink in mire; and Bettina lets the Frau Rath make the proposal, instead of shutting up the felon in penitentiaries, to instruct him in the sciences, as from his native energies, from his unbroken powers, great performances might be looked for. But in order also to show practically the truth of her assertions, that the present state does not fulfil its duties especially to the poorest class, at the close of the book are inserted. 'Experiences of a young Swiss in Voigtland.' This person visited the so-called Family-houses, which compose a colony of extremest poverty. There he went into many chambers, listened to the history of the life, still oftener to the history of the day, of the inhabitants; informed himself of their merit and their wants, and comes to the gloomiest results. The hard reproaches, which were made against the Overseers of the Poor, appear unhappily only too well founded. We have hastily sketched, with a few literal quotations, the contents of this remarkable book of this remarkable woman, and there remains no space further to elaborate judgment. The highflying idealism, which the Frau von Arnim cherishes, founders and must founder against the actuality which, as opposed to her imagination, she holds for absolute nothing. So reality, with her, always converts itself to spectres, whilst these dreams are to her the only reality. In our opinion an energetic thorough experiment for the realization of her ideas would plunge us in a deeper misery than we at present have to deplore."

* We translate the following extract from the Berlin Correspondence of the Deutsche Schnellpost of September.

145.35 quiet weather beaten with poetry having weathered so many epics of late] Probably those of Michael Drayton, Joshua Sylvester, Phineas Fletcher, Sir William Davenant, and Abraham Cowley. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, pp. 371-373.

146.1 good deal of fault to find with your ode to Beauty...stereotyped lines] Emerson took seriously a part of Thoreau's critism of his "Ode to Beauty" as first published in The Dial, IV, no. 2 (Oct., 1843), pp. 257-258, omitting the phrase "Remediless thirst" in later versions.

146.8 Jane Taylors Philosopher's Scales....] Thoreau wrote to Emerson: "I am frequently reminded, I believe of Jane Taylors Philosopher's Scales and how the world 'Flew out with a bounce' which—'yerked the philosopher out of his cell.' or else of 'From the climes of the sun all war-worn and weary.'" See "The Philosopher's Scales," The Writings of Jane Taylor, (5 vols.) Boston, 1832, III, 117-120. (I have not located the line, "From the climes of the sun all war-worn and weary.")

need not blush at a future day. It may be useful to you to bear in mind this idea: and to inquire, from time to time, if you are pursuing that course, which would be likely to furnish *good* materials to your biographer."

XV.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleamed from grated cells,
When wild Astrology's distorted eye
Shunned the fair field of true philosophy,
And wandering through the depths of mental night,
Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light:—
When curious Alchymy, with puzzled brow,
Attempted things that Science laughs at now,
Losing the useful purpose she consults,
In vain chimeras and unknown results:—
In those gray times there lived a reverend sage,
Whose wisdom shed its lustre on the age.
A monk he was, immured in cloistered walls,
Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls.
'T was a profound seclusion that he chose;
The noisy world disturbed not that repose:
The flow of murmuring waters, day by day,
And whistling winds that forced their tardy way
Through reverend trees, of ages growth that made,

Around the holy pile a deep monastic shade;
The chanted psalm, or solitary prayer—
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

* * * * * * *

'T was here, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain:
But whether by magic or alchymy's powers,
We know not, indeed 't is no business of ours:
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 't was projected; but years stole away,
And ere 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure unless energy fails;
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales.*

What were they?—you ask: you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense:
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay;
And nought so ethereal, but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant, but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;

When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made—for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms houses, amply endowed,
By a well-esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;—
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a bounce.

Again, he performed an experiment rare;
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climbed into his scale; in the other was laid
The heart of our *Howard*, now partly decayed;
When he found, with surprise, that the whole of his brother
Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellor's wigs full of powder and curl,

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All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candor and sense;—
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'t was the "pearl of great price."

At last the whole world was bowled in at the grate;
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof;
Whence, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in, so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales:*
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:—
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put:
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And *impartiality* use for a beam:
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights.

The rhythm of Jane Taylor's "The Philosopher's Scales" as well as the opening line reminds one of Thoreau's verses in the note on 8.11, suggesting that he may have memorized portions of Taylor's Writings for declamations and exhibitions during his last year in the Concord Academy and elsewhere. See my "Young Henry Thoreau in the Annals of the Concord Academy (1829-1833)," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 9 (IV Quarter 1957), pp. 1-42.

146.15 To read the lecture on the Comic, is...to be...in our Lyceum once more.] Emerson's "The Comic" appeared in The Dial, IV, no. 2 (Oct., 1843), pp. 247-256.

149.7 the new Hazlitt's Montaigne] The Complete Works of Michael de Montaigne; comprising; the Essays, translated by Cotton; the Letters; the Journey into Germany and Italy, now first translated; a life by the editor; notes; ...critical opinions;...the éloges of MM. Jay and Villemain; a bibliographical notice...and copious indexes; by William Hazlitt, London, 1842.

149.9 Then I have had Saadis' Gulistan Ross's translation] See The Gulistan, or Flower-Garden, of Shaikh Sadi or Shiraz: translated into English by James Ross, Esq. from the Persian Text of Tentius...Together with An Essay on Sadi's Life and Genius, London, 1823. Emerson borrowed this translation from Harvard College on Oct. 4, 1843, under the privilege of Convers Francis. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 27 and 40.

149.10 Marot] Emerson borrowed from Harvard under the privilege of Convers Francis on Oct. 4, 1843, volume I of either: Clément Marot, Œuvres Complètes, (nouv. éd., 3 vols.) Paris, 1824; Œuvres de Clément Marot avec les ouvrages de Jean Marot son Père, (4 vols.) La Haye, 1731. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 27 and 37.

149.10 Roman de la Rose] Emerson borrowed from Harvard on Oct. 4, 1843, under the privilege of Convers Francis, vol. I of Le Roman de la Rose, par Guillaume de Lorris et Jehan de Meung, (nouv. éd., 4 vols., ed. Dominique Martin Méon) Paris, 1814. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 27 and 40.

149.10 Robert of Gloucester's rhymed chronicle] Emerson borrowed from Harvard on Oct. 4, 1843, under the privilege of Convers Francis: Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, transcrib'd and now first publish'd by Thomas Hearne, (2 vols.) Oxford, 1724. He returned them on Jan. 17, 1844. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 27 and 40.

150.3 your "Chapman's Translation of the Greek Pastoral Poets"] See

The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 371-372. The Mercantile Library owned The Greek Pastoral Poets, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, done into English by Matthew James Chapman, London, 1837.

150.4 "Ossian's Genuine Remains"] See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 371-372. The Mercantile Library owned The Genuine Remains of Ossian, literally translated; with a Preliminary Dissertation, by Patrick Macgregor, London, 1841.

154.16 We desire to go without purse or staff] Cf. Mark 6:8; Luke 10:4; Luke 22:35-36.

155.30 parvis componere magna] I.e., "To compare great things with small." See Virgil's Eclogues, I, 23.

157.20 It neither will enter the kingdom of heaven or have others to do so.] See Matthew 23:13—"But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in."

161.26 Such...know nothing of the universal man] For this Transcendental concept, see Emerson the Essayist, II, 440.

164.14 'fit audience, and not few.'] Cf. Paradise Lost, Book VII, lines 30-31:

...still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

166.7 For as yet the Red-cross knight has shown us only...his shield ...tumbling upon the plain.] An obvious reference to Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book I.

169.3 A very Peter I shall become: on this rock He has built his church.] See Matthew 16:18—"...thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

170.1 "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon"] See Matthew 6:24 and Luke 16:13. See 356.18.

170.11 Thoreau met Horace Greeley] The Editors believe that Thoreau did not meet Greeley until his period on Staten Island. According to the records of the Concord Lyceum, Greeley lectured before it on "Protection and Free Trade," December 19, 1842, Thoreau presumably being present as an official. See note on 77.34.

174.25 somewhere in St. Paul...'Look not back to the things which are behind, but rather to these which are before'] See Philippians 3:13-14—...but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

180.15 Roach or Chiverin.... The former described by Storer] See pp. 1-92 in a volume in Thoreau's library: Massachusetts Zoological and Botanical Survey: David Humphreys Storer and William B. O. Peabody, Reports on the Fishes, Reptiles, and Birds of Massachusetts, Boston, 1839. Cf. also David Humphrey Storer, A Synopsis of the Fishes of North America, Cambridge, 1846, pp. 160-161. Contents of the former: "Reports on the Ichthyology and herpetology of Massachusetts" by D. H. Storer; "A Report of the ornithology of Massachusetts" by W. B. O. Peabody.

188.6 "the green buds, they are a-swellin'."] An echo of the ballad entitled "Barbara Allen's Cruelty":

> All in the merry month of May,
> When green buds they were swellin',
> Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
> For love of Barbara Allen.

189.13 He occasionally surveys mankind from my shoulders as wisely as ever Johnson did.] An allusion to Samuel Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," lines 1-4:

> Let observation with extensive view,
> Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
> Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
> And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.

Cf. the note on 84.1-3.

189.17 according to his "mere will and good pleasure."] Possibly an echo of Philippians 2:13—"For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." See also Ephesians 1:5—"Having predestinated us...according to the good pleasure of his will."

189.33 are thrown down and cast into the pines] An obvious parody of Matthew 7:19—"Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

190.7 This comes of reading the New Testament. Was n't one of the Apostles a tanner? For Simon, a tanner of Joppa, who, by the way, was not an "apostle," see Acts 9:43, 10:6, and 10:32.

190.37 the old joke of a diploma] See "Thoreau's Diploma Again," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 16 (III Quarter 1959), 48-49.

191.30 even in death, by which we "mingle with the herd of common men."] Compare George Shirley's song, "Cupid and Death": "Death calls ye to the crowd of common men."

192.1 Ethiopian cannot change his skin nor the leopard his spots] See Jeremiah 13:23—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

194.13 to Edith who long ago drew from you verses which I carefully preserve] See notes on 134.11 and 144.21.

When Edith Emerson was born on November 22, 1841, her father wrote in his journals:[1] "Edith. There came into the house a young maiden, but she seemed to be more than a thousand years old. She came into the house naked and helpless, but she had for her defence more than the strength of millions. She brought into the day the manners of the Night." These lines reflect Emerson's thoughts on infancy expressed in the last chapter of Nature (1836) and the doctrine of the "Lapse" expressed in Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." They remind the reader of the faith of Bronson Alcott, expressed in his two manuscripts labelled "Psyche," from one of which I have published generous extracts.[2]

Even before Edith's birth,[3] Thoreau had become a resident in Emerson's home, serving as a handy man. He had daily association with Edith until May 1, 1843, when he left for Staten Island, witnessing the first seventeen months of her growth. That he became fond of her is evident in his report on January 24, 1843, to Emerson, who was lecturing in Philadel-

phia:[4] "...Edith takes rapid strides in the arts and sciences—or music and natural history—as well as over the carpet;...she says 'papa' less and less abstractedly every day, looking in my face,—which may sound like a Ranz des Vaches to yourself." That he missed her while living with William Emerson in New York is implied in extant correspondence. Emerson wrote to Henry on July 20, 1843:[5] "Edith & Ellen are in high health, and as pussy has this afternoon nearly killed a young oriole, Edie tells all comers with great energy her one story, 'Birdy—sick.'" And three months later (October 16, 1843), Henry wrote to Lidian:[6] "How does the Saxon Edith do? Can you tell yet to which school of philosophy she belongs—whether she will be a fair saint of some Christian order, or a follower of Plato and the heathen?"

Other references to Edith appear in later letters, but the period when she was about a year or a year and a half old—when Thoreau was nearing the end of his first residency in the Emerson home—is, for our purposes, the most important. To it Emerson referred three years later in a letter to Thoreau from Manchester, England (December 2, 1847), while Thoreau was for a second time serving as protector in Emerson's household:[7] "Thanks, evermore thanks for the kindness which I well discern to the youths of the house, to my darling little horseman...[Edward], to Edith who long ago drew from you verses which I carefully preserve, & to Ellen, who by speech & now by letter I find old enough to be companionable...." The verses which Edith "long ago drew from" Henry were copied into page 95 of Emerson's MS. OP (now Houghton 137) which, with permission,[8] I here edit and reproduce, dating them early in 1843. In them we hear once again the doctrine of the "Lapse" and echoes of Wordsworth's lines:

Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight....

Thoreau's verses also foreshadow his lines in Walden about his own irrevocable youth: "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove...."

1 Journals, VI, 130.
2 Emerson the Essayist, II, 101-125.
3 See Letters, II, 394. Rusk says Henry began his two-year residence about April 26, 1841.
4 Thoreau's Correspondence, page 76.
5 Ibid., p. 126.
6 Ibid., p. 144.
7 Ibid., p. 194.
8 I am grateful to Edward W. Forbes and to RWEMA for this courtesy.

To Edith.

Thou little bud of being, Edith named,
With whom I've made acquaintance on this earth,
Who knowest me without impediment,
As flowers know the winds that stir their leaves,
And rid'st upon my shoulders as the sphere,
Turning on me thy sage reserved eye,
Behind whose broad & charitable gaze
Floats the still true & universal soul
With the pure azure of the general day,
Not yet a peopled & a vulgar town,
Rather a pure untarnished country ground;
For thou art whole, not yet begun to die,
While men look on me with their shrivelled rays
Streaming through some small chink of the broad sky;
Pure youthful soul, thou hast begun to be,
To cumulate thy sin & piety.

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To Editte. [Emerson's handwriting]

Thou little bud of being, Editte named,
With whom I've made acquaintance on this earth,
Who knowest me without impediment,
As flowers know the winds that stir their leaves,
And rid'st upon my shoulders as the sphere,
Turning on me thy safe reserved eye,
Behind whose broad & charitable gaze
Floats the still time & universal soul
With the pure azure of the general day,
Not yet a peopled & a vulgar town,
Rather a pure untarnished country ground;
For thou art whole, not yet begun to die,
While men look on me with their shrivelled rays
Streaming through some small chink of the
Pure youthful soul, thou hast begun to be, (broad sky;
To cumulate thy fine of piety.

H. D. Thoreau.

194.27 Every man in England carries a little book...called "Bradhaws Guide"...published anew on the first day of every month & costs ixpence.] The Boston Athenaeum has the following: Bradshaw's Monthly ailway and Steam Navigation Guide for Great Britain, Ireland, &c., Aug., 844; July, 1845; July, 1847; June, 1850; Bradshaw's Railway Companion or Great Britain and Ireland, Feb., 1843. See also Bradshaw's Monthly ontinental Railway Guide for Europe. All were published in London.

196.9 You are not so far off but the affairs of this world still atach to you.] A possible allusion to 2 Timothy 2:3-4—"Thou therefore ndure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth ntangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him ho hath chosen him to be a soldier."

211.1 the copy of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," containing a notice of r. Emerson] On March 8, 1848, Thoreau asked James Elliot Cabot to seure a copy for him. See Émile Montégut, "Un Penseur et Poète Américain: alph Waldo Emerson," Revue des Deux Mondes, XIX, pp. 462-493 (1er aout 847):

UN PENSEUR ET POÈTE AMÉRICAIN. **RALPH WALDO EMERSON.**

I. — *Essays, two series.* — *Nature and Lectures on the Times.* — London, 1846.
II. — *Poems.* — London, 1847.

Malgré les relations de plus en plus fréquentes qui s'établissent entre nous et l'Amérique, nous n'avons encore de ce monde lointain qu'une idée assez fausse. Nous le voyons à travers les romans de Cooper, les poèmes de Châteaubriand, quelquefois aussi à travers les récits des économistes. Tantôt l'Amérique s'offre à nous comme le pays des grands fleuves, des cataractes, des forêts impénétrables, des horizons sans bornes; tantôt elle n'est plus à nos yeux que le pays du commerce et des chemins de fer. A côté des immenses savanes, à côté du dédale des voies de fer et des canaux, on pourrait cependant explorer tout un monde trop peu connu, celui où s'agite, où grandit la pensée américaine. Également à l'écart des vastes solitudes et des cités bruyantes, n'y a-t-il pas en Amérique des régions où l'homme échappe à la torpeur de l'isolement comme à la fièvre des intérêts matériels? Oui, sans doute, et là vous ne retrouverez ni l'Amérique des poètes ni celle des économistes; plus de déserts, mais des terres labourées; plus de vie sauvage, mais la rudesse démocratique; plus de mœurs romanesques, mais le foyer protestant et la famille. Pénétrons, par exemple, dans l'état de Massachusetts : il y a là une de ces retraites favorisées dont nous parlons. Cette retraite est un charmant *cottage*, et celui qui l'habite est un sage, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

C'est un cottage en face d'une colline, lui-même nous l'apprend. Tout autour de cette habitation la nature se montre non pas grandiose, terrible et sauvage, mais gracieuse, souriante et aimable. « La nature dit : « L'homme est ma créature, et en dépit de tous ses impertinens « chagrins il sera joyeux avec moi... » Au fond des bois je ne suis pas seul et inconnu : les plantes inclinent leur tête devant moi, et je leur rends leur salut. » Pour l'hôte du cottage, le paysage s'anime en effet, il respire je ne sais quoi de *social*. « Le charmant paysage que j'ai devant les yeux est indubitablement formé par quelque vingt ou trente fermes, et cependant personne ne peut dire que le paysage lui appartient. » On reconnaît déjà dans ces quelques lignes la manière d'Emerson. Il y a dans toutes ses descriptions de la nature comme un murmure léger, un bruit paisible, pareil au bourdonnement des mouches durant les nuits d'été, dirait le lakiste Wordsworth. La nature entière est pour lui dans le paysage qui entoure sa demeure. Toutes les qualités, tous les traits distinctifs de l'écrivain et du philosophe, la philosophie, la sagesse, l'humanité, la sympathie avec la nature plutôt que l'amour de la nature, se retrouvent dans la description de cette aimable retraite, et, sur le seuil de l'habitation, il semble déjà qu'on connaisse l'habitant.

Ralph Waldo Emerson est né et habite dans le Massachusetts, à Concord. Il a été ministre unitaire, et ce fait mérite considération. Les unitaires sont, de tous les sectaires protestans, les plus hardis et les plus indépendans. Ils sont à coup sûr les plus démocrates comme les quakers sont les plus philanthropes. Leur exégèse fourmille d'hérésies. Hazlitt, voulant désigner d'un seul mot les hérésies dramatiques de Joanna Baillie, dit qu'elle est « un unitaire en poésie. » Emerson, qui s'est séparé de son église à cause de son interprétation de la cène, a conservé les tendances hardies de cette secte et son impatience de toute autorité. « Voyez, s'écrie-t-il dans une apostrophe ironique, ces nobles intelligences! elles n'osent écouter Dieu lui-même à moins qu'il ne parle la phraséologie de je ne sais quel David, Jérémie ou Paul. » A Boston, centre et métropole des unitaires, Emerson a prononcé quelques discours pleins d'éloquence sur les tendances contemporaines. En 1844, il a écrit une brochure sur *l'Émancipation des nègres dans les colonies anglaises de l'Inde occidentale*. Il rédige une publication périodique intitulée *the Dial*. Les écrits d'Emerson peuvent servir à compléter ces indications biographiques. Nous savons qu'il vit dans la solitude, et il laisse entrevoir dans plusieurs de ses essais qu'il est marié ou qu'il l'a été. L'éditeur anglais du philosophe américain, M. Carlyle, nous apprend qu'Emerson est riche ou du moins au-dessus de tout besoin. Cette solitude et cette aisance suffiraient pour montrer en lui une sorte de Montaigne puritain. Quant à son caractère, si nous en croyons quelques passages de ses *Essais*, Emerson aime mieux l'humanité que le commerce des hommes, et, comme tous les penseurs qui vivent trop dans la solitude, il supporte difficilement la contradiction. Si par hasard il a souffert, il a dû souffrir avec calme, mais en concentrant en lui-même sa souffrance plutôt qu'en la laissant se fondre à la douce flamme de la résignation. Sa conversation doit être timide, rare et à courte haleine. Je ne crois pas qu'il ait le souffle de l'improvisation indéfinie. Tel je me figure cet homme remarquable, bien différent (surtout quant à la faculté de l'improvisation) de son éditeur Carlyle, ardent esprit, qui s'épanche avec une éloquence sibylline, et jette en même temps dans ses éruptions humoristiques la lave précieuse et les cendres, les nuages de fumée, les gerbes d'étincelles, les flammes sulfureuses et la plus pure lumière.

Entre ces esprits si différens, il y a cependant de secrètes affinités. L'humoriste anglais et le penseur du Massachusetts se sentent attirés l'un vers l'autre. C'est Carlyle qui a fait connaître Emerson à l'Angleterre, c'est Emerson qui a édité les ouvrages de Carlyle aux États-Unis. Il appartiendrait à Carlyle de nous renseigner plus amplement qu'il ne l'a encore fait sur la vie, les études, le caractère du philosophe américain, principalement sur l'influence qu'il exerce dans son pays. Il y aurait intérêt à savoir quel accueil les citoyens des États-Unis ont fait à cette philosophie, et si dans ce pays de l'industrie et de l'activité matérielle ces rêveries de l'ame ont chance de rencontrer des disciples et des enthousiastes. C'est encore aux écrits d'Emerson qu'il faut recourir pour s'éclairer sur ce point. Emerson nous laisse deviner qu'il a eu à subir bien des critiques. « On a accusé ma philosophie, dit-il dans son *Essai sur l'amour*, de n'être pas sociale, et on a prétendu que dans mes discours publics mon respect pour l'intelligence me donne une injuste froideur pour les relations personnelles. » Ce reproche n'est pas sans quelque fondement, mais devait-il partir des États-Unis? Les relations sociales de l'Amérique du Nord sont encore bien grossières, singulièrement brutales et matérielles, et je ne vois rien d'étonnant à ce qu'une intelligence comme celle d'Emerson ait voulu réagir contre les mœurs de son pays. Toutefois cette critique montre que la philosophie d'Emerson a éveillé la discussion autour d'elle. Être critiqué, c'est déjà avoir de l'influence; reste à savoir si cette influence est considérable. Dans un livre publié en Amérique et intitulé *Papiers sur la littérature et l'art*, par Marguerite Fuller, nous trouvons la réponse à cette question : « L'influence d'Emerson ne s'étend pas encore à travers un grand espace, il est trop au-dessus de son pays et de son temps pour être compris tout de suite et entièrement; mais cette philosophie creuse profondement et chaque année élargit son cercle. Emerson est le prophète des temps meilleurs. Un jour ou l'autre l'influence ne peut lui manquer. » Le jour où aux États-Unis la supériorité d'Emerson sera reconnue sans opposition, où ses doctrines auront de fervens prosélytes, où la majorité des intelligences se prononcera en sa faveur, il y aura un grand changement dans les mœurs, les habitudes, les tendances de l'Amérique. O vous qui demandez quelle action les écrivains exercent sur leur pays, profitez du spectacle que vous offrent un peuple jeune et une nation qui n'est pas encore formée. Voyez-la faire son éducation, et vous reconnaîtrez quelle trace les penseurs et les poètes laissent derrière eux, comment ils changent la nature humaine et combien sans eux elle serait pire encore qu'elle n'est. L'éducation progressive des États-Unis est peut-être le plus grand spectacle de notre temps. Elle placera vivantes sous les yeux des nations européennes les lois du développement de la civilisation, péniblement étudiées jusqu'à ce jour dans les obscures traditions de leur histoire.

Avant Emerson, la philosophie qui comptait les plus nombreux partisans aux États-Unis était celle de Thomas Brown, successeur de Dugald Stewart dans la chaire d'Édimbourg. Cette philosophie, d'un spiritualisme très mitigé, est issue de l'aimable et peu féconde école écossaise. Deux volumes de fragmens de Benjamin Constant, de Royer-Collard, de Jouffroy et de M. Cousin, traduits en anglais, ont obtenu beaucoup de succès. En admettant que l'école écossaise, école toute de polémique et qui n'existerait pas si Hume n'avait point écrit, pût jeter quelque part les germes d'une philosophie, ces germes prospéreraient en Amérique moins que partout ailleurs. Que peut enseigner aux Américains la philosophie écossaise? Que les hommes croient sans raisonner à l'existence de la matière; ils le savent suffisamment, Dieu merci! D'un autre côté, l'éclectisme n'est pas une doctrine propre aux peuples jeunes. L'éclectisme est le dernier résultat auquel arrive la philosophie chez les peuples qui ont beaucoup pensé. L'éclectisme repose sur une suite de traditions philosophiques, et les Américains n'en ont aucune. Emerson est le premier qui, en Amérique, ait creusé la terre du sol natal pour en faire jaillir de nouvelles sources philosophiques.

Il y a chez Emerson un philosophe et un poète. Quelle place faut-il lui assigner parmi les philosophes et parmi les poètes? Quelle doctrine, enfin, peut-on tirer de ses écrits? C'est une double question à résoudre: ce sera le sujet des deux parties de cette étude.

I.

Emerson est un sage comme Montaigne, comme Charron, comme Shakespeare. Voilà ses véritables maîtres. Il nous apprend que, pendant un temps, il se prit d'amour pour Montaigne, se persuadant qu'il n'aurait jamais besoin d'un autre livre, et puis que cet enthousiasme se porta sur Shakespeare. Il est, comme eux, un chercheur sans fin plutôt qu'un philosophe dogmatique. Ici, nous devons faire remarquer la différence qui existe entre le sage dans les temps anciens et le sage dans les temps modernes. Le sage dans les temps anciens était plus dogmatique. Chez Socrate, Zénon, Sénèque (1), il y a un esprit bien plus systématique, une logique bien plus rigoureuse que chez la plupart des sages modernes. Au milieu de la vie des sens, conduite par tous les caprices, dogmatiser, c'est-à-dire concentrer sa pensée sur un seul point et régler sa vie sur une seule pensée, c'était vraiment être sage alors. Dans les temps modernes, la pensée a eu plus d'horizons, les points de vue se sont multipliés et les sciences agrandies; mais aussi l'esprit humain et la vie humaine ont vu devant eux plus de précipices, d'embûches, de trappes de toute espèce. Alors le génie du sage est devenu la circonspection et la prudence: le sage a été moins audacieux que dans l'antiquité, mais plus rusé. Marchant avec hésitation, souvent il a été sceptique et a cru faire assez en maintenant l'équilibre de l'homme au milieu de tant de pièges. Tel est le rôle qu'ont joué Montaigne, Charron et Shakespeare, le grand observateur. Emerson remplit le même rôle d'observateur et de chercheur sans fin, avec une audace et une concentration de pensée qui le rapprochent en même temps des sages de l'antiquité.

Deux choses constituent le sage dans les temps modernes : l'absence de l'esprit dogmatique et la critique des principes. Les penseurs qu'on peut ranger dans cette famille de sages n'ont guère de système précis. Leur génie est bien plutôt de sentir la vérité que de l'expliquer. Chez eux, point de méthode, d'art, si l'on entend par là le talent de la composition et le bel équilibre des parties, peu de raisonnemens subtils et métaphysiques. Il y a souvent des contradictions dans leurs écrits: qui le niera? Leur valeur pour cela n'est pas remise en question. Lorsqu'un philosophe dogmatique arrive à se contredire, tout est perdu pour lui, les travaux de sa vie entière tombent en poussière; mais la seule affaire du sage est de penser sans élaguer aucune des pensées qui pourraient contrarier un système déjà établi ou des opinions antérieurement émises. Aussi il exprime des sentimens, des idées, des opinions même contradictoires, en les donnant pour des doutes qui se sont éveillés dans son esprit. Lorsque le philosophe dogmatique a une fois saisi une idée, il la féconde; lorsqu'il a trouvé une vérité, il la formule et la pose comme loi. Le sage, au contraire, réunit toutes les pensées comme autant de sujets de réflexion et de travail. Un Descartes et un Leibnitz sont, il faut l'avouer, les législateurs de la vérité, ceux qui trouvent le principe et formulent la loi; mais aussi un Montaigne, un Charron, un Emerson, sont, si je puis le dire, les juristes et les critiques de la vérité : ils appliquent l'inflexible et immuable vérité aux actions des hommes, et souvent ils se sentent embarrassés. De là, interprétations de principes, commentaires moraux, antinomies; de là scepticisme comme dans Montaigne ou comme dans Emerson, discours et rapports d'opposition, pour qu'on se mette à la recherche de vérités nouvelles, les anciennes ne pouvant suffire. Voilà le rôle utile des sages; ils sont les critiques des principes.

La vérité, que le sage ne saurait pas formuler en lois, il sait, nous le répétons, l'appliquer aux actes de la vie de chaque jour. Ainsi il fait l'éducation de l'homme, redressant chaque tort à mesure qu'il se présente. Il donne son opinion sur les cas particuliers et les faits isolés. Cette manière de penser et de juger se reflète dans sa manière d'écrire. Il écrit non pour laisser un édifice, mais pour donner son opinion sur tel ou tel sujet qui s'est présenté à sa pensée. Il abandonne à d'autres la gloire d'élever un monument philosophique, car souvent il considère la gloire humaine comme une vanité; mais ce qu'il ne considère pas comme vaines et frivoles, ce sont les erreurs et les méchancetés humaines: il sait qu'il doit les combattre, et que la première vérité, c'est de détruire l'erreur. Il est content lorsqu'il a exprimé une pensée, découvert un sentiment, jeté un simple aphorisme. Il écrit un peu à bâtons rompus, sans ensemble comme sans système, ne s'inquiétant pas de l'ensemble, mais bien plutôt du détail. On a reproché à Shakespeare de manquer d'unité; il a vraiment bien autre chose à faire : il faut que toutes ses observations prennent place dans son œuvre, et pour cela il créera dans ses tragédies des épisodes sans rapports immédiats avec le sujet, des personnages secondaires, uniquement pour vérifier une ou deux observations, pour mettre en lumière une ou deux maximes. La méthode du sage est simple : elle consiste à se confier à sa pensée et à sa nature. La spontanéité a le pas chez lui sur la méditation. Ce n'est point l'absence d'éducation et de culture qui détermine cette spontanéité de conception. Ce qui l'explique, c'est l'habitude de penser habituellement et continuellement. Alors les idées se présentent en foule et sans efforts : elles s'appuient les unes sur les autres sans logique apparente, mais au fond avec un enchaînement d'autant plus naturel qu'il est le fruit d'une longue série de méditations. La plante donne sans interruption ses feuilles, ses boutons et ses fleurs, car elle a pris sa force et sa sève dans ces soins que lui ont prodigués les travaux latens de l'esprit. Voilà comment je comprends le sage; Emerson appartient à cette classe de philosophes.

Emerson a toutes les qualités du sage : l'originalité, la spontanéité, l'observation sagace, la délicate analyse, la critique, l'absence de dogmatisme. Il rassemble tous les matériaux d'une philosophie sans parvenir à la réduire en système; il pense un peu au hasard et rêve souvent sans trouver de limites bien fixes où s'arrête cette rêverie. La principale qualité du sage, qui est la critique, est éminente dans Emerson. Il dit dans un de ses essais : « L'homœopathie est insignifiante comme art de guérir, mais d'une grande valeur comme critique de l'hygiène et de la pratique médicale de notre temps. Il en est ainsi du magnétisme, du swedenborgisme, du fouriérisme et de l'église millénienne. Ce sont d'assez pauvres prétentions, mais de bonnes critiques de la science, de la philosophie et du culte du jour. » Les livres d'Emerson sont aussi fort remarquables, non-seulement par la philosophie qu'ils renferment, mais encore par la critique de notre temps. Nos systèmes démocratiques étouffent-ils l'individu au sein des masses. Emerson se lève et proteste hardiment au nom des droits de la personnalité humaine. L'égoïsme nous envahit, la richesse et l'ambition nous sollicitent : Emerson prend l'individu et lui dit : « Crois-en ta pensée. » L'industrie tue l'idéal, elle se promène à travers le monde, le proclamant sa conquête : Emerson, après Jean-Paul qui la flétrit si énergiquement sous le nom d'*artolâtrie*, après Carlyle qui la nomme un *héroïsme sans yeux*, lui reproche de manquer d'amour et lui déclare qu'elle ne sera vivante qu'après avoir banni l'égoïsme de son sein. La manie des voyages nous distrait, les touristes ridicules abondent parmi nous; Emerson baptise les voyages du nom de *paradis des fous*. Nous nous traînons dans l'ornière de l'art; n'osant pas penser d'une manière originale, nous écrivons des biographies et des critiques; Emerson nous invective amèrement : « Pourquoi n'aurions-nous pas un art original, une philosophie d'intuition et non plus de tradition? Nos pères contemplaient Dieu face à face, et nous à travers leurs yeux. Le soleil brille encore aujourd'hui. » Partout il nous montre nos infirmités, et, comme un apôtre du progrès, se lève et semble répéter les belles paroles de Faust : « Le monde des esprits n'est pas fermé. Debout! baigne, disciple, infatigablement ta poitrine féconde dans la pourpre de l'aurore. » C'est un sage: aussi rien ne l'étonne et ne l'effraie; il se moque seulement de notre prétendu bien-être et pense que notre vie pourrait être plus simple et plus aisée que nous ne la faisons. Des hauteurs sereines où il trouve le calme, il regarde notre monde, juge que nous en faisons un enfer, raille nos désespoirs ridicules et nos malheurs volontaires, et croit qu'il ne serait pas besoin de tant de *grincemens de dents et de mains tordues de rage*. Il est d'ailleurs plein d'équité pour les doctrines et la société qu'il critique; il trouve que les conservateurs ont des principes légitimes, il pense que les *transcendantalistes* pourraient bien avoir raison; il ne fait pas fi de nos doctrines socialistes. Il va chercher ses autorités à travers l'histoire entière de la philosophie, comme Mon-

(1) Il est inutile de rappeler, pour prouver cette assertion, des absurdités très rigoureusement logiques de Pyrrhon et de quelques stoïciens.

taigne ses exemples dans les coutumes de tous les peuples, et après avoir écouté ainsi toutes les doctrines modernes avec complaisance et patience, comme un philosophe antique ses serviteurs et ses voisins, il rompt le silence pour nous donner des maximes qu'on dirait sorties tantôt de l'école du Portique, comme celle-ci : « Fais toujours ce que tu as peur de faire; » tantôt des jardins de l'Académie, comme celle-là: « Un ami est un homme avec lequel je puis toujours être sincère. » Quant à lui, il connaît ses devoirs de philosophe, et il se répète pour lui-même le mot de Sidney : « Descends dans ton cœur et écris. »

Emerson, nous l'avons dit, appartient aussi à la famille des sages anciens par certains côtés; il leur ressemble par son audace ou plutôt par sa puissance de concentration, par son caractère. Ceci veut être expliqué. La forme de l'essai est singulièrement propre à recevoir toutes les imaginations fortuites, toutes les rêveries, toutes les pensées hasardées qui sont le partage du moraliste et de l'humoriste. Tout le monde sait ce qu'est devenu l'essai entre les mains de Montaigne. Emerson aussi a jeté ses pensées dans cette forme de l'essai si répandue dans la littérature anglaise, où elle a produit des chefs-d'œuvre; mais, tout en l'employant, il l'a singulièrement modifiée. Qui dit l'essai anglais depuis Addison jusqu'à Hazlitt et Lamb dit l'*humour* avec ses mille saillies, ses détours sans fin, ses pensées imprévues, dit enfin le manque d'unité racheté par la richesse et l'infinie variété des détails. Il y a dans Emerson un art de composition qui le distingue des autres moralistes. Chacun de ses essais abonde en détails et en observations; mais, arrivé à la fin du chapitre, on découvre très bien l'harmonie sous cet apparent désordre. Ce qui leur imprime cette unité, c'est le caractère de l'écrivain. « Ces essais, dit Carlyle, sont les soliloques d'une âme vraie. » Nous ne croyons pas en effet qu'Emerson écrive pour faire parade de sagacité et de science; ce ne sont pas seulement ses imaginations et ses pensées qu'il nous donne, c'est encore son caractère. Il unit la pénétration du critique, la finesse du moraliste à la ténacité de l'apôtre et à l'audace du prédicant puritain. Voilà en quoi il se rattache à la lignée des sages antiques : il a de ceux-ci la force et le caractère; il a des sages modernes la prudence et la rêverie.

En vertu de cette double parenté, Emerson est à la fois un moraliste et le créateur d'une philosophie morale. Par sa ressemblance avec cette famille d'esprits dont Montaigne est le père, il est un moraliste; par sa ressemblance avec les sages de l'antiquité, il tend à ériger ses méditations en doctrines, à en tirer en quelque sorte une philosophie morale. Il convient de définir exactement ces deux termes, afin de distinguer les deux caractères du talent d'Emerson. La philosophie morale cherche à établir l'immuable dans ce qui est instable, l'éternel dans le passager, la règle au milieu de l'anarchie des passions humaines; elle élève la vie humaine à la hauteur de l'absolu, elle fait de la sagesse la science de la vie. Les moralistes, au contraire, sont ceux qui se plaisent essentiellement au phénomène et au passager, ceux que cette variété infinie de faiblesses et de désirs attire, qui comptent, expliquent et recherchent les plus secrètes corruptions du cœur, les plus subtils tourmens de l'esprit, les innombrables défaillances de l'ame : La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Addison. Il y a beaucoup du moraliste dans Emerson, et, si l'on pouvait prophétiser sur des choses aussi pleines de hasards que les transformations du talent, je dirais qu'il viendra un jour où le philosophe s'effacera chez Emerson derrière le moraliste. Déjà, dans ses derniers essais, la transformation est presque accomplie.

Cette philosophie morale nous suggère une réflexion que nous ne pouvons écarter, et qui se rattache en plus d'un point à notre sujet. Une philosophie purement morale est un mauvais augure pour le temps où elle apparaît; elle indique une époque troublée, indécise, pleine d'hésitation. Le penseur détourne les yeux de la société qui l'entoure, parce qu'il ne sait pas bien au juste où elle va; il se renferme en lui-même, espérant au moins qu'il pourra trouver plus facilement le but où l'homme isolé de la foule, l'individu doit tendre. Dans les sociétés stables et solidement établies au contraire, les doctrines métaphysiques règnent, et les conséquences morales en découlent tout naturellement. Avant de penser à notre terre, on pense à l'univers; avant de penser à l'humanité, on pense à ce qui est en dehors d'elle. Alors les principes métaphysiques précèdent les principes de morale, les engendrent et leur commandent. C'est quand l'homme ne trouve rien à critiquer à sa situation ni à sa vie qu'il cherche à résoudre les éternels problèmes du principe des choses, de la création, de l'infini. Le penseur et la société vivant l'un et l'autre dans la régularité et l'ordre recherchent les questions qui reposent sur l'ordre et la régularité; la science et l'homme sont en rapport immédiat. La philosophie morale, au contraire, n'est jamais l'œuvre d'une époque satisfaite d'elle-même; elle est une sorte de reproche de la conscience; elle ressemble à un remords. Elle est comme une justification ou une condamnation, comme un plaidoyer pour ou contre. Lorsqu'une philosophie purement morale se présente, il faut que l'homme et la société aient quelque chose à se reprocher; il faut que l'homme ait perdu ou du moins oublié le vrai sens de ses devoirs, puisqu'il faut qu'on le lui rappelle; il faut qu'il ait exagéré quelque principe ou qu'il en ait obscurci quelque autre. Cette pensée est suggérée par la lecture de chaque page d'Emerson.

Quelle place doivent occuper parmi les livres philosophiques les *Essais* d'Emerson? Les *Essais* de Montaigne ont été nommés le bréviaire des honnêtes gens, c'est-à-dire un de ces livres dont l'homme honnête doit lire chaque jour quelques pages. Les *Essais* d'Emerson peuvent être lus moins fréquemment; c'est le soir, lorsque la conversation devient sérieuse et élevée, qu'on peut les apprécier. Hazlitt, le spirituel critique, l'étincelant humoriste, a fait un livre intitulé *Table Talk* (conversations de table). Ce sont des essais brillans et pleins de verve sur les sujets les plus divers, sur des sonnets de Milton, sur un paysage du Poussin, sur la peinture, sur la lecture des vieux livres, etc. Eh bien! il me semble que les *Essais* d'Emerson pourraient s'appeler le *Table Talk* des philosophes. Nul livre n'est mieux fait pour être lu par une réunion de penseurs, pour leur apporter de nombreux sujets de discussion, pour élever et pour animer leurs entretiens. Emerson a écrit le *Table talk* des sages; Hazlitt nous a donné le *Table Talk* des artistes et des poètes.

Si, comme philosophe, Emerson appartient à la famille des moralistes modernes et des sages anciens, comme écrivain, il est par excellence un de ces *esprits rares* qui apparaissent dans les littératures, quelquefois pour tenir la place des génies créateurs, quelquefois pour les seconder ou pour tenter des voies nouvelles. Les deux noms de Thomas Carlyle et de Henri Heine indiqueront suffisamment de quelle classe d'esprits nous voulons parler. Ces deux hommes s'élèvent certainement bien au-dessus du niveau intellectuel de leur pays, comme Emerson au-dessus de la littérature américaine. Je ne crois pas qu'on puisse attribuer les dons du génie à ces deux écrivains, et cependant on conviendra que ce sont deux esprits bien difficiles à trouver et à remplacer. Un de leurs mérites est de pouvoir créer et penser d'une manière originale au milieu des hommes de génie et après eux. Généralement, de tels hommes suppléent à la puissance par l'originalité; ils ne font pas la gloire d'une littérature, mais ils la prolongent; ils ne font pas faire de grands pas à la société, mais ils continuent à tenir son intelligence en haleine. Ils maintiennent la vie intellectuelle, voilà leur véritable gloire. Dans le même siècle que Voltaire, Jean-Jacques et Montesquieu, Diderot, esprit rare s'il en fut, ajoute encore à la gloire philosophique du XVIII^e^ siècle. Après la grande génération qui, en Allemagne et en Angleterre, a marqué si glorieusement le commencement de ce siècle, Henri Heine et Thomas Carlyle maintiennent, l'un le mouvement poétique et politique de l'Allemagne, l'autre les traditions de l'*humour* anglaise et de l'esprit protestant.

Ces *esprits rares*, parmi lesquels nous plaçons Emerson, n'ont pas cette éloquence qui naît d'une pensée forte et continue; mais ils ont l'éloquence de l'instinct, si je puis dire, une éloquence essentiellement capricieuse. Ce ne sont que des éclairs, mais des éclairs continuels qui naissent les uns des autres, engendrés par la chaleur de l'imagination. Si je pouvais me servir de ces expressions scientifiques, je dirais que l'électricité domine chez eux les autres agens de la vie. Le hasard de la pensée les maîtrise; ils s'abandonnent à ces fortuites combinaisons d'idées et d'images fournies par la mémoire et l'imagination, à cette éloquence imprévue, à cette verve entraînante que seul le génie sait contenir. C'est aussi le hasard de la pensée qui entraîne Emerson; mais, chez lui, cet abandon n'a rien de dangereux. Le moraliste américain peut se confier au courant de ses rêveries avec la certitude de ne jamais perdre de vue ni le but à atteindre, ni le chemin parcouru. Le flot de sa méditation monte lentement, mais il ne dévie et ne s'abaisse jamais. Lorsque je lis un poète, un orateur, un philosophe, je distingue ordinairement le moment où il va prendre son essor pour devenir éloquent. Il y a alors un mouvement inattendu, comme une excitation imprimée

à l'imagination afin qu'elle puisse s'élancer, un effort souvent factice, un coup d'aile. Chez Emerson, il n'y a rien de pareil. Sa pensée s'élève sans effort et sans bruit, graduellement et sans précipitation; il arrive à l'éloquence sans qu'on se soit aperçu qu'il allait l'atteindre. Une fois arrivé à une certaine hauteur, il s'arrête et se place dans une sorte de région intermédiaire entre la terre et le ciel; aussi sa philosophie évite-t-elle les inconvéniens du mysticisme et les lieux communs de la morale ordinaire. Un enthousiasme qui n'est pas de l'exaltation, une sorte d'élancement qui n'est pas du désir, une contemplation qui n'est pas de l'extase, une imagination toute de l'ame teinte des reflets les plus purs de la nature, le soutiennent dans cette sphère intermédiaire entre le monde visible et l'infini. D'en haut il voit l'humanité, il entend les derniers bruits de la terre, devenus plus purs à mesure qu'ils montaient, et il contemple sans éblouissement la lumière du ciel. Il y a un mot qui revient souvent dans ses *Essais* : « Je crois à l'éternité. » Et effectivement, ses écrits semblent porter l'empreinte de cette croyance; une lumière venue d'en haut en éclaire toutes les parties d'une égale lueur. Pas d'éblouissemens comme chez les mystiques, pas de teintes d'aurore, de clair-obscur, de crépuscule, et de tous ces effets du style moderne, mais une lumière bienfaisante et salutaire propre à faire germer et mûrir la pensée, car c'est un reflet de la lumière morale. Un passage sur la beauté morale que j'extrais de son opuscule intitulé *Nature* fera mieux apprécier ce qu'il y a d'élévation digne et austère dans cette pensée sans vulgarité comme sans enflure.

« La présence de l'élément spirituel est essentielle pour la perfection de la beauté de la nature. La haute et divine beauté, qui peut être aimée sans mollesse, est celle que nous trouvons unie à la volonté humaine et qui n'en peut être séparée. La beauté est la marque que Dieu imprime sur la vertu. Chaque action naturelle est gracieuse. Chaque action héroïque est de plus bienséante, et force le lieu où elle s'accomplit et les spectateurs à resplendir autour d'elle. Les grandes actions nous enseignent que l'univers est en cela la propriété de chaque individu. Toute créature rationnelle a la nature entière pour son douaire et son domaine. La nature est à l'homme s'il le veut. Il peut se séparer d'elle; il peut se retirer dans un coin et abdiquer son royaume, comme la plupart des hommes le font; mais par sa constitution il est enchaîné au monde. Il tire le monde à lui en proportion de l'énergie de sa volonté et de sa pensée. « Toutes les choses au moyen desquelles les hommes naviguent, construisent et labourent, obéissent à la vertu, » dit un ancien historien. « Les vents et les vagues sont toujours du côté du plus habile navigateur, » dit Gibbon. Ainsi du soleil, de la lune et de tous les astres du ciel. Lorsqu'une noble action est accomplie par hasard dans une scène d'une grande beauté naturelle; lorsque Léonidas et ses trois cents martyrs mettent tout un jour à mourir, et que le soleil et la lune viennent l'un après l'autre les contempler dans l'étroit défilé des Thermopyles; lorsqu'Arnold de Winkelried recueille dans son flanc une gerbe de lances autrichiennes pour ouvrir la ligne à ses compagnons, au milieu des hautes Alpes, sous l'ombre de l'avalanche : est-ce que ces héros n'ajoutent pas la beauté de la scène à la beauté de l'action? Lorsque la barque de Colomb approche du rivage américain, que le bord de la mer se garnit de sauvages sortant de leurs huttes de roseaux, que la mer s'étend par derrière et les montagnes pourprées de l'archipel indien tout autour, pouvons-nous séparer l'homme de la peinture vivante? Est-ce que le Nouveau-Monde, avec ses bosquets de palmiers et ses savanes, ne l'enveloppe pas comme d'une belle draperie? Toujours d'une même façon, la beauté naturelle consent à s'effacer et enveloppe les grandes actions. Lorsque sir Harry Vane fut amené à la Tour, assis dans un tonbereau, pour souffrir la mort comme champion des lois anglaises, quelqu'un de la multitude s'écria : « Vous n'avez jamais eu un siége aussi glorieux! » Charles II, pour intimider les citoyens de Londres, fit traîner à l'échafaud le patriote lord Russell dans une voiture ouverte parmi les principales rues de la ville. Pour me servir du simple récit de son biographe, « la multitude s'imagina qu'elle voyait la liberté et la vertu assises à ses côtés. » Parmi les objets les plus sordides, un acte véridique ou héroïque semble attirer à lui le ciel comme son temple, et le soleil comme son flambeau. La nature étend ses bras pour circuindre l'homme, pourvu que nos pensées soient d'une grandeur égale à la sienne. Volontiers elle sème sous ses pas la rose et la violette, et courbe les lignes de sa grandeur et de sa grace pour la décoration de son enfant chéri. Un homme vertueux est en unisson avec les mœurs de la nature et se fait la figure centrale du monde visible. Homère, Pindare, Socrate, Phocion, s'associent eux-mêmes dans notre mémoire avec la géographie et le climat de la Grèce. Les cieux visibles et la terre sympathisent avec Jésus. Dans la vie commune, quiconque a vu un homme d'un puissant caractère et d'un heureux génie aura remarqué avec quelle aisance il attire à lui les choses qui l'entourent; — les personnes, les opinions, le jour, la nature, deviennent les serviteurs de l'homme. »

Emerson ne s'élève pas moins haut quand il vient à parler de l'histoire :

« L'esprit humain écrit son histoire et doit la lire. Le sphinx doit résoudre sa propre énigme. Si toute l'histoire est dans un homme, elle peut être toute expliquée par l'expérience individuelle. Il y a une relation entre les heures de notre vie et les siècles du temps. Comme l'air que je respire est tiré des grands réservoirs de la nature, comme la lumière qui tombe sur mon livre vient d'une étoile distante de cent millions de milles, comme le poids de mon corps dépend de l'équilibre des forces centrifuge et centripète, ainsi les heures devraient être instruites par les âges, et les âges expliqués par les heures. Chaque individu est une incarnation de l'esprit universel. Toutes les propriétés de cet esprit s'accordent en lui. Chaque pas dans l'existence privée jette une lumière sur ce qu'ont accompli les grandes masses des hommes, et les crises de la vie se rapportent aux crises nationales. Chaque révolution fut d'abord une pensée privée, et, lorsque la même pensée se présentera à un autre homme, il aura trouvé la clé du siècle. Chaque réforme fut d'abord une opinion particulière, et, lorsque de nouveau elle deviendra une opinion particulière, la solution du problème sera trouvée. Le fait raconté doit correspondre à quelque chose en moi pour être croyable ou seulement intelligible. Lorsque nous lisons, nous devons nous faire Grecs, Romains, Turcs, prêtre, roi, martyr et bourreau; nous devons rattacher ces images à quelque réalité cachée dans notre expérience secrète, sinon nous ne verrons rien, nous n'apprendrons rien, nous ne retiendrons rien. Ce qui est arrivé à Asdrubal et à César Borgia est une *illustration* de la puissance et des dépravations de l'esprit, aussi bien que ce qui nous est arrivé. Chaque nouvelle loi, chaque mouvement politique a son sens en vous. Regardez chacune de ces lois et dites : « Ici est une de mes pensées. Sous ce masque fantastique, odieux ou gracieux, ma nature de Protée se cache. » Ceci remédie au défaut de la trop grande proximité de nos propres actions et les jette dans la perspective. De même que l'écrevisse, le scorpion, la balance, perdent leur bassesse lorsqu'ils sont suspendus au-dessus de ma tête comme signes du zodiaque, ainsi je puis voir sans passion mes propres vices dans les personnes éloignées de Salomon, d'Alcibiade et de Catilina. »

Il y a chez Emerson un sentiment de la nature exquis et pénétrant plutôt que large. Ne cherchez pas dans ses essais les grands sentimens à la Jean-Jacques et les enthousiasmes à la Diderot. Le sentiment qu'il éprouve pour la nature tient de la sympathie plus que de l'amour. Quand il entre sous ses ombrages, c'est pour rafraîchir son front et distraire sa pensée. Ces promenades, ces contemplations, lui apparaissent comme autant de bains salutaires pour l'ame et le corps, qui se retrempent dans l'air extérieur et regagnent en regardant le ciel l'énergie perdue dans la lutte de chaque jour. C'est le côté religieux de la nature qui l'attire et lui fait rencontrer, en les adoucissant, les images bibliques : « Si un homme vit avec Dieu, sa voix deviendra aussi douce que le murmure du ruisseau et le frémissement de la moisson. » Tout ce que la nature a d'immatériel, la grace, la fraîcheur, le parfum, l'harmonie, Emerson le sent vivement et le répand dans ses pages. On croit y surprendre le murmure de la moisson quand elle se courbe sous le vent, l'odeur du pin résineux, le bourdonnement des insectes. Il y a là vraiment un sentiment original: la contemplation est pour le moraliste américain *l'hygiène de l'ame*. On a rappelé, à propos d'Emerson, le nom d'Obermann. Je ne crois pas qu'il y ait entre eux le moindre rapport. Emerson, fort de sa conviction morale, voit tout en bien et dit que la nature *affirme toujours un optimisme, jamais un pessimisme*. Obermann, tournant partout ses regards ennuyés, ne rencontre que lassitude et dégoût, comme un malade qui, voyant tout en jaune, affirmerait que sa perception est la seule vraie. L'un, plein de santé, est solitaire par force de caractère; l'autre, languissant, phthisique, est solitaire par faiblesse de cœur et lâcheté morale.

La sympathie religieuse d'Emerson pour la nature se montre surtout dans ses poésies. Il s'en exhale comme un parfum de fleurs sauvages. Tous les bruits légers, toutes les notes confuses que le calme des forêts permet d'entendre, vibrent dans les paroles mélodieuses qu'Emerson adresse au vert silence des solitudes. Quelquefois, mais trop rarement, sa pensée joue avec le vent, erre dans l'espace, et va chercher dans les régions lointaines les pénétrans parfums d'Hafiz et de Saadi, ou les âpres odeurs des bruyères du Nord. Ordinairement ses vers ne traduisent qu'un seul sentiment, qu'un seul culte, celui de la solitude. Les personnages et les interlocuteurs du poète américain sont les arbres, les rochers, les nuages, qui semblent lui raconter les histoires des temps qu'ils ont vu s'envoler. Sous ces ombrages le sage a trouvé son Élysée, le puritain a trouvé son Éden biblique. Il y a de la lumière et de la couleur dans ses vers, mais c'est cette lumière qui n'appartient qu'aux solitudes sombres et aux bois épais, cette lumière que les Anglais expriment parfaitement par ces mots : *Sunny woods, sunny groves* (bois

brillans de soleil. Ce mot, qui manque dans notre langue, me semble exprimer admirablement cette lumière qui, pénétrant dans les bois malgré le feuillage et l'ombre, s'y concentre et y séjourne dorée, paraît palpable et saisissable, et n'a rien de la blancheur de la lumière supérieure. *Sunny solitudes*, dit Emerson en s'adressant à ses bois chéris. *Sunny soliloquies*, pourrions-nous dire aussi des inspirations du philosophe et des rêveries du poète. Lui-même, en une de ses plus jolies pièces, trace le portrait d'un homme qui vit en quelque sorte dans l'intimité de la nature, et nous donne ainsi la personnification de sa muse.

« La science que cet homme regarde comme la meilleure semble fantastique aux autres hommes. Amant de toutes les choses vivantes, il s'étonne de tout ce qu'il rencontre, il s'étonne surtout de lui-même. — Qui pourrait lui dire ce qu'il est, et comment, dans ce nain humain, se rencontrent les éternités passées et futures?

« J'ai connu un tel homme, un voyant des forêts, un ménestrel de l'année naturelle, un devin des îles printanières, un sage prophète des sphères et des mirages, un verdoyant amant qui savait par cœur toutes les joies que donnent les vallées des montagnes. Il semblait que la nature ne pouvait faire naître une plante dans aucun lieu secret, dans la fondrière ébouler, sur la colline neigeuse, sous le gazon qui ombrage le ruisseau, par-dessous la neige, entre les rochers, parmi les champs humides connus du renard et de l'oiseau, sans qu'il arrivât à l'heure même où elle ouvrait son sein virginal. C'était comme si un rayon de soleil lui eût montré cette place et lui eût raconté la longue généalogie de la plante. On eût dit que les brises l'avaient apportée, que les oiseaux l'avaient ensemencée et qu'il connaissait par intuition secrète ou dans les champs lointains croissait l'orchis. Il y a dans les campagnes bien des choses que l'œil vulgaire ne découvre pas; tous ses aspects, la nature les dévoilait pour plaire à ce sage prêtre-né pour et pour l'attirer à elle. Il voyait la perdrix faire tapage dans les bois, il écoutait l'hymne du matin de la bécasse, il découvrait les brumes couvrant de la rivière, le sauvage épervier s'approchait de lui. Ce que les autres hommes n'entendaient qu'à distance, ce qu'ils cpient dans l'obscurité du hallier se dévoilait devant le philosophe et semblait venir à lui à son commandement... »

Il est impossible de mieux surprendre tous les secrets de la solitude, de mieux exprimer le sentiment de liberté qu'elle fait naître. Faut-il l'avouer cependant? il semble que ces beautés de la nature manquent de quelque chose d'essentiel; nous sommes comme inquiets d'une absence trop prolongée. Ce qui est absent, c'est la vie humaine et la réalité. Sans doute ce sentiment de la solitude sort d'un cœur pénétré d'humanité, sans doute cette nature est pleine de réalité; mais ce sentiment sort du cœur pour s'abdiquer, et cette nature elle-même s'idéalise dans un ordre métaphysique, se fond en images mystiques, s'épure jusqu'à ce qu'il ne reste plus d'elle que le parfum et l'harmonie. Alors nous découvrons pourquoi la nature attire Emerson : c'est qu'il peut au milieu d'elle penser et rêver à son aise, c'est qu'il aime à pénétrer les lois secrètes, à réfléchir sur les causes qui la soutiennent et l'animent. Le caractère de la poésie d'Emerson est métaphysique ou mieux, symbolique. Tant qu'il est soutenu dans ses promenades par un élan vers la solitude, il est poète; mais a-t-il trouvé un lieu assez écarté et une place bien disposée pour son repos, aussitôt le philosophe reparaît, et la méditation prend la place de l'hymne.

Nous avons entendu comparer la poésie symbolique à la poésie allégorique; la comparaison est fausse. La poésie allégorique revêt d'un corps une pensée abstraite et ne parvient à produire qu'un automate. Le symbole est au contraire le corps, la forme, l'apparence d'une pensée inconnue. Ces apparences flottent sous nos yeux brillantes et colorées comme des illusions, et l'esprit, flottant avec elles, se perd en conjectures sur cette idée, sur cette réalité mystérieuse et cachée. Aussi la poésie symbolique a-t-elle comme un caractère occulte et cabalistique. Deux charmantes strophes d'Emerson montrent comment il sait symboliser une idée métaphysique. Il veut montrer que chaque objet est inséparablement uni à la nature entière, que chaque individu est lié à toute l'humanité.

« Je la croyais descendue du ciel, la note du moineau chantant à l'aurore sous les rameaux de l'aulne; sur le soir j'emportai l'oiseau dans son nid à ma demeure. Il chante encore sa chanson, mais aujourd'hui elle ne me plaît pas, car je n'ai pas pu apporter avec moi la rivière et le ciel. Il chantait à mon oreille, mais eux chantaient à mon œil. Les délicats coquillages couvraient le rivage, les bulles de la dernière vague jetaient de fraîches perles sur leur canal, et le tintement de la mer sauvage les félicitait de s'être réfugiés vers moi. J'enlevai les belles marines, j'essuyai l'écume, et j'apportai à ma demeure ces trésors maritimes; mais ce sont maintenant de pauvres objets inertes et tristes à voir. Ils ont laissé leur beauté sur le rivage, avec le soleil, le sable et le sauvage tumulte des vagues.

« L'amant épiant sa gracieuse fiancée lorsqu'elle se dérobait au milieu de ses compagnes virginales; il ne savait pas que ce qui l'attirait le plus dans sa beauté était uni à ce chœur blanc comme la neige. A la fin, comme l'oiseau des bois vient à la cage, la jeune fille est allée habiter son ermitage, mais le gai enchantement s'est évanoui; c'est une charmante femme, mais non pas une fée. »

Cette poésie, et nos citations l'auront prouvé, n'est en quelque sorte qu'un prélude à la philosophie d'Emerson. Si gracieux que soit ce prélude, ce n'est point là, il faut bien le dire, la partie vraiment importante de son œuvre. Après avoir contemplé dans ses traits généraux la physionomie du penseur et du poète, on veut connaître la doctrine qui se traduit tour à tour chez Emerson sous la forme lyrique et dans la libre prose de l'essai.

II.

Le lecteur européen qui ouvre les volumes d'Emerson ne peut se défendre d'une première impression de surprise. Tous les noms des philosophes anciens et modernes sont cités pêle-mêle par le moraliste américain, comme s'ils exprimaient la même opinion. Sceptiques et mystiques, rationalistes et panthéistes, sont à côté les uns des autres. Schelling, Oken, Spinoza, Platon, Kant, Swedenborg, Coleridge, se rencontrent dans la même page. Dans ce pays de la démocratie, tous les penseurs paraissent frères. Ce pêle-mêle donne aux doctrines européennes une trompeuse apparence d'unité. Aux yeux d'Emerson, la distance efface les différences et les réunit toutes dans la même lumière. Faut-il s'en étonner? L'antiquité aujourd'hui nous apparaît belle et calme; croyez-vous qu'il n'y ait pas là-dessous quelque erreur? croyez-vous que dans l'antiquité il n'y ait pas eu des âpretés de polémique, du retentissement et du bruit dans les écoles, des controverses pleines de haines (1), de fougueux enthousiasmes, — des dissidences? Mais le temps a passé et a détruit les polémiques, le bruit des contemporains, les enthousiasmes d'un moment, ne laissant subsister que le fond immortel de ces systèmes de l'antiquité, la vérité et la beauté. Faut-il s'étonner que l'éloignement des lieux produise sur le solitaire du Massachusetts le même effet que produit sur nous l'éloignement des temps? Emerson voit les œuvres de nos philosophes marquées simplement du sceau de la vérité et du génie humain, et non pas frappées au coin du *genius loci*.

(1) Je ne prendrai qu'un exemple. Lisez, dans le premier livre de la *Métaphysique*, le jugement qu'Aristote porte sur Platon.

Il n'y a guère qu'une question qui soit posée dans les livres d'Emerson : Quelle part doit-on faire à la personnalité humaine? Le développement, l'éducation, les droits de l'individu, sa légitime influence sur la société, voilà toute la philosophie d'Emerson. C'est à l'individu qu'Emerson rapporte tout; c'est pour lui que la poésie tresse des guirlandes; c'est pour sa santé et la joie de ses yeux que la nature déploie ses richesses variées; c'est pour sa gloire et son repos que les hommes écrivent, combattent et font des lois. Il a poussé à l'extrême ce principe, si bien que, le livre une fois fermé, on se demande dans quel système il finira par tomber. Deux écueils sont là à ses côtés : le mysticisme et le panthéisme. Les évitera-t-il toujours? Il peut tomber dans le mysticisme par cette extension donnée au développement de l'individu qui, détruisant la nature et l'humanité, laisse l'homme seul avec l'âme suprême (*over soul*) au milieu des illusions du monde. Qu'en faut-il penser? Sera-t-il toujours puritain, ou bien, comme le Faust de Goethe, évoquera-t-il les siècles passés et pénétrera-t-il les secrets de la nature pour se donner le spectacle de la vie universelle?

Mais enfin le principe est excellent en lui-même, et Emerson devait le choisir pour trois motifs : 1° à cause de ses opinions personnelles, 2° à cause de la situation religieuse des États-Unis, 3° à cause du gouvernement américain. A cause de ses opinions personnelle, avons-nous dit : quelles sont les opinions politiques et religieuses d'Emerson? à quel parti appartient-il?

« Des deux grands partis politiques qui divisent l'Amérique à cette heure (dit-il) je répondrai que l'un a la meilleure cause et que l'autre possède les meilleurs hommes. Le philosophe, le poète, l'homme religieux, souhaiteront de voter avec le démocrate pour le libre commerce, le suffrage universel, l'abolition des cruautés légales, et pour faciliter de toute manière, aux jeunes et aux pauvres, l'ac-

ces aux sources de la richesse et du pouvoir; mais rarement ils peuvent accepter, comme représentans de ces libéralités, les personnes que leur présente le parti populaire. Elles n'ont pas au cœur les fins qui donnent à ce mot de démocratie l'espérance et la vertu qu'il renferme. L'esprit de notre radicalisme américain est destructeur et sans élans, il n'a pas d'amour, il n'a pas de fins divines et ultérieures, il est destructeur simplement, sans haine et égoïsme. D'un autre côté, le parti conservateur, composé des hommes les plus modérés, les plus cultivés, les plus capables de la nation, est timide et se contente simplement d'être le défenseur de la propriété; il ne venge aucun droit, il n'aspire à

aucun bien réel, il ne flétrit aucun crime, il ne propose aucune police généreuse, il ne construit pas, n'écrit pas, ne chérit pas les arts, il n'anime pas la religion, n'établit pas d'écoles, n'encourage pas la science, n'émancipe pas l'esclave, ne fraternise pas avec le pauvre, l'Indien ou l'émigrant. D'aucun de ces deux partis, une fois au pouvoir, on ne doit attendre quelque bienfait proportionné aux ressources de la nation, pour la science, l'art ou l'humanité. »

Voilà une explication franche, sans hésitation, et qui sépare Emerson de ces deux partis à la fois. Croit-il davantage à la philanthropie? Il succombe souvent, dit-il, et donne son dollar; « mais ce n'est qu'un méchant dollar. » Croit-il aux sociétés religieuses? Il s'est séparé de son église. Quant aux *mortes sociétés bibliques*, comme il les appelle, il n'en tient aucun compte. C'est un homme qui n'est d'aucun parti, d'aucune église, d'aucune opinion accréditée en Amérique. Ses opinions sont donc toutes personnelles et individuelles. A quoi et à qui croit-il? A lui. De la position d'Emerson au milieu des partis et des systèmes américains découlera tout naturellement sa philosophie. Il n'appartient à aucun parti; de là résultera, soyez-en sûr, la protestation en faveur de l'individu contre la multitude.

Le second motif qui décide Emerson à élever l'individu au-dessus de la société, c'est la situation religieuse de l'Amérique. Y a-t-il en Amérique une religion qui réunisse les masses? Il n'y en a point. Le protestantisme, en se décomposant en une foule de sectes, tend de plus en plus à faire éclore des religions qui sont celles de quelques individus. Cependant il y a un lien qui rapproche toutes ces sectes, c'est l'esprit puritain. Je m'étonne qu'on n'ait pas déjà fait cette observation. S'il arrivait qu'un jour il y eût (chose fort désirable) un pays où le sentiment religieux dominât sans que la croyance intime, personnelle de chacun fût inquiétée par ce sentiment, ce pays serait les États-Unis. L'esprit religieux qui réunirait ainsi tous les cœurs, en laissant à l'individu ce qu'on peut appeler son opinion dogmatique, serait l'esprit puritain. Un même cœur, un esprit différent, comme un immense sacrifice où, réunis ensemble, brûleraient les encens et les parfums les plus divers, voilà l'idéal d'Emerson; c'est aussi l'idéal du puritanisme.

En faisant du développement et de l'éducation de l'individu la base de sa philosophie, en disant à l'individu : « Crois en toi, » Emerson revient aussi, qu'il le sache ou non, au principe posé par Descartes, l'autorité du sens individuel. Descartes et Emerson n'ont pas la moindre ressemblance entre eux; mais ils sont dans une situation identique. Emerson est le premier philosophe américain, comme Descartes le premier philosophe moderne. Lorsque Descartes vint fonder sa philosophie, il écarta tous les livres, rejeta toutes les traditions; lui aussi crut en lui-même. Il avait affaire à la scolastique; il ne voulait plus de ses explications de physique et de ses débris de logique. Emerson aussi a affaire à une sorte de scolastique. Il y a dans son pays je ne sais combien de sectes, toutes ayant des explications différentes, des commentaires ridicules, une exégèse risible, des liturgies souvent fort équivoques. Descartes avait affaire à des scolastiques logiciens, aristotéliciens; il fonda une métaphysique. Emerson a autour de lui des scolastiques religieux; quelle philosophie peut-il créer? Une philosophie morale.

Le troisième motif qui a pu diriger Emerson dans le choix de sa doctrine, c'est le gouvernement même des États-Unis. Les tendances d'Emerson sont certes très démocratiques; il estime même que la démocratie est le gouvernement qui convient le mieux à l'Amérique. On pourrait s'étonner alors de cette philosophie créée au profit de l'individu. Réfléchissons cependant. Au milieu de cette foule d'intérêts, de passions et de contradictions, où reposer nos yeux? Au milieu de ce tourbillon où trouver un cœur tranquille? Sur quelle base fixe élèverons-nous une philosophie? Les masses sont admirables sans doute lorsqu'elles sont unanimes, parce qu'alors elles agissent comme un seul individu; mais est-ce à la foule qu'on peut s'adresser tout d'abord? Emerson a eu sous les yeux les agitations, les fluctuations de la multitude, et c'est pour l'individu qu'il a écrit.

Emerson prend l'individu et lui dit : « Crois en toi. » Crois en toi avec la force d'un homme et la confiance d'un enfant. Pas de dédain pour soi-même, pas de timidité, de recherche infructueuse dans les œuvres d'autrui. Évitez de recevoir d'un autre votre conviction. Avez-vous peur de vous isoler des autres hommes? Mais croire que ce qui est vrai pour soi est vrai pour tous les autres, cela est le génie. N'imitons donc jamais, car *rien n'est plus sacré que l'intégrité de notre propre esprit; c'est ce qui nous conquiert le suffrage du monde.* Les récompenses de cette confiance en soi sont l'originalité et l'honnêteté, et en effet plus on est original et plus on est sincère, moins on imite et plus on est honnête. En conservant l'intégrité de son esprit, on est l'ennemi du mensonge, et l'humanité vous honore précisément parce que vous n'avez sacrifié à l'estime d'aucun homme en particulier. Parler pour n'être pas combattu, écrire pour éviter la critique, est une triste chose. C'est un pitoyable contrat passé avec les hommes que de céder une partie de sa conviction pour n'être pas tourmenté sur l'autre moitié. La pensée n'a pas été donnée à l'homme pour plaire aux pensées d'autrui et caresser ses habitudes. *Mais, cependant*, ce sont des mots nés de la politesse et de l'urbanité, inventés pour éviter les contradictions et tourner les difficultés. La volonté n'a dans son vocabulaire que deux mots : *oui* et *non*. Le *oui* ne doit pas hésiter, le *non* ne doit pas reculer.

La confiance en soi est donc le principe de la morale d'Emerson. Pour arriver à cette confiance en soi, deux qualités sont requises, la *non conformité* et la *non persistance* : la *non conformité*, c'est-à-dire qu'il ne faut pas craindre de heurter les préjugés du monde et ses prétentions à mieux connaître votre devoir que vous. Comme l'ami de Jean-Jacques, qui répétait toujours en matière de morale : « Je ne suis chargé que de moi seul, » Emerson répète sans cesse : « Croyez-en votre pensée, sans vous inquiéter de ce que pensent les autres. Ne redoutez pas non plus de passer pour *non persistant* dans votre opinion. Vouloir être toujours conséquent avec soi-même, c'est vouloir rattacher par des sophismes ce qui est et ce qui fut. Si vous ne croyez plus à votre opinion d'hier, rejetez-la; si une nouvelle pensée s'offre à vous, acceptez-la. « Ah! s'écrieront les vieilles ladies, vous serez bien sûr alors de n'être pas compris. « N'être pas compris! c'est le mot d'un fou. Est-il si mauvais déjà de n'être pas compris? Pythagore ne fut pas compris, et Socrate, et Jésus, et Luther, et Copernic, et Galilée, et Newton, et chaque pur et sage esprit qui jamais prit chair. Être grand, c'est n'être pas compris. » Emerson dirait volontiers avec Pascal que c'est une sotte chose que la coutume, « que cette maîtresse d'erreur que l'on appelle fantaisie et opinion; » mais il va plus loin que Pascal. La coutume doit être suivie, selon Pascal, tant qu'elle n'attaque pas le droit naturel et divin. Il faut éviter de suivre la coutume, selon Emerson, tant qu'elle contrarie notre opinion individuelle et naturelle. « Quel cas font de la coutume les grands génies, les *ames vraies?* s'écrie-t-il; ils l'anéantissent, et c'est pourquoi l'histoire n'est que la biographie de quelques hommes, grands parce qu'ils ont cru en eux. La postérité suit leurs pas comme une procession. *Une institution n'est que l'ombre allongée d'un homme.* »

Quelle est la faculté qui donne cette confiance en soi? Est-ce la volonté? est-ce l'intelligence? Non. D'après Emerson, c'est l'instinct, la spontanéité. Cette confiance en soi n'est pas une force qui dirige, elle est un flot qui entraîne, car qu'est-ce que l'instinct, la spontanéité? Ce sont les forces les plus profondes de notre être, celles dont les sources mystérieuses jaillissent au moment le plus inattendu, que l'analyse ne peut atteindre. Ainsi, cette confiance née de la spontanéité nous mène directement à l'intuition. Porté sur les ailes de la pensée spontanée, nous atteignons à l'être, et en plongeant dans la source de toute existence nous devons oublier nécessairement les temps et les lieux, les choses et les hommes. Cette foi dans la puissance de la spontanéité nous donne la clé de toutes les théories d'Emerson. A la mystérieuse lumière de la pensée spontanée, nous verrons apparaître la nature, série indéfinie d'images et de symboles, l'humanité avec son histoire, suite de fables charmantes ou terribles. Chaque homme arrive ainsi à une révélation individuelle. Est-ce là du panthéisme? est-ce là du mysticisme? Cette théorie touche à l'un et à l'autre à la fois. Néanmoins nous croyons pouvoir dire que le mysticisme d'Emerson est tout simplement un mysticisme puritain. Dans le mysticisme catholique, cette sorte d'intuition est l'effet d'une grace divine, non de l'accomplissement d'un devoir moral et humain. Retiré loin de la foule et du bruit, au fond d'une cellule

ou d'une solitude, l'esprit s'élève par l'extase et touche à l'infini, aux sources de l'être; c'est une grace qui descend d'en haut, opère sur l'esprit et le transporte. Dans Emerson, au contraire, l'individu marche au milieu de la foule; il a un devoir à accomplir : c'est ce devoir humain qui remplace la grace divine. L'individu appuyé sur ce devoir touche à l'infini. Voilà, ce me semble, en quoi cette théorie diffère du mysticisme ordinaire et en quoi elle se rattache au puritanisme. Le puritain ne croit qu'à Dieu et à lui-même; en remplissant son devoir, il touche à Dieu. Emerson se place, comme le puritanisme, entre le stoïcisme et le christianisme. « Suis ta loi, dit le stoïcisme, et tu seras égal aux dieux. » — « Suis ta loi, dit le chrétien, un jour tu iras trouver ton Dieu. » Mais le puritain est courbé sous le devoir, et, d'un autre côté, il croit que compter sur une immortalité future, c'est presque se dégrader. Il dit avec Emerson : « En suivant ma loi, déjà je touche à Dieu. »

L'instinct, la spontanéité, sont donc les facultés divines, selon Emerson, les vrais rapports de l'homme à Dieu. Ces singulières et aveugles facultés jouent un trop grand rôle dans la philosophie d'Emerson pour ne pas nous arrêter un instant. Par cette confiance dans la spontanéité, le philosophe américain adoucit, atténue en quelque sorte l'austérité de la doctrine puritaine. La raison du puritain lui montre la loi, et il la suit aveuglément, fatalement. L'instinct aussi est quelque chose de fatal, mais d'une fatalité plus douce. La raison, forcée d'accomplir son devoir, courbée qu'elle est sous une main de fer, crie souvent, blasphème dans le protestantisme, et semble dire à Dieu : Mon devoir accompli, qu'ai-je à redouter de toi? De là dans la littérature anglaise bien des pages sombres. Le Dieu terrible de la Bible est aussi celui du protestantisme de Knox. Mais, si vous mettez l'instinct à la place de la raison, immédiatement vous enveloppez dans la poésie cette rude doctrine; vous avez une fatalité douce, gracieuse même, à la place d'un joug de fer. La confiance instinctive, l'intuition, ces facultés aveugles qui accomplissent les plus grandes choses à de rares momens de l'existence, qui entraînent à l'inspiration, au dévouement, à l'héroïsme, sont ici la seule règle de la vie. La beauté de cette théorie, c'est de faire de la vie un perpétuel héroïsme, au lieu d'en faire, comme le puritanisme, un sacrifice, une immolation.

Ce que nous ne pouvons approuver toutefois, c'est qu'en vertu de ce système, Emerson arrive à nier l'éducation, celle de la société, du foyer, de l'école. « Notre meilleure éducation, dit-il, est spontanée, et notre nature est souvent viciée par la volonté. » Jaloux des droits de l'individu, Emerson ne veut laisser personne approcher de lui; il veut le laisser lui-même non-seulement élaborer sa dignité et sa grace, mais encore développer son intelligence. Pour cela, il lui recommande de se confier à son instinct; mais l'instinct sera toujours une faculté aussi prompte à suivre le mal que le bien : il sera toujours une faculté qui, lorsqu'elle parle, fait se succéder tous les sentimens dans le cœur de l'homme, les plus doux et les plus féroces. Lorsque l'éducation est venue polir les mœurs et tirer l'intelligence des ténèbres, il est bon de se confier à son instinct, et souvent alors il faut autant de force pour lui obéir au milieu de la société et des hommes que pour le maîtriser dans l'enfance et la jeunesse. On a remarqué que les mystiques tombent souvent dans les déréglemens les plus honteux du matérialisme. Il en est de même de l'instinct. Il touche à tous les extrêmes; il est primitivement le fond même de notre nature humaine, un vrai chaos où sont jetés pêle-mêle les passions, les vices, les vertus et les facultés intellectuelles. Plus tard, l'instinct ne sera plus que l'impulsion, l'inspiration particulière du caractère et du génie de l'individu; c'est alors qu'il deviendra ce guide supérieur si éloquemment recommandé par Emerson. En attendant, il faut débrouiller le chaos de l'instinct primitif, et l'éducation seule peut se charger de ce soin. L'éducation faite par un autre. La figure de l'Apollon ou le corps de l'Hercule existe bien déjà dans le bloc de marbre; mais il faut que l'artiste dépouille ce bloc pour en tirer la statue. Jean-Jacques a bien compris tout cela. Lui aussi veut laisser à l'homme sa nature et son instinct, et, par toute sorte de ruses et d'habiletés, il amènera l'enfant à se développer dans le droit sens. « Laissons-lui tout deviner, dit-il; » mais il lui donne les moyens de deviner : il le place dans les circonstances favorables, il lui fait sa route, et l'enfant, averti par son sentiment intérieur, n'a plus qu'à la reconnaître et à marcher seul.

L'instinct et la spontanéité sont donc les facultés qui nous amènent à Dieu. Quel est le Dieu d'Emerson? Il s'appelle *over soul*, l'ame suprême. Il y a dans cette doctrine de l'alexandrinisme, du mysticisme de Swedenborg et du panthéisme. L'homme sent toujours ses pensées couler en lui, il est comme un spectateur étonné, il ne sait où est la source de ces pensées. Cette source, c'est l'ame. L'ame, le principe pensant, est en dehors de l'homme. Il n'y a qu'une ame, c'est Dieu, qui, selon le proverbe vulgaire, vient nous visiter sans cloches. « C'est cette ame qui, lorsqu'elle souffle à travers notre intelligence, s'appelle génie, à travers notre volonté vertu, à travers nos affections amour. Tout semble nous montrer que l'ame n'est pas un organe, mais la cause qui anime les organes; qu'elle n'est pas une faculté, mais se sert des facultés comme de mains et de pieds. » C'est donc Dieu qui agit dans l'esprit et en qui l'homme a toute volonté et toute pensée. Et plus loin Emerson ajoute : « Il n'y a pas dans l'ame de muraille où l'homme-effet cesse, et où Dieu-cause commence. » Quand Dieu ou l'ame suprême vient nous visiter, nous voyons tous ses attributs : justice, amour, puissance, liberté. En lui nous connaissons toutes choses. Chaque nouvelle visite de l'ame suprême nous élève plus haut dans l'infini et brise le fini autour de nous. Arrivé à cette adoration de l'ame suprême, la lumière se fait pour l'individu, les temps disparaissent, et au lieu du passé et de l'avenir on n'a plus que le présent de l'éternité. Qu'est-ce que l'enthousiasme, l'inspiration? C'est l'adoration, la terreur de l'esprit à l'approche de Dieu. « Les tressaillemens de Socrate, l'union de Plotin, la vision de Porphyre, la conversion de Paul, l'aurore de Bœhme, les convulsions de George Fox et de ses quakers, l'illuminisme de Swedenborg, sont de ce genre. » Nous allons donc tomber dans le mysticisme? Emerson s'arrête sur le bord. Ces visites de Dieu ne sont, à l'entendre, que la récompense que Dieu accorde à l'homme sage: cette révélation individuelle est la grace qu'il envoie à l'ame simple et véridique qui accomplit son devoir sans s'inquiéter des usages du monde, « qui n'a pas de couleurs de rose, de beaux amis, de chevalerie et d'aventures; » en d'autres termes, c'est la sanction religieuse de cette philosophie. Sous ce point de vue, la doctrine d'Emerson est belle et vraiment admirable. L'individu transporté dans l'infini par la présence de Dieu n'est pas poète, ni philosophe, ni homme religieux; il est plus que tout cela : ses actions, ses pensées, sa vie tout entière, sont marquées d'un caractère d'éternité, *sub specie æterni*, comme dit Spinoza.

Le vrai sens de cette révélation individuelle, c'est d'être la récompense de la vie morale; mais elle a aussi son origine historique, elle a sa source dans le protestantisme. Quelle est la base du christianisme? C'est une révélation primitive faite par Dieu aux hommes. Cette révélation a été recueillie et a formé les dogmes et les croyances qui composent la religion; elle s'est perpétuée par tradition et établie par l'autorité. Le protestantisme, ayant brisé la tradition et rejeté l'autorité, a sapé la base du christianisme, la révélation primitive. A la place de cette révélation, il en a établi une tout individuelle qui parle à l'homme constamment et guide non-seulement sa vie religieuse, mais sa vie sociale. De là une grande différence entre le mysticisme catholique et le mysticisme protestant, puritain surtout. Le mysticisme catholique cherche l'amour; le mysticisme puritain cherche avant tout la vérité. Il a des tendances non-seulement philosophiques, mais politiques. C'est ce mysticisme puritain qui inspire Emerson, c'est éclairé en effet par la révélation individuelle qu'il aborde les questions les plus diverses de l'art, de la politique et des sciences.

Le panthéisme, on a pu le remarquer, s'introduit à pleins flots dans la doctrine de l'ame suprême telle que l'expose Emerson; c'est peut-être parce que l'écrivain ne formule jamais complétement sa pensée. Il y a dans l'essai d'Emerson sur l'*over soul* beaucoup d'idées qui se rapprochent de celles de Novalis. Lorsqu'Emerson exprime cette pensée :

« L'homme est la façade d'un temple où toute vertu et tout bien habitent; ce n'est pas l'homme que nous honorons, c'est l'ame dont il est l'organe, l'ame qui ferait courber nos genoux, si elle apparaissait à travers les actions de l'homme; » il se rencontre avec Novalis, cet autre esprit hésitant comme lui entre le christianisme et le panthéisme. Le rêveur allemand a dit : « Lorsque je touche une main humaine, je touche au ciel. Il n'y a qu'un temple dans l'univers, c'est le corps de l'homme; s'incliner devant l'homme, c'est rendre hommage à cette révélation de la chair. » Emerson hésite évidemment entre le panthéisme et un puritanisme mystique. Pour tout dire, il nous semble que, s'il y a panthéisme chez Emerson, c'est le panthéisme de Malebranche. Chez l'oratorien comme chez le ministre unitaire, le panthéisme pénètre

plutôt par les élans du cœur que par la logique. Emerson voit, comme Malebranche, toutes choses en Dieu; c'est en lui qu'il connaît les idées. « L'ame suprême, dit Emerson, est la terre commune de toutes nos pensées. » — « Dieu, dit Malebranche, est le lieu des esprits comme l'espace est le lieu du corps. » Il n'y a pas jusqu'à ces mystérieux tressaillemens par lesquels Dieu, selon Emerson, nous avertit de sa présence, qui ne rappellent le système des causes occasionnelles.

Cependant le panthéisme, non plus celui de Malebranche, mais celui de Spinoza, s'introduit par un endroit dans cette doctrine. Lorsque Emerson dit : « Tout nous montre que l'ame n'est pas une faculté, mais se sert des facultés comme de mains et de pieds; qu'elle n'est pas l'intelligence et la volonté, mais la maîtresse de l'intelligence et de la volonté, » il ne s'aperçoit pas qu'il ne détermine point la faculté qui constitue le moi, et que par là il arrive à anéantir l'identité de l'individu auquel il a tant accordé. Lorsqu'on médite sur soi-même, on voit agir les diverses facultés; mais quelle est la faculté maîtresse de celles-là? On ne l'aperçoit pas clairement. Il faut cependant qu'il y ait une faculté maîtresse des autres, une ame en un mot des facultés intellectuelles. Pour parler la langue philosophique, quelle est la faculté qui constitue le *moi*? Est-ce la volonté? est-ce l'intelligence? Dans Emerson, la faculté causatrice est en dehors de l'homme, nos facultés ne sont que des *mains* et des *pieds*. Ailleurs, dans le chapitre sur l'*intelligence*, il dit : « L'homme est aussi bien dans ses intellections que dans ses volitions. » Spinoza sait bien tout cela, car il remarque qu'il y a des pensées et des actes que l'on peut tantôt rattacher à la volonté, tantôt à l'intelligence, sans pouvoir déterminer précisément la faculté à laquelle ils se rapportent. Dès-lors le résultat est très simple. S'il n'y a pas une faculté qui constitue essentiellement le moi, l'homme n'a pas d'identité véritable; si la cause de toutes nos actions, la faculté génératrice de toutes nos pensées est en dehors de nous, notre existence tout entière n'est qu'une série de phénomènes et de faits dont nous avons bien conscience, mais sur lesquels nous n'avons aucun pouvoir. L'homme n'est pas autre chose que le théâtre où parlent ces inspirations, où agissent ces péripéties, où passent ces personnages éphémères. L'auteur est ailleurs, inconnu et mystérieux, l'auteur anonyme qui a inventé la pièce et distribué les rôles. Si l'homme n'a pas une véritable identité, son être va flotter, sa vie sera une continuelle transformation. L'homme qui ne se connaît pas lui-même, qui ne sait d'où lui viennent ses pensées, est alors englouti dans un être universel et aveugle qui ne se connaît pas davantage et renferme en lui toutes les existences particulières.

On peut s'étonner qu'Emerson n'ait pas songé à établir l'identité de l'individu. C'est que l'extension et la négation d'un principe aboutissent quelquefois au même résultat. L'individu, dans Emerson, attire l'univers à lui comme dans d'autres systèmes il est absorbé par l'univers. Qu'on suive un instant les conséquences toutes naturelles et inévitables de la philosophie d'Emerson, et on verra comment il peut être conduit à un panthéisme très rigoureux. La morale d'Emerson ne s'appuie pas sur la raison, mais sur un sentiment instinctif. Cette confiance en soi mène à l'oubli de soi. Confiance et oubli sont deux termes qui se rejoignent. Celui qui, sans souci des opinions d'autrui, se confie à lui-même, arrive alors à se considérer comme la seule réalité existante; il se généralise pour ainsi dire et touche à l'infini. Ce fait de croire en soi et seulement en soi entraîne à regarder comme des mensonges tous les obstacles qui s'élèvent devant nous; tout ce qui nous entoure n'aura donc pas de réalité, car une chose n'est réelle pour nous qu'autant qu'elle nous force à la reconnaître sinon notre supérieure, du moins notre égale. Il arrivera dès-lors un moment où l'individu qui fait de son cœur ou de sa pensée son seul univers perdra la conscience de la réalité de la vie dans les choses environnantes. De même que dans la solitude le cœur épanche sa tendresse sur tous les objets en général, que les désirs de l'esprit appellent des êtres lointains et sans physionomie arrêtée, que les méditations de la pensée s'étendent sans bornes précises et sans sujets définis, de même l'individu isolé au milieu de la foule voit les hommes et les choses passer autour de lui comme une légion de fantômes. Se repliant sur lui-même, voyant ses pensées d'autrefois et ses jugemens d'aujourd'hui, il ne se reconnaît plus lui-même. Ses opinions passées en faisaient un être particulier que ses opinions d'aujourd'hui ont détruit. Sa vie entière, par la théorie de la non-persistance, est une série de transformations et de métamorphoses. L'instinct, vague mystérieuse, nous entraîne dans son roulis impétueux, incessant, et c'est alors qu'étourdis et fatigués par cette tempête toujours renaissante, nous perdons conscience de nous-mêmes; c'est alors que notre être s'engloutit dans cet immense océan de l'être universel en qui tout dort et rêve, d'où par flots et par momens sortent la vie et la pensée.

Les conséquences métaphysiques et morales de la philosophie d'Emerson sont la suppression de l'espace et du temps. Au temps se rapporte l'histoire, à l'espace se rapporte la nature. L'individu, qui, selon le beau mot de Fichte, tire à lui l'éternité, va concentrer en lui-même l'humanité et la nature. C'est en lui qu'elles vont trouver leur réalité; sans lui, la nature et l'humanité ne seraient qu'une suite d'images et une série de faits successifs. L'histoire et la nature vont devenir *subjectives*.

L'ame suprême est, avons-nous vu, la terre commune des pensées de tous les hommes. Il n'y a donc qu'un même esprit pour tous les individus qui composent l'humanité. Je suis partie intégrante de cet esprit, donc je puis comprendre tout ce qui a été fait dans le monde. L'histoire conserve le souvenir des actes et des œuvres de cet esprit. Je puis trouver les lois de l'histoire, puisque le même esprit qui présida aux scènes du passé préside à mes actes d'aujourd'hui. Tous ces faits répondent à quelque chose qui est en moi. Toute réforme n'a-t-elle pas été d'abord une opinion particulière? « La création de mille forêts est dans un gland, et l'Égypte, la Grèce, Rome, la Gaule, la Grande-Bretagne, l'Amérique, gisent enveloppées dans l'esprit du premier homme. » La conclusion de tout cela, c'est la possibilité d'une philosophie de l'histoire. L'individu est l'abrégé de l'humanité. En s'étudiant lui-même, il peut découvrir les lois morales qui régissent l'humanité. Qu'est-ce que l'histoire? La biographie de quelques individus. Donc le sphinx peut résoudre sa propre énigme.

Dans cette théorie, l'individu est, comme le dit Emerson, l'entière encyclopédie des faits. A mesure qu'il lit les annales des temps passés, il les enferme en lui en se disant : Ceci est ma propriété; c'est ainsi que j'ai agi, que j'ai pensé, que j'ai rêvé, que j'ai senti. En même temps qu'il concentre en son ame tous les faits de l'histoire, il est doué du pouvoir de généraliser ses pensées particulières et ses actes privés. Une croyance, une vérité, une institution, nées dans son cerveau, deviendront la propriété de l'humanité. Par là Emerson croit établir un courant entre l'individu et l'humanité; il se trompe : sa théorie, poussée à ses dernières conséquences, arrive à détruire l'histoire et avec elle l'expérience qu'elle nous présente, la sagesse qu'elle nous enseigne. Il n'y a plus de réalité, d'expérience et de sagesse que dans l'esprit de l'individu. « La nuit est maintenant là où l'ame était autrefois, » dit-il. Et toute l'histoire tombe ainsi dans le néant.

Nous souscrivons à cette pensée d'Emerson, qu'il peut y avoir une philosophie de l'histoire, parce que tous les faits répondent à une pensée ou à une faculté qui est en nous. Nous croyons qu'en s'interrogeant l'individu peut découvrir la raison des faits; nous croyons encore qu'il peut donner une vie nouvelle à ces faits dont toute l'existence aujourd'hui consiste dans un léger souvenir; mais détruire l'histoire, effacer de nos cœurs le culte du glorieux passé de l'humanité, nous n'y consentirons jamais. Emerson est d'ailleurs inconséquent: il serait facile de lui prouver qu'en anéantissant l'histoire, il va contre sa propre théorie, selon laquelle l'histoire doit présider à notre développement intellectuel. On ne saurait refuser néanmoins à ces vues sur l'histoire une remarquable hardiesse, une singulière profondeur. Pour expliquer les rapports qui existent entre les périodes de l'histoire et les périodes de la vie individuelle, Emerson a recours aux développemens les plus ingénieux, les plus subtils. Il pose très nettement le principe d'une philosophie de l'histoire, il ne s'égare que lorsqu'il brise toute tradition, et encore a-t-il une excuse : c'est pour abattre la tyrannie des faits, pour éviter la routine, pour donner à l'homme de son siècle une haute idée de lui-même, pour réduire tous les faits historiques en faits moraux, qu'il anéantit le passé; mais ici l'humanité me semble devoir réclamer ses droits contre l'individu.

Par cette théorie de l'histoire, nous avons supprimé le temps; nous allons voir Emerson supprimer l'espace. Qu'est-ce que la nature? Une multitude d'images et d'apparences. Ces apparences du monde physique répondent aux apparences du monde moral. La nature comme l'histoire existe pour l'éducation de l'homme. Les apparences de la nature sont symboliques, mais ces symboles ont un rapport avec notre être.

L'individu doit s'appliquer à rechercher le sens de ces symboles à l'aide de la faculté qu'Emerson appelle prudence. La prudence est la vertu des sens, la science des apparences. « Elle cherche à la fois la santé du corps en se conformant aux conditions physiques, et la santé de l'esprit en se conformant aux lois intellectuelles. » Nommons-la donc par son vrai nom; la prudence telle qu'Emerson la décrit, c'est la science de la vie, celle qui fait le sage.

L'entière possession de soi-même au milieu de cette suite d'images et de symboles qui tourbillonnent autour de nous constitue la prudence. La nature nous entoure d'illusions, mais l'homme prudent sait les éviter. Fort de sa confiance en lui-même, il détermine le caractère de la nature par son caractère. Fichte disait : « Le moi crée le monde; » Emerson dit : « Le monde est tel que l'homme veut qu'il soit. » Le vrai sage, l'homme prudent dédaigne l'apparence et va droit au réel. Cette réalité, c'est la loi dont chaque image de la nature est le symbole. Les symboles ont trois degrés : l'utilité, la beauté, la vérité. Il y a également trois degrés dans la prudence : la prudence qui s'attache au symbole pour son utilité, celle qui s'attache à la beauté du symbole, et enfin celle qui s'attache à la beauté de la chose réelle représentée par le symbole. Emerson divise les hommes en trois catégories, selon qu'ils cherchent dans les symboles l'utilité, la beauté et la vérité. La vraie prudence est celle qui demande aux symboles la vérité qu'ils renferment et la loi qui leur est commune.

Ici viennent tout naturellement se placer les idées d'Emerson sur l'art. Ce que le sage fait pour la vérité, l'artiste le fait pour la beauté. Il fixe les apparences de la nature qui lui semblent les plus belles. Dans un paysage, le peintre doit dédaigner les détails et peindre l'idée que lui suggère le paysage. Dans un portrait, c'est le caractère et non les traits qu'il doit peindre. L'artiste est celui qui sait le mieux généraliser une chose particulière, fixer pour jamais une chose momentanée, découvrir au milieu d'apparences éphémères le trait prédominant, le caractère essentiel, la réalité éternelle.

Il est superflu de s'arrêter long-temps sur ces idées : cherchons à les expliquer. Toutes les choses de ce monde, en effet, celles de la nature et celles de notre esprit, nos pensées, nos sentimens, nos perceptions, ne sont que des apparences; elles passent, repassent et s'évanouissent. Tout dans le monde extérieur et dans notre cœur est sujet à des métamorphoses infinies; mais le sage reconnaît que ces choses sont les spectres des réalités : il arrête sur elles un regard fixe, démêle les apparences trompeuses des symboles véritables, constate le phénomène utile, sourit au fantôme de la beauté et se sert de ces apparences brillantes comme d'autant de degrés pour atteindre la vérité. Lorsqu'il a reconnu dans la nature les apparences divines, il leur donne un corps s'il est artiste, et les fixe pour jamais. S'il est sage, il se sert de ces symboles pour guider sa vie. La vertu et le génie dépendent de cette recherche.

Les idées politiques d'Emerson sont peu nombreuses. Un seul principe les explique toutes. Le philosophe américain ne reconnaît pas de bornes à l'influence personnelle. L'état n'existe que pour l'éducation du citoyen. Les institutions, qui ne sont que des essais, l'état, qui n'est pas stable, mais tout au contraire *fluide* de sa nature, n'ont pas le droit de dominer l'individu. Lois, statuts, institutions, existent simplement pour nous dire : Voilà ce que vous pensiez hier, que pensez-vous aujourd'hui? L'état doit suivre les progrès du citoyen et non les commander.

Maintenant, quelle est la sanction de la philosophie d'Emerson? Nous connaissons déjà la sanction rémunératrice, qui est la révélation individuelle. La clause pénale s'appelle *compensation*. L'ame de l'individu, qui concentre en lui la nature et l'humanité, doit être l'image de l'ordre parfait, de l'unité. Son devoir principal est donc d'y faire régner l'harmonie des facultés, la symphonie des pensées. Il doit établir dans son esprit un complet équilibre, une symétrie régulière. Si sa vie n'est pas réglée par cet équilibre, s'il la laisse pencher plus d'un côté que d'un autre, il en est puni par la *compensation*. Si nous développons une faculté au détriment d'une autre, nous voyons les choses par fractions et non plus en totalité. Si nous gratifions les sens au détriment du caractère, nous voyons bien la tête de la sirène, mais non pas le corps du dragon. Cette loi de la compensation est visible dans la nature et dans l'esprit. Nous voyons et nous distinguons parfaitement le châtiment au moment où nous commettons la faute, car le châtiment et la faute sortent de la même tige. Les hommes vous puniront, et vous-même vous vous punirez. N'est-ce pas Burke qui dit : « Un homme n'eut jamais une pointe d'orgueil qui ne fût injurieuse pour lui-même. » Ainsi vous souffrirez de vos propres imperfections; mais si vous tendez de plus en plus à l'équilibre de vos facultés, en résistant aux ambitions et aux vices qui voudraient faire pencher la balance, la loi de la compensation vous en récompensera immédiatement. Nous gagnons la force de la tentation à laquelle nous résistons, comme l'habitant des îles Sandwich gagne, selon sa croyance, la force de l'ennemi qu'il tue. Ainsi, la sanction de cette philosophie est tout intérieure. C'est l'ame qui récompense, c'est l'ame qui punit l'individu.

Voilà les traits principaux de la philosophie d'Emerson. Il a fallu, pour en donner une idée, grouper en corps de doctrines des principes qu'Emerson avait laissés épars, systématiser en quelque sorte des pensées errantes. Nous avons dû écarter, parmi ces pensées, celles qui ne s'offraient qu'à l'état de conjectures ou d'aphorismes isolés, la théorie de la perfectibilité par exemple. Cette théorie n'est pas autre chose que la théorie de Vico telle que l'a modifiée M. Michelet en disant : « Vico vit bien que l'humanité allait par cercles, mais il ne vit pas que les cercles allaient toujours s'élargissant. » Les sujets les plus divers, nous l'avons dit, attirent le capricieux *essayist*. Ainsi, dans le chapitre intitulé *Manners* (Manières), il nous donne tout un code charmant, ingénieux, un mémoire sur les bonnes manières et la politesse. Dans l'essai sur l'amitié, Emerson indique et précise avec une merveilleuse délicatesse et une pénétrante éloquence tous les degrés de ce sentiment, depuis la sympathie que nous éprouvons pour les hommes qui nous sont inconnus jusqu'à la sympathie pour l'humanité. Une veine démocratique y circule cachée, et, sous le sentiment de l'amitié, tressaille sans se montrer le sentiment de la fraternité. Parmi cette série d'essais où le moraliste, l'observateur ingénieux se montre plus que le philosophe, nous citerons surtout l'essai sur l'amour. Il y a dans ces pages charmantes plus de fraîcheur que de passion, plus de tendresse que de flamme. Emerson indique toutes les gradations du sentiment de l'amour comme il a indiqué celles de l'amitié. Il prend l'amoureux à l'école; il observe les progrès d'une intimité enfantine entre Edgard, Jonas et Almira. Bientôt l'enfant devient le jeune homme; Emerson le suit dans toutes ses douces folies d'amour, et, pour les peindre, il trouve les couleurs du *Comme il vous plaira* de Shakespeare. L'amour n'est plus une passion brûlante et terrible; c'est un arc-en-ciel qui se lève sur les orages de la vie. L'objet aimé ne trône pas comme une belle statue, il habite les régions féeriques des nuages éclairés par le soleil couchant; puis peu à peu les rêveries s'effacent, le vague et impersonnel amour s'évanouit, le sentiment s'élève à des hauteurs platoniciennes, et l'amant devenu l'époux compare la femme aimée au type de perfection qu'il a rêvé. Alors cette comparaison d'un type idéal à un être de chair amène la découverte de nouvelles imperfections et de défauts inconnus. L'époux s'attache alors à la femme, et il n'y a plus que deux êtres humains en face l'un de l'autre : c'est la fin de l'amour. La peinture d'Emerson devient triste. Nous entrons avec lui dans la demeure des deux époux, et nous nous asseyons près du triste foyer puritain. Les monotones douceurs de l'habitude ont remplacé l'inspiration et la rêverie; les deux amans s'étaient pris la main en regardant le ciel, et peu à peu leurs regards se sont baissés vers la terre; mais, si l'amour s'est enfui, le devoir reste : la règle sans l'attrait. Quand on a lu cette conclusion sévère, on revient avec plus d'empressement à la première partie de l'essai; on veut relire surtout cette page charmante qu'inspire à Emerson la première période de l'amour.

« Aucun homme n'oubliera jamais les visites de ce pouvoir qui, dans son cœur et son cerveau, créa tant de choses nouvelles, qui fut en lui l'aurore de la musique, de la poésie et de l'art, qui rendait la nature brillante d'une lumière empourprée, et remplissait la nuit et le matin d'enchantemens variés; l'époque où l'unique son d'une voix pouvait faire battre le cœur et où la circonstance la plus triviale, associée à une certaine personne, était déposée dans l'ambre de la mémoire; où nous étions tout œil lorsqu'elle était présente et tout souvenir lorsqu'elle était partie; le temps où le jeune homme devient un gardien de fenêtres et le surveillant d'un gant, d'un voile, d'un ruban, des roues d'un équipage, où il n'y a aucun lieu trop solitaire et trop silencieux pour lui qui, dans ses nouvelles pensées, trouve une plus riche compagnie et une plus douce conversation que ne pourraient les lui fournir ses vieux amis, même les meilleurs et les plus purs; car les traits, les mouvemens, les paroles de l'objet bien-aimé ne sont pas, comme les autres images, dessinés dans l'eau, mais, comme le dit Plutarque, peints

EMERSON SOCIETY QUARTERLY No. 24 III Quarter 1961 Part 2

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EDGAR ALLAN POE

Poe will be the subject of a forthcoming symposium in the Emerson Society Quarterly under the general editorship of Prof. Carl F. Strauch, of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

dans le feu, et deviennent l'étude de minuit.

« Au midi et aux heures du soir de la vie, nous palpitons encore au souvenir de ces jours où le bonheur n'était pas assez le bonheur, et devait être relevé par le goût de la crainte et du chagrin (car il découvrit le secret de l'amour, celui qui a dit : Tous les autres plaisirs ne sont pas dignes de ses peines); où la journée n'était pas assez longue et où les nuits s'écoulaient en pénétrants souvenirs; où la tête brûlait sur l'oreiller de l'action généreuse qu'elle méditait; où le clair de lune était une fièvre charmante; où les étoiles étaient des lettres, les fleurs des chiffres; où l'air était imprégné de chants, où toutes les affaires humaines paraissaient une impertinence, et les hommes et les femmes errant çà et là, de simples peintures. La passion refait le monde pour le jeune homme; elle donne à toute chose la vie et une signification. La nature devient sensible; chaque oiseau qui chante dans les rameaux de l'arbre parle à son cœur et à son âme; ses notes sont presque articulées. Les nuages prennent une physionomie quand il les regarde; les arbres de la forêt, le gazon ondoyant, les fleurs qui s'ouvrent, ont pris une intelligence; il redoute presque de leur confier le secret qu'ils semblent lui demander. La nature s'adoucit et devient sympathique. Dans la verte solitude, le jeune homme trouve une demeure plus chérie qu'au milieu des hommes.

« Contemplez le beau fou au milieu des bois! il se dilate, il est deux fois un homme. Il se promène les bras étendus; il fait des soliloques; il accoste le gazon et les arbres; il sent dans ses veines le sang de la violette, du lis et de l'herbe des prairies; il babille avec le ruisseau qui mouille ses pieds. »

Quand on a suivi Emerson à travers ces mille digressions auxquelles une pensée unique sert de lien, on se demande quel rôle pourrait jouer cette philosophie dans le mouvement actuel des idées européennes. Il semble qu'elle offre des argumens précieux contre certains systèmes démocratiques qui se sont produits dans ces dernières années. Ces systèmes tendent singulièrement à nier l'individu ou du moins à l'absorber au sein des masses et à l'y laisser oublié. Ses droits, on les lui arrache; son caractère, on semble le redouter, et son génie, on paraît l'envier. Après la destruction des aristocraties politiques qui s'intitulaient telles par droit divin et origine lointaine, il semble qu'on veuille détruire les aristocraties du caractère et du génie, qui, bien plus que les premières, tiennent leur puissance de Dieu et ont une origine inconnue et mystérieuse. On prend soin, dans ces sortes de théories, de rendre non pas les hommes égaux par l'égalité des droits, mais de rendre l'existence de chacun égale à celle de tous. Toutes ces doctrines font à la question de droit une si large part, que la question de devoir y disparaît presque entièrement. Le devoir est pourtant la seule chose qui distingue l'individu et le sépare des masses; les droits sont communs à tous, mais le devoir varie presque avec chacun selon sa position. Sans le devoir, plus de luttes, d'efforts, plus de tous ces élans qui marquent l'individu d'un signe glorieux; plus de vertus, on l'en dispense dans la plupart de nos théories. Le devoir une fois effacé, toutes ces choses qui font le caractère et sont l'œuvre de la volonté individuelle disparaissent. A tous on fait la vie égale, c'est-à-dire qu'on organise la société de telle manière que l'individualité de chacun s'efface et qu'il ne reste plus que des groupes de capacité, des associations, et dans des systèmes plus récens des masses qui imposent à l'individu leurs sentimens et l'absorbent violemment au sein d'une fraternité peu tolérante. Veut-il avoir sa liberté et penser à sa manière sur les choses qui intéressent sa conscience; veut-il travailler selon ses inclinations naturelles et sans reconnaître à la société le droit de lui imposer son genre de travail; revendique-t-il lui-même la récompense de son travail, la distinction et surtout la gloire : il est taxé *d'individualisme*. Nous ne voulons pas prendre les choses à un point de vue poétique et dire qu'une société qui arriverait à méconnaître le génie et le caractère, apanages sublimes de l'individu, serait beaucoup plus plate et plus ennuyeuse qu'une autre; mais nous dirons qu'au point de vue moral une société qui détruirait le génie et le caractère serait une société intolérante, impie et iconoclaste, car elle détruirait la plus belle œuvre d'art qui existe, le caractère individuel, l'ame humaine, telle que chacun de nous peut la façonner en suivant son devoir. Voilà ce que sait Emerson et pourquoi il réclame en faveur de l'individu. Ce qu'il exige de lui, c'est le caractère et le génie; ce qu'il exige de la société, c'est qu'elle marche non dans une voie uniforme, mais par des chemins nombreux; qu'elle ne ferme pas toutes les issues afin que chacun soit retenu dans la même voie; qu'elle laisse au contraire chaque individu se frayer lui-même sa route.

Comme protestation en faveur de l'individu, il serait donc à désirer que la philosophie d'Emerson se propageât en Europe; mais, indépendamment de cette valeur d'opportunité, les *Essais* du penseur américain ont une portée plus haute. « Écris pour un public éternel, » dit Emerson au poète et au philosophe. « Vis dans le présent comme s'il était l'éternité, » dit-il à l'homme sage. Détruire les vicissitudes de la durée et toutes les variétés de l'espace, fermer l'oreille aux opinions de la société, éviter ses louanges et ses reproches, ces voix de sirène et ces railleries de Thersite, c'est passer au milieu des hommes, au milieu de leurs murmures menaçans et flatteurs, comme les premiers chrétiens passaient au milieu de la nature sans s'arrêter à ses concerts et à ses leurres. Ainsi l'existence, — ce composé de faits passagers, d'actes que le souvenir nous montre comme des spectres, à peine se sont-ils éloignés de nous, — ne se laissant distraire ni par les hommes ni par la nature, s'élève à la hauteur de l'absolu; elle ressemble à une vérité qui, née du temps, découverte et fixée dans une minute fugitive, devient désormais éternelle pour tous les hommes. Vivre au milieu de la nature sans se laisser entraîner par elle comme les anciens, vivre au milieu de la société sans se séparer d'elle comme Montaigne, telle doit être aujourd'hui, ce nous semble, l'ambition du sage. Emerson a connu cette ambition, et il l'éveille en nous par ses écrits. Un tel rôle noblement rempli suffit à sa gloire. La postérité n'oubliera pas qu'il a donné à notre siècle ce que Montaigne avait donné au sien, un nouvel idéal de la sagesse.

ÉMILE MONTÉGUT.

212.26 A Mr Morell who has written a History of Philosophy] See John Daniel Morell, An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century, (2nd ed., 2 vols.) London, 1847. Also N.Y. and Pittsburgh, 1847; N.Y., 1848. Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, in Recollections of Seventy Years, II, 382-383, says that Mary Moody Emerson had lent him a philosophical book by Morell. She had also lent it to Thoreau, insisting that he read it and give her his opinion. Morell was also the author of On the Philosophical Tendencies of the Age, London, 1848, and The Philosophy of Religion, London, 1849; Philadelphia, 1849.

215.32 will vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision] See Shakespeare's The Tempest, IV.i.151.

216.6 We know not what we ask.] See Matthew 20:22; Mark 10:38.

219.24 Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow] See Genesis 3:19—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." See 224.6.

220.24 it is identical with the bread of life] For this imagery see John 6:35-58. Cf. 384.20.

221.14 That we have but little faith is not sad, but that we have but little faithfulness.] Cf. 1 Corinthians 4:2—"Moreover it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." For other imagery, see Matthew 6:30, 8:26, 14:31, 16:8; Mark 4:40, Luke 12:28.

221.19 that was his broad and scarlet sin] Cf. Isaiah 1:18—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

221.25 For such the decalogue was made, and other far more...terrible codes.] See Exodus 20:1-17.

221.39 it is not my business to be "seeking the spirit"] Cf. Matt. 6:33; Luke 12:31; and Colossians 3:1.

222.2 Goethe...said that he never had a chagrin but he made a poem out of it.] Thoreau might have recalled a passage from Emerson's lecture on Goethe which ultimately became a part of Representative Men. See Works, IV, p. 263: "In conversation, in calamity, he [Goethe] finds new materials; as our German poet said, 'Some god gave me the power to paint what I suffer.' He draws his rents from rage and pain." Cf. 478.3 and 490.5.

224.6 The fact is man need not live by the sweat of his brow—unless he sweats easier than I do] See note on 219.24. Compare the paragraph near the end of "Economy" in Walden: "In short, I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do."

227.23 not so good a book as the Boston Almanack] See the Boston Almanac [for] 1836—1873, (38 vols.) Boston. [v.y.] Copies are in the Boston Athenaeum.

227.24 that little book about the same size which Mr Spaulding has just put out called his Practical Thoughts] Author and title not identified.

239.21 advantages of organizing a Club or College] For background, see my "Emerson, Thoreau, and the Town and Country Club," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 8 (III Quarter 1957), pp. 2-17.

245.11 we went through the Penny Magazine] Apparently Emerson subscribed to the Penny Magazine for his children. It was issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, fourteen volumes being published in London between March, 1831, and December, 1845.

246.19 Bolster Island, and Pillow Hill and even the Lowlands of Never-get-up] Perhaps an allusion to a household game played in the Emerson home, redolent of the topography of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. See notes on 260.38, 299.10, and 384.29.

247.8 be not anxious to avoid poverty] The Sermon on the Mount lies at the heart of many of Thoreau's most memorable utterances. See Matthew 6:25-34 and Luke 12:22-31.

247.13 In the midst of this labyrinth let us live a thread of life.] An allusion to the story of Theseus and the Minotaur in the maze in Crete, and to Ariadne's thread. See the life of Theseus in Plutarch's Lives.

247.17 The laws of earth are for the feet, or inferior man; the laws of heaven are for the head, or superior man.... Happy the man who observes the heavenly and the terrestrial law in just proportion] Compare Thoreau's college theme on "The Superior and the Common Man" in F. B. Sanborn, The Life of Henry David Thoreau (1917), pp. 137-140. The superior man as described therein is capable of doubting the existence of matter while acknowledging "two distinct existences, Nature and Spirit." The superior man, resembling the man Paley describes in his Natural Theology, chap. 23, is averse to "the flatness of being content with common reasons." This theme, which shows indebtedness to Emerson's Nature, was handed in to Channing on May 5, 1837. The language of Thoreau's letter, however, suggests the possible influence of Confucius. The phrase, "L'homme supérieur" appears throughout "Le Lun-Yu, ou les Entretiens Philosophiques" in Confucius et Mencius. Les Quatre Livres de Philosophie Morale et Politique de la Chine, tr. Jean Pierre Guillaume Pauthier, Paris, 1858, pp. 105-221. Earlier editions appeared in Paris, 1841, and in Paris, 1852.

251.7ff. "Free in this world, as the birds in the air, disengaged from every kind of chains, those who have practiced the yoga gather in Brahma the certain fruit of their works." "The yogin, absorbed in contemplation, contributes in his degree to creation: he breathes a divine perfume, he hears wonderful things. Divine forms traverse him without tearing him, and united to the nature which is proper to him, he goes, he acts, as animating original matter."] These passages, which also appear in Thoreau's Journal (II, 191), were drawn from that part of the Mahabharata known as Harivansa; ou, Histoire de la Famille de Hari, ouvrage formant un Appendice du Mahabharata, tr. Alexandre Langlois, (2 vols.) Paris, 1834-1835—a work which Thoreau had borrowed from Harvard on Sept. 11, 1849. (See Emerson the Essayist, II, 195.) At about this time, from Lecture 21 of volume one, he translated The Transmigration of the Seven Brahmans, which was edited by Arthur Christy (N.Y., 1932). See the Harivansa, II, 323: "Libres dans ce monde, comme les oiseaux dans l'air, dégagés de toute espèce de chaînes, ceux qui ont pratiqué l'yoga recueillent en Brahmâ le fruit certain de leurs oeuvres." See ibid., II, 327: "Ainsi l'yogin, absorbé dans la contemplation, contribue pour sa part à la création: il respire un parfum tout divin, il entend des choses toutes merveilleuses. Des formes divines le traversent sans le déchirer, et, uni à la nature qui lui est propre, il va, il agit comme animant la matière originelle (pradhâna)." Cf. Journal, II, 191 (May 6, 1851).

252.16 It [the American goshawk] was first described by Wilson] See Alexander Wilson, American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, (9 vols.) Philadelphia, 1808-1814. See also Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucian Bonaparte, American Ornithology, ed. Robert Jameson, (4 vols.) Edinburgh, 1831.

252.17 Audubon has identified it [the American goshawk] with the European goshawk, thereby committing a...blunder.] See John James Audubon, Birds of America; from Original Drawings, (4 vols.) London, 1827-1838; (7 vols.) Phila., 1840-1844. See his Ornithological Biography; or, An Account of the Habits of Birds of the United States of America, (5 vols.) Edinburgh, 1831-1849 [i.e., 1839]; (5 vols.) Philadelphia, 1831-1839. See his A Synopsis of the Birds of North America, Edinburgh, 1839.

rather obvious allusion to Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.

286.23 you did not write it with ink, and it is not so good...in the eye of the law] Probably an allusion to an obscure legal requirement that wills, deeds, or contracts should be drawn, signed, or witnessed in ink.

290.23 secular,—which the dictionary defines as "relating to affairs of the present world, not holy"] See Noah Webster, An American Dictionary of the English Language, (2 vols.) New Haven, 1841, II, 556: "Pertaining to this present world, or to things not spiritual or holy; relating to things not immediately or primarily respecting the soul, but the body; worldly...."

290.29 "If they ask for bread, will you give them a stone?"] See Matthew 7:9; Mark 7:27; and Luke 11:11.

299.10 Some piece of mica...as on the Delectable Mts....reflects the heavens to us.] Allusion to Part I of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. See notes on 260.38 and 384.29. Bunyan appears on Thoreau's list of legenda for 1838. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 360, 362.

300.12 Suppose a man were to sell the hue...of his thought...to gain the whole world & lose his own soul!] See Matthew 16:16 and Luke 9:25.

300.16 If you will look at another star I will try to supply my side of the triangle] This conceit brings to mind John Donne's "twin compasses" in "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning." Cf. 385.7.

303.4 't aint I,—'t aint I,—as the dog says with a tin-kettle tied to his tail.] There is possibly a proverb here. Cf. Thomas Fuller's Gnomologia (1732), No. 2794: "If you want a Pretence to whip a Dog, it is enough to say, he eat up the Frying-Pan." Cf. the references to cats: "bell the cat," etc.

304.4 "Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"] From a stanza of Samuel Daniel's "To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland," made popular by its having been quoted in Coleridge's The Friend. For its wide use in Emerson's period, see Emerson the Essayist, I, 95, fn. 89; 127; 138.

> Knowing the heart of man is set to be
> The centre of this world, about the which
> These revolutions of disturbances
> Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
> Predominate; whose strong effects are such,
> As he must bear, being powerless to redress:
> And that unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

Cf. Wordsworth's use of the quotation in The Excursion, IV, lines 330-331.

304.9 Are we chiefly under obligations to the devil, like Tom Walker?] Tom appears in the story of "The Devil and Tom Walker" in Washington Irving's Tales of a Traveller, by Geoffrey Crayon, gent. [pseud.], (2 vols.) Philadelphia, 1824. The story begins: "A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly-wooded swamp, or morass." Irving claims that he heard the tale narrated by a Cape Cod whaler. Tom Walker entered into a compact with "Old Scratch" somewhat as Jabez Stone does in Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Web-

ster." In the end, the Black Man takes him away on a horse, thereby creating "that popular saying prevalent throughout New England, of 'The Devil and Tom Walker.'" For Thoreau's reading of Irving's works during undergraduate days at Harvard, see Emerson the Essayist, II, 192 and 203; The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 140-142.

304.20 I...exaggerate whenever I have an opportunity,—pile Pelion upon Ossa, to reach heaven so.] Cf. the note on 9.9. See Homer's Odyssey, Book XI, line 315, for the allusion to the Titans who piled one mountain upon another in order to scale Mt. Olympus: "They were fain to pile Ossa on Olympus, and pelion, with its waving forests, on Ossa, so that heaven might be scaled."

311.3 True, a man cannot lift himself by his own waistbands] A variant of the proverb, "One cannot lift himself by his own bootstraps."

311.26 With him, too, it is a Song of the Shirt, "Work,—work,—work!"] Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" was first published anonymously in the Christmas, 1843, issue of Punch. Thoreau was apparently impressed by its repeated admonitions in stanzas 1 and 2:

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
    Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
  And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
  And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

311.35 Few...can work on their navels,—only some Brahmins] Thoreau urges Blake to work at some task and not imitate the Brahmins in their acts of contemplation. For Yogi practices, see William Ward, A View of the History, Literature, and Mythology, of the Hindoos, (2nd ed., 2 vols.) Serampore, 1818, I, part II, chap. V, esp. p. 386: "The fixing of the mind, so that it may not wander beyond the nose, nor descend inwardly beyond the level of the navel, is called dharunu, in which the yogee purifies his mind by benevolence...subdues all his members, and all the power of the elements over him."

312.21 to say nothing of the flocks and herds of Admetus afterward.] See the note on 47.4.

312.26 You must not only aim aright
But draw the bow with all your might.] This couplet is assigned to Thoreau by Professor Carl Bode in the Collected Poems. The imagery, of course, was popular with Emerson. See my "The Significance of Emerson's Second Merlin Song," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 2 (I Quarter 1956), pp. 2-7; "A Further Note on Emerson's 'Second Merlin Song'," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (I Quarter 1957), pp. 10-11.

312.34 Pray read the life of Haydon the painter...a small revelation] See the Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals, ed. and compiled by Tom Taylor, (3 vols.) London, 1853; (2 vols.) N.Y., 1853. Thoreau also recommended this work to Benjamin B. Wiley under April 26, 1857. See 478.4.

313.2 letter of a Turkish cadi at the end of Layard's "Ancient Baby-

lon"...oriental genius speaking] See Sir Austin Henry Layard, Discoveries among the Ruins of Ninevah and Babylon, (Abridged ed.) N.Y., 1853, pp. 541-542:

I cannot better conclude than by showing the spirit in which Eastern philosophy and Mussulman resignation contemplate the evidences of ancient greatness and civilization, suddenly rising up in the midst of modern ignorance and decay. A letter in my possession contained so true and characteristic a picture of the feelings that such an event excites in the mind of a good Mohammedan, that I here give a literal translation of its contents. It was written to a friend of mine by a Turkish Cadi, in reply to some inquiries as to the commerce, population, and remains of antiquity of an ancient city, in which dwelt the head of the law. These are its words:—

"My Illustrious Friend, and Joy of my Liver!

"The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee: go in peace.

"Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible then that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid!

"Listen, oh my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years! Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it.

"But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, oh man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

"Oh, my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

"The meek in spirit (El Fakir),

"IMAUM ALI ZADE."

[See Thoreau's references to Layard in Journal, II, 35; VI, 9, 11; IX, 214.]

On the 28th of April I bid a last farewell to my faithful Arab friends, and with a heavy heart turned from the ruins of ancient Nineveh.

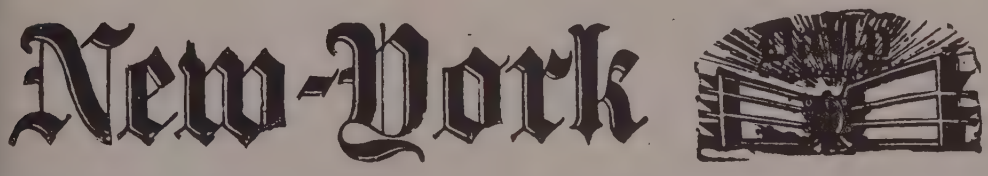
319.12 poison us like that shirt which Hercules put on.] The story of Hercules, Nessus, and Dejanira, daughter of Œneus, appears in Ovid's Metamorphoses, sections 8 and 9, and was summarized in Thoreau's copy of John Lempriere's A Classical Dictionary, under "Dejanira." In the present letter, Thoreau notes the parallel between Nessus the Centaur and Satan in the Garden of Eden. Both were seducers of women, whose husbands consequently suffered calamities. Clothing featured in both stories—the shirt dipped in Nessus' blood and the aprons of fig leaves.

319.24 (business, like misery, makes strange bedfellows)] See Shakespeare's The Tempest, II.ii.42: "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."

319.26 I think of Riley's Narrative & his sufferings.] See James Riley, An Authentic Narrative of the Loss of the American Brig Commerce, Wrecked on the Western Coast of Africa, in the month of August, 1815. With an Account of the Sufferings of her Surviving Officers and Crew, who were enslaved by the wandering Arabs on the great African desart, or Zahahrah, ed. Anthony Bleecker, New-York, 1817.

319.26 You who soared like a merlin with your mate through the realms of ether—in the presence of the unlike drop at once to earth a mere amorphous squab—divested of your air inflated pinions.] The merlin mentioned here is either the small European falcon (Falco aesalon) or the American pigeon hawk (Falco columbarius).

324.16 "Walden"...I shall announce it at once, whether Ticknor does or not.] For Greeley's kind offices, see Henry Seidel Canby, Thoreau, Boston, [1939], p. 289. For the announcement in the New-York Tribune of August 7, 1859—continued for the next few days—see the following facsimiles.



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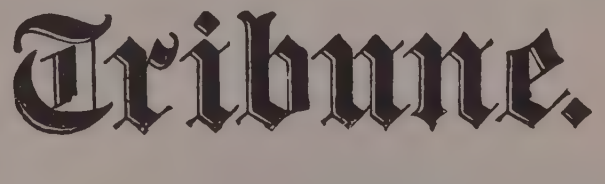

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326.11 my intention to publish...An Encyclopaedia of American Literature] On the basis of what Thoreau supplied to Charles Scribner, the following sketch was prepared. See Evert Augustus Duyckinck, Cyclopaedia of American Literature, (2 vols.) New York, 1856, II, 653-656:

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Two of the most noticeable books in American literature on the score of a certain quaint study of natural history and scenery, are Mr. Thoreau's volumes on the Concord and Merrimack rivers, and Life in the Woods. The author is a humorist in the old English sense of the word, a man of humors, of Concord, Mass., where, in the neighborhood of Emerson and Hawthorne, and in the enjoyment of their society, he leads, if we may take his books as the interpreter of his career, a meditative philosophic life.

We find his name on the Harvard list of graduates of 1837. In 1849, having previously been a contributor to the Dial, and occupied himself in school-keeping and trade in an experimental way, he published *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. It is a book of mingled essay and description, occasionally rash and conceited, in a certain transcendental affectation of expression on religious subjects; but in many other passages remarkable for its nicety of observation, and acute literary and moral perceptions. It is divided into seven chapters, of the days of the week. A journey is accomplished in the month of August, 1839, descending the Concord river, from the town of that name, to the Merrimac; then ascending the latter river to its source: thence backward to the starting point. This voyage is performed by the author in company with his brother, in a boat of their own construction, which is variously rowed, pulled, dragged, or propelled by the wind along the flats or through the canal; the travellers resting at night under a tent which they carry with them. The record is of the small boating adventures, and largely of the reflections, real or supposed, suggested by the moods or incidents of the way. There are a variety of illustrations of physical geography, the history of the interesting settlements along the way; in the botanical excursions, philosophical speculations and literary studies.

The author, it will be seen from the date of his publication, preserved the Horatian maxim, of brooding over his reflections, if not keeping his copy, the approved period of gestation of nine years.

His next book was published with equal deliberation. It is the story of a humor of the author, which occupied him a term of two years and two months, commencing in March, 1845. *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, was published in Boston in 1854. The oddity of its record attracted universal attention. A gentleman and scholar retires one morning from the world, strips himself of all superfluities, and with a borrowed axe and minimum of pecuniary capital, settles himself as a squatter in the wood, on the edge of a New England pond near Concord. He did not own the land, but was permitted to enjoy it. He felled a few pines, hewed timbers, and for boards bought out the shanty of James Collins, an Irish laborer on the adjacent Fitchburg railroad, for the sum of four dollars twenty-five cents. He was assisted in the raising by Emerson, George W. Curtis, and other celebrities of Concord, whose presence gave the rafters an artistic flavor. Starting early in the spring, he secured long before winter by the labor of his hands "a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fire-place opposite." The exact cost of the house is given:—

Thoreau's House.

Boards,	$8 03½	mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides,	4 00	
Laths,	1 25	
Two second-hand windows with glass,	2 43	
One thousand old brick,	4 00	
Two casks of lime,	2 40	That was high.
Hair,	0 51	More than I needed.
Mantle-tree iron,	0 15	
Nails,	8 90	
Hinges and screws,	0 14	
Latch,	0 10	
Chalk,	0 01	
Transportation,	1 40	I carried a good part on my back.
In all,	$28 12½	

These are all the materials excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house.

The rest of the account from Mr. Thoreau's ledger is curious, and will show "upon what meats this same Cæsar fed," that he came to interest the public so greatly in his housekeeping :—

By surveying, carpentry, and day-labor of various other kinds in the village in the mean while, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned $13 34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4th to March 1st, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years,—not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas, which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date, was

Rice,	$1 73½	
Molasses,	1 73	Cheapest form of the saccharine.
Rye meal,	1 04½	
Indian meal,	0 99½	Cheaper than rye.
Pork,	0 22	
Flour,	0 88	Cost more than Indian meal, both money and trouble.
Sugar,	0 80	
Lard,	0 65	
Apples,	0 25	
Dried apple,	0 22	
Sweet potatoes,	0 10	
One pumpkin,	0 06	
One watermelon,	2	
Salt,	3	

All experiments which failed.

Yes, I did eat $8 74, all told; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a woodchuck which ravaged my beanfield,—effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say,—and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your woodchucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to

	$8 40¾
Oil and some household utensils,	2 00

So that all the pecuniary outgoes, excepting for washing and mending, which for the most part were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received,—and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world,—were

House,	$28 12½
Farm one year,	14 72½
Food eight months,	8 74
Clothing, &c. eight months,	8 40¾
Oil, &c., eight months,	2 00
In all,	$61 99¾

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get. And to meet this I have for farm produce sold

	$23 44
Earned by day-labor,	13 34
In all,	$36 78

which subtracted from the sum of the outgoes leaves a balance of $25 21¾ on the one side,—this being

very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred,—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me as long as I chose to occupy it.

He had nothing further to do after his "family baking," which, the family consisting of a unit, could not have been large or have come round very often, than to read, think, and observe. Homer appears to have been his favorite book. The thinking was unlimited, and the observation that of a man with an instinctive tact for the wonders of natural history. He sees and describes insects, birds, such "small deer" as approached him, with a felicity which would have gained him the heart of Izaak Walton and Alexander Wilson. A topographical and hydrographical survey of Walden Pond, is as faithful, exact, and labored, as if it had employed a government or admiralty commission.

As in the author's previous work, the immediate incident is frequently only the introduction to higher themes. The realities around him are occasionally veiled by a hazy atmosphere of transcendental speculation, through which the essayist sometimes stumbles into abysmal depths of the bathetic. We have more pleasure, however, in dwelling upon the shrewd humors of this modern contemplative Jacques of the forest, and his fresh, nice observation of books and men, which has occasionally something of a poetic vein. He who would acquire a new sensation of the world about him, would do well to retire from cities to the banks of Walden pond; and he who would open his eyes to the opportunities of country life, in its associations of fields and men, may loiter with profit along the author's journey on the Merrimack, where natural history, local antiquities, records, and tradition, are exhausted in vitalizing the scene.

A CHARACTER—FROM WALDEN.

Who should come to my lodge this morning but a true Homeric or Paphlagonian man,—he had so suitable and poetic a name that I am sorry I cannot print it here,—a Canadian, a wood-chopper and post maker, who can hole fifty posts in a day, who made his last supper on a woodchuck which his dog caught. He, too, has heard of Homer, and, "if it were not for books," would "not know what to do rainy days," though perhaps he has not read one wholly through for many rainy seasons. Some priest who could pronounce the Greek itself, taught him to read his verse in the Testament in his native parish far away; and now I must translate to him, while he holds the book, Achilles' reproof to Patroclus, for his sad countenance.—"Why are you in tears, Patroclus, like a young girl?"

> Or have you alone heard some news from Phthia?
> They say that Menœtius lives yet, son of Actor,
> And Peleus lives, son of Æacus, among the Myrmidons,
> Either of whom having died, we should greatly grieve.

He says, "That's good." He has a great bundle of white-oak bark under his arm for a sick man, gathered this Sunday morning. "I suppose there's no harm in going after such a thing to-day," says he. To him Homer was a great writer, though what his writing was about he did not know. A more simple and natural man it would be hard to find. Vice and disease, which cast such a sombre moral hue over the world, seemed to have hardly any existence for him. He was about twenty-eight years old, and had left Canada and his father's house a dozen years before to work in the States, and earn money to buy a farm with at last, perhaps in his native country. He was cast in the coarsest mould; a stout but sluggish body, yet gracefully carried, with a thick sunburnt neck, dark bushy hair, and dull sleepy blue eyes, which were occasionally lit up with expression. He wore a flat gray cloth cap, a dingy wool-colored greatcoat, and cowhide boots. He was a great consumer of meat, usually carrying his dinner to his work a couple of miles past my house,—for he chopped all summer,—in a tin pail; cold meats, often cold woodchucks, and coffee in a stone bottle which dangled by a string from his belt; and sometimes he offered me a drink. He came along early, crossing my beanfield, though without anxiety or haste to get to his work, such as Yankees exhibit. He wasn't a-going to hurt himself. He didn't care if he only earned his board. Frequently he would leave his dinner in the bushes, when his dog had caught a woodchuck by the way, and go back a mile and a half to dress it and leave it in the cellar of the house where he boarded, after deliberating first for half an hour whether he could not sink it in the pond safely till nightfall,—loving to dwell long upon these themes. He would say, as he went by in the morning, "How thick the pigeons are! If working every day were not my trade, I could get all the meat I should want by hunting pigeons, woodchucks, rabbits, partridges,—by gosh! I could get all I should want for a week and one day."

A BATTLE OF ANTS—FROM WALDEN.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was—Conquer or die. In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—"Fire! for God's sake fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity, such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "'This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity. A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

330.5 I have been too much with the world, as the poet might say.] An allusion to Wordsworth's sonnet, "The World is Too Much With Us."

330.14 It is sowing the wind, but not reaping even the whirlwind] See Hosea 8:7—"For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

330.19 It would be more respectable if men ...were Giant Despairs.] Another allusion to Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Cf. 331.27.

331.4 A man about his business would be the cynosure of all eyes.] Cf. Milton's L'Allegro, line 80: "The cynosure of neighbouring eyes." See note on 277.7.

331.8 As Bonaparte sent out his horsemen in the Red Sea...to find shallow water] On Napoleon's exploration of the sands of the Red Sea during low water, where Pharaoh had perished in the pursuit of the fleeing Hebrews, see, for example, The History of Napoleon Buonaparte, (2 vols.) London (Family Library), 1829, I, 143-144.

331.19 Have you fought the good fight?] See 1 Timothy 6:12—"Fight he good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." Cf. 2 Timothy 4:7. ee also 372.17. Thoreau might also have been acquainted with a recent nd popular Christian hymn composed by John Samuel Monsell and beginning: Fight the Good Fight With all thy Might," eventually published in Hymns f Love and Praise (1863).

331.27 Did you plant any Giant Regrets last spring, such as I saw advertised?] Cf. 330.19. If these were flowers—and not a pun on Giant espair—I have not found them listed in such books as Mrs. Catharine Hareson (Waterman) Esling, Flora's Lexicon: An Interpretation of the Language nd Sentiment of Flowers: with an outline of botany, and a poetical introuction, Phila., 1839; or Henrietta Dumont, The Language of Flowers, Phila., 852; or Mrs. Sarah Josepha (Buell) Hale, Flora's Interpreter: or, The merican Book of Flowers and Sentiments, (9th ed.) Boston, 1840; or books f similar titles on the shelf in Harvard's collection: 25228.

333.23 Cowper's Task, my greatest favorite] See Book IV ("The Winter vening"), lines 694-697:

> ...the country wins me still.
> I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
> That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
> But there I laid the scene.

341.22 Homer, of course, you include in your list of lovers of Nature] ee 9.24.

341.23 this is "my thunder" lately—W^m Gilpin's long series of books n the Picturesque] See Emerson the Essayist, II, 196 and 202, for the olumes Thoreau borrowed from Harvard during 1852 and 1853, noting especilly the order in which he read them. See also Correspondence, p. 389, nd my forthcoming article, "Thoreau in Search of the Picturesque."

343.23 so the shanty is somewhat shorn of its beams] An allusion to aradise Lost, I, 594ff.:

> As when the Sun new ris'n
> Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
> Shorn of his Beams....

350.20 the author of a political work on New Zealand called "Ultima hule"] See Thomas Cholmondeley, Ultima Thule; or Thoughts Suggested by Residence in New Zealand, London, 1854. (Copy in the British Museum.)

354.31 Be of good courage! That is the main thing.] The Old Testaent is filled with this monition: See Numbers 13:20; Deut. 31:6-7; Josha 1:6-18; Joshua 10:25; 2 Samuel 10:12; 1 Chronicles 19:13 and 22:13; lso 28:20; Ezra 10:4; Psalm 27:14; Psalm 31:24; Isaiah 41:6.

355.23 a column or two about the Eastern War!] A reference to the rimean War of 1854-1856. On March 12, 1854, the Western Powers had alied themselves with Turkey against Russia and Nicholas I. War had been eclared on March 28. The Siege of Sebastopol began in October, 1854. ts fortifier had been the Russian prince, Aleksandr Sergeevich Menshikov Mentchikoff. Boston newspapers were full of battle reports.

355.37 we have got to render an account for the deeds done in the body] ee 2 Cor. 5:10—"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; hat every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that e hath done, whether it be good or bad." Cf. Matthew 12:36.

356.18 You cannot serve God and Mammon.] See the note on 170.1.

358.17 notice of Walden in the last Anti-Slavery Standard] See the National Anti-Slavery Standard, Dec. 16, 1854, page 3.

New Publications.

WALDEN, OR LIFE IN THE WOODS. By HENRY D. THOREAU, Author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."

THESE books spring from a depth of thought which will not suffer them to be put by, and are written in a spirit in striking contrast with that which is uppermost in our time and country. Out of the heart of practical, hard-working, progressive New England come these Oriental utterances. The life exhibited in them teaches us, much more impressively than any number of sermons could, that this Western activity of which we are so proud, these material improvements, this commercial enterprise, this rapid accumulation of wealth, even our external, associated philanthropic action, are very easily overrated. The true glory of the human soul is not to be reached by the most rapid travelling in car or steamboat, by the instant transmission of intelligence however far, by the most speedy accumulation of a fortune, and however efficient measures we may adopt for the reform of the intemperate, the emancipation of the enslaved, &c., it will avail little unless we are ourselves essentially noble enough to inspire those whom we would so benefit with nobleness. External bondage is trifling compared with the bondage of an ignoble soul. Such things are often said, doubtless, in pulpits and elsewhere, but the men who say them are too apt to live just with the crowd, and so their words come more and more to ring with a hollow sound.

It is refreshing to find in these books the sentiments of one man whose aim manifestly is to *live*, and not to waste his time upon the externals of living. Educated at Cambridge, in the way called liberal, he seems determined to make a liberal life of it, and not to become the slave of any calling, for the sake of earning a reputable livelihood or of being regarded as a useful member of society. He evidently considers it his first business to become more and more a living, advancing soul, knowing that thus alone (though he desires to think as little as possible about that) can he be, in any proper sense, useful to others. Mr. Thoreau's view of life has been called selfish. His own words, under the head of "Philanthropy" in Walden, are the amplest defence against this charge, to those who can appreciate them. In a deeper sense than we commonly think, charity begins at home. The man who, with any fidelity, obeys his own genius, serves men infinitely more by so doing, becoming an encouragement, a strengthener, a fountain of inspiration to them, than if he were to turn aside from his path and exhaust his energies in striving to meet their superficial needs. As a thing by the way, aside from our proper work, we may seek to remove external obstacles from the path of our neighbours, but no man can help them much who makes that his main business, instead of seeking evermore, with all his energies, to reach the loftiest point which his imagination sets before him, thus adding to the stock of true nobleness in the world.

But suppose all men should pursue Mr. Thoreau's course, it is asked triumphantly, as though, then, we should be sure to go back to barbarism. Let it be considered, in the first place, that no man could pursue his course who was a mere superficial imitator, any more than it would be a real imitation of Christ if all men were to make it their main business to go about preaching the Gospel to each other. Is it progress toward barbarism to simplify one's outward life for the sake of coming closer to Nature and to the realm of ideas? Is it civilization and refinement to be occupied evermore with adding to our material conveniences, comforts and luxuries, to make ourselves not so much living members as dead tools of society, in some bank, shop, office, pulpit or kitchen? If men were to follow in Mr. Thoreau's steps, by being more obedient to their loftiest instincts, there would, indeed, be a falling off in the splendour of our houses, in the richness of our furniture and dress, in the luxury of our tables, but how poor are these things in comparison with the new grandeur and beauty which would appear in the souls of men. What fresh and inspiring conversation should we have, instead of the wearisome gossip which now meets us at every turn. Men toil on, wearing out body or soul, or both, that they may accumulate a needless amount of the externals of living; that they may win the regard of those no wiser than themselves; their natures become warped and hardened to their pursuits; they get fainter and fainter glimpses of the glory of the world, and, by and by, comes into their richly-adorned parlours some wise and beautiful soul, like the writer of these books, who, speaking from the fullness of his inward life, makes their luxuries appear vulgar, showing that, in a direct way, he has obtained the essence of that which his entertainers have been vainly seeking for at such a terrible expense.

It seems remarkable that these books have received no more adequate notice in our Literary Journals. But the class of scholars are often as blind as others to any new elevation of soul. In Putnam's Magazine, Mr. Thoreau is spoken of as an oddity, as the Yankee Diogenes, as though the really ridiculous oddity were not in us of the "starched shirt-collar" rather than in this devotee of Nature and Thought. Some have praised the originality and profound sympathy with which he views natural objects. We might as well stop with praising Jesus for the happy use he has made of the lilies of the field. The fact of surpassing interest for us is the simple grandeur of Mr. Thoreau's position—a position open to us all, and of which this sympathy with Nature is but a single result. This is seen in the less descriptive, more purely thoughtful passages, such as that upon Friendship in the "Wednesday" of the "Week," and in those upon "Solitude," "What I lived for," and "Higher Laws," in "Walden," as well as in many others in both books. We do not believe that, in the whole course of literature, ancient and modern, so noble a discourse upon Friendship can be produced as that which Mr. Thoreau has given us. It points to a relation, to be sure, which, from the ordinary level of our lives, may seem remote and dreamy. But it is our thirst for, and glimpses of, such things which indicate the greatness of our nature, which give the purest charm and colouring to our lives. The striking peculiarity of Mr. Thoreau's attitude is, that while he is no religionist, and while he is eminently practical in regard to material economies of life, he yet manifestly feels, through and through, that the loftiest dreams of the imagination are the solidest realities, and so the only foundation for us to build upon, while the affairs in which men are everywhere busying themselves so intensely are comparatively the merest froth and foam.

361.5 "perils by land and by flood"] Apparently a quotation from one of Thoreau's letters that do not survive. The allusion is probably Biblical. See St. Paul's account of his dangers in 2 Corinthians 11:26.

363.11 Johnson in his Tour to the Hebrides says they have a custom] See Samuel Johnson's A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland in The Works, (12 vols.) London, 1816, VIII, 289-290: "Among other guests, which the hospitality of Dunvegan brought to the table, a visit was paid by the laird and lady of a small island south of Sky, of which the proper name is Muack, which signifies swine. It is commonly called Muck, which the proprietor not liking, has endeavoured, without effect, to change to Monk. It is usual to call gentlemen in Scotland by the name of their possessions, as Raasay, Bernera, Loch Buy, a practice necessary in countries inhabited by clans, where all that live in the same territory have one name, and must be discriminated by some addition. This gentleman, whose name, I think, is Maclean, should be regularly called Muck; but the appellation, which he thinks too coarse for his island, he would like still less for himself, and he is therefore addressed by the title of Isle of Muck."

365.6 "coughing drowns the Parsons saw."] See Love's Labours Lost, V.ii.932.

369.6 I trust that as this time you stayed away, you may live to come another day.] The proverb has taken many forms. Erasmus in his Adagia (no. 372) attributed it to Demosthenes: "That same man that runneth away / May fight again an other day." By 1656, the lines were ascribed to Sir John Suckling: "He that fights and runs away / May live to fight another day." See also James Ray, A Complete History of the Rebellion (1749), p. 48:

He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.

See Burton Stevenson, The Home Book of Quotations, (3rd ed.) N.Y., 1937, pp. 456-457.

369.10 No, I have a real genius for staying at home.] See note on 124.7.

369.12 Bewick's tailpieces in the "Birds"] On Jan. 16, 1855, Thoreau borrowed from the Harvard College Library Thomas Bewick, History of British Birds, (2 vols.) Newcastle, 1804, returning it on February 27. See Emerson the Essayist, II, 197 and 199; and Correspondence, p. 373.

371.3 the saying that it is always darkest just before day.] This proverb goes back to Euripides' Iphigeneia in Tauris. See Thomas Fuller, A Pisgah-Sight of Palestine (1650), Book II, ch. 11: "It is always darkest just before the day dawneth." In Thoreau's lifetime, the form usually was: "It is always darkest just before dawn." See Burton Stevenson, The Home Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Familiar Phrases, N.Y., 1948, pp. 489-490.

371.14 Wilkinson's vigorous & telling assault on Allopathy, though he substitutes...no stronger thigh for that.] See James John Garth Wilkinson, Unlicensed Medicine: with a Plan of Extending Homoeopathy, London, 1855. (Reprinted from the British Journal of Homoeopathy, no. 54).

371.18 Every man to his trade.] This proverb is ancient, appearing in Aristophanes, Horace and others. Cf. Shakespeare's 1 Henry IV,

393.28 I believe that God does delight in the strength of a man's legs.] See Psalm 147:10—"He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man." Cf. Myles Coverdale's version of this passage in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England (or the Episcopal Church): "He hath no pleasure in the strength of an horse; neither delighteth he in any man's legs."

394.23 in Sterne's Koran... "Spare diet and clear skies are Apollo and the Muses." See "The Koran: or, The Life, Character and Sentiments of Tria Juncta in Uno, M. N. A. or Master of No Arts," The Works of Laurence Sterne...with a Life of the Author, Written by himself, (6 vols.) New York, 1813-1814, VI, 237-407——a work not by Sterne but by Richard Griffith, who vowed that he could write something which might pass as a posthumous production of Sterne's. The quotation appears in VI, page 352 (The Koran, Part II, item 108): "Lucretius styles the intellect, spiritus unguenti suavis; and some other poet—for my memory is bad—calls it flos Bacchi. I say, that spare diet, and clear skies are Apollo and the Muses."

398.21 who cares for numbers in a just cause] Almost all the Transcendentalists speculated in such terms: Minority vs. Majority; Just Cause vs. Unjust Cause. A considerable list of such utterances can be found in Emerson's works. Wendell Phillips in his "Speech on John Brown," delivered at Harper's Ferry, Nov. 1, 1859, remarked: "One, of God's side, is a majority."

398.22 England expects every man to do his duty.] Lord Nelson's signal to the fleet at the battle of Trafalgar on Oct. 21, 1805. See Robert Southey, The Life of Nelson, London (John Murray), 1831, ch. IX, page 332.

398.23 Be sure you are right and then go ahead.] Cf. David Crockett's motto: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." See Burton Stevenson, The Home Book of Quotations, (3rd ed.) N.Y., 1937, p. 1725.

398.24 If here is not the wealth of the Indies] Emerson was fond of the Spanish proverb quoted in Boswell's The Life of Samuel Johnson, under April 17, 1778. Johnson: "As the Spanish proverb says, 'He, who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him.' So it is in travelling; a man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge." Compare Thoreau's observations on this theme in the final chapter of Walden. See also Paradise Lost, Book II, line 2: "The wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

399.14 B. (of the mountain) was here when your note and the list of books arrived] Apparently H. G. O. Blake, who hiked with Thoreau up the Assabet on November 9. (See Journal, VIII, p. 16.) See also The Correspondence, page 402 top.

399.20 the trumpet and the drum will sound to you as they do in dreams] This imagery suggests Thoreau's fondness for Felicia Hemans' "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers"—especially the third stanza:

> Not as the conqueror comes,
> They, the true-hearted came,
> Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
> And the trumpet that sings of fame.

See Walden, ch. VII, ¶9: "But sometimes it was a really noble and inspiring strain that reached these woods, and the trumpet that sings of fame, and I felt as if I could spit a Mexican with a good relish...."

See also ch. II, ¶15, and my "Four Uncollected Thoreau Poems, with Notes on the Canon," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 5 (IV Quarter 1956), pp. 13-16.

400.25 voyages...to be made on that river, for it is the water of life.] For "water of life" and "living water" see the Bible passim. Cf. especially John 4:10-14.

401.3 I could drink deeply enough of it] See note on 260.36.

402.22 I hope your horse will live as long as one...died in the south of France at the age of 40.] Not located.

409.3 shooting like "mercurial trout" in every direction] Cf. Walden, chapter X ("Baker Farm") where Thoreau also quotes from William Ellery Channing's poem:

> Thy entry is a pleasant field,
> Which some mossy fruit trees yield
> Partly to a ruddy brook,
> By gliding musquash undertook,
> And mercurial trout,
> Darting about.

409.8 she wears at least the gentle name of Spring as Bryant says] See William Cullen Bryant's "March," stanza 3:

> For thou, to northern lands, again
> The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
> And thou hast joined the gentle train
> And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

409.10 Then let "Hope rule triumphant in the breast"] A possible confusion of Pope's Essay on Man, Epistle I, lines 95-96: "Hope springs eternal in the human breast: / Man never is, but always to be, blest." Cf. Burns' The Cotter's Saturday Night, stanza 16: "Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing."

409.15 Can we not meet occasionally ere the evil days....] See the context of the allusion in Ecclesiastes cited in the note on 58.16.

413.13 "Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, & rill"] Milton's Lycidas, lines 24-27 and 37.

414.26 My dear Gabriel] See Daniel 8:16 and 9:21; Luke 1:19 and 1:26.

414.27 Who...hath in these latter days appeared unto the least of all Daniels] Deliberate imitation of 1 Corinthians 15:8-9 and Ephesians 3:8.

415.5 their assasinator Poe, lies in the Potter's Field at Baltimore] For Poe's assassinating others' poems, see his "Our Amateur Poets: No. III. William Ellery Channing" in Graham's Magazine, August, 1843—reprinted in The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe, ed. James A. Harrison, (17 vols.) N.Y., [1902], XI, 174-190.

415.6 as somebody in the Home Journal of this week, says] Probably the Boston Home Journal, also known as the Suffolk County Journal, which flourished between 1846 and 1903.

416.29 "Haunted forever by the eternal mind"] See Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," lines 110-113:

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind....

416.30 Wordsworth...philosopher and priest of Nature.] Probably an echo of Bacon's Novum Organum: "Homo enim, naturae minister et interpres...." For its currency in this period, see Emerson the Essayist, I, 333; II, 78.

424.22 Will you go to glory with me? is the burden of the song.] This may be a theme rather than the actual refrain of a hymn familiar to Thoreau's family.

428.7 where wit and gaiety never come "that comes to all."] Echo of Milton's Paradise Lost, Book I, lines 65-67, descriptive of Hell:

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all....

428.10 "Its very nakedness has power / To aid the hour," says old Sir Walter. I have not found this quotation in the poems of either Sir Walter Raleigh or Sir Walter Scott.

428.12 the "old Bobbin Woman was steady to her Bible"] Not identified.

444.1 I should not care if I sprouted into a living tree, put forth leaves & flowers, & have fruit.] A good example of the organic metaphor in Thoreau. See the note on 45.21.

444.3 I am grateful for what I am & have. My thanksgiving is perpetual.] "Perpetual" and "perpetually" are favorite words of Walt Whitman. Might the expression here be an echo?

444.8 My breath is sweet to me.] Another possible influence of Walt Whitman. See "sweet" and "sweeter" in Edwin Harold Eby's A Concordance of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass and Selected Prose Writings, Seattle, 1949-1954.

444.24 Are they not patient waiters—They who wait for us?] I consider this a genuine echo of Whitman's "Sun Down Poem" or "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry"—mentioned in 444.31.

446.15 Depend on it, now is the accepted time] See 2 Corinthians 6:2—"...behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

446.24 the sum & substance of [Confucius'] teaching is...Do as you would be done by.] Cf. the statement of the "Golden Rule" in Matthew 7:12 and Luke 6:31.

446.26 "Conduct yourself suitably toward the persons of your family, then you will be able to instruct and to direct a nation of men."] Thoreau used one of three editions of Confucius et Mencius: Les Quatre Livres de Philosophie Morale et Politique de la Chine, traduits du chinois par G [i.e., Jean Pierre Guillaume] Pauthier, Paris, 1841; Paris, 1852; Paris, 1858. The four books were: "Ta Hio, La Grande Étude;"

"Tchoung-Young, ou L'Invariabilité dans le Milieu;" "Le Lun-Yu, ou Les Entretiens Philosophiques;" and "Meng-Tseu." All his quotations in the Correspondence seem to be taken from the third. I have not, however, located the first, unless it be a rather free translation of passages like the following. See the edition of Paris, 1858, p. 113: "Il n'y a que la piété filiale et la concorde entre les frères de différents âges qui doivent être principalement cultivées par ceux qui occupent des fonctions publiques; ceux qui pratiquent ces vertus remplissent par cela même des fonctions publiques d'ordre et d'administration."

446.29 "To nourish ones self with a little rice, to drink water, to have only his bended arm to support his head, is a state which has also its satisfaction. To be rich and honored by iniquitous means, is for me as the floating cloud which passes." See Confucius et Mencius. Les quatre Livres, Paris, 1858, p. 137: "Le Philosophe dit: Se nourrir d'un peu de riz, boire de l'eau, n'avoir que son bras courbé pour appuyer sa tête, est un état qui a aussi sa satisfaction. Être riche et honoré par des moyens iniques, c'est pour moi comme le nuage flottant qui passe."

447.1 "As soon as a child is born he must respect its faculties; the knowledge which will come to it by & by does not resemble at all its present state. If it arrives at the age of 40 or 50 years, without having learned anything, it is no more worthy of any respect."] See Confucius et Mencius. Les Quatre Livres (Paris, 1858), p. 148: "Dès l'instant qu'un enfant est né, il faut respecter ses facultés; la science qui lui viendra par la suite ne ressemble en rien à son état présent. S'il arrive à l'âge de quarante ou de cinquante ans sans avoir rien appris, il n'est plus digne d'aucun respect."

449.24 old English prophecy now in circulation, "that the hardest day would come when we should have to fight against men having snow on their helmets."] No located.

450.14 a good breed cannot be got out of lean kine.] Turkish women are likened to the "kine of Bashan" in Amos 4:1. Cf. Pharaoh's dream in Genesis 41:1-4.

450.35 gait of a high-mettled horse. "Incessu patuit."] See Virgil, Aeneid, Book I, line 405: "Et vera incessu patuit Dea." ("She stood revealed a goddess truly in her gait.")

451.4 I see that Nature is always flowing. She will not let you fix her, and she refuses to be caught....] This line reflects the philosophy of Heraclitus, whom Thoreau studied in Joseph Marie de Gérando, Histoire Comparée des Systèmes de Philosophie. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 248-264. See also Emerson's Nature (Boston, 1836), pp. 14 and 65.6; 93.21; 93.23, especially the Orphic Poet's lines: "Nature is not fixed but fluid....to pure spirit, it is fluid, it is volatile...."

451.12 Lord Byron said that the finest man and the best boxer...was the offspring of positive deformity] Not located.

452.17 the ode, "Vides ut alta, etc., ...Soracte"] See the note on 35.8ff. for Thoreau's early use of Horace's Ninth Ode in Book One.

453.39 Magnas inter opes inops!] See Horace's Odes, Book III, Ode 16, line 28: "Poor in the midst of great wealth."

454.31 Froude's History] See James Anthony Froude, History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth, (12 vols.) London, 1856-1870.

454.32 a report on India by Lord Dalhousie] A reference, doubtless, to the last state papers he submitted. Dalhousie retired as Governor-General on Feb. 29, 1856. On his way to England he prepared a Farewell Minute, which surveyed his administration for the Government. Dated Feb. 28, 1856, it was submitted May 30, 1856. Papers Relating to Oude, another state document, prepared in the preceding year, is supposed to have been published in 1856. Neither is listed under author in the British Museum catalogue. For the life of James Andrew Brown Ramsay, first Marquis of Dalhousie, see Lionel James Trotter, Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, London, 1899.

454.34 Grey's Polynesian legend is getting old] Sir George Grey, Polynesian Mythology, and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race as Furnished by their Priests and Chiefs, London, 1855.

454.35 we have Sandwich [sic] on Kars] See Humphry Sandwith, A Narrative of the Siege of Kars, London, 1856.

454.36 Russell's admirable account of the Crimean campaign] See Sir William Howard Russell, The War: from the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan...from the death of Lord Raglan to the Evacuation of the Crimea, (2 vols.) London, 1855-1856.

454.38 I had forgot Maurice's and Kingsley's last] Probably John Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley. Maurice's "last" was probably Mediaeval Philosophy; or, Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy [5th century through the 14th], London, 1857. That year he also began publishing his Sermons. Kingsley's Two Years Ago, A Novel (3 vols., Cambridge, 1857) followed Westward Ho! (1855) and Hypatia (1853).

454.38 Mansfield's Paraguay. (Read that.)] See Charles Blachford Mansfield, Paraguay, Brazil, and the Plate. Letters written in 1852-1853. With a Sketch of the Author's Life by Charles Kingsley, Cambridge, 1856.

455.2 Alexander Smith's last I have not seen] Probably Alexander Smith, the poet, whose Sonnets on the War, co-authored by Sydney Dobell, appeared in London in 1855.

455.3 they talk of a Catholic priest...Stoddart,—that he has written well.] Not mentioned in any of the national catalogues.

455.5 Burton's African and Arabian travels] Probably Richard Francis Burton, Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah, (3 vols.) London, 1855-1856.

455.5 Arthur Stanley's Palestine] Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Sinai and Palestine, in Connection with their History, London, 1856. (Three editions were published during this year.)

455.6 Cotton's Public Works of India] See Sir Arthur Thomas Cotton, Public Works in India: their Importance; with Suggestions for their extension and improvement, London, 1854.

455.11 Chronicles of the Emperor Baber] Baber or Babur or Babar, i.e., Tiger, the Mongol nickname of Zahir ud-Din Muhammad (1483-1530), founder of the Mogul dynasty of India, was emperor from 1526 to 1830. Wrote his Memoirs, of which there are many editions and which may be the "chronicles" mentioned by Cholmondeley.

455.17 a catalogue...of your local histories] A rough draft of Thoreau's reply to Cholmondeley appears among loose sheets in the Canadian Notebook (M.A. 595) in the Pierpont Morgan Library. Cholmondeley's letter probably arrived in Concord between March 10 and 14, 1857. Thoreau visited Cambridge (See Journal, IX, p. 295) on March 16 and probably prepared his rough draft and final letter that very evening while the results of his visit to the College Library were fresh in his mind:

> I did my best to fin[d] the catalogue of local histories which you spoke of—but in vain— Its title is "A Literature of American Local History. A Bibliographical Essay by Hermann E Ludewig." Published by Craighead New York 1846—[1] The Author died in N. Y. Dec 1856 & ~~competent authority in~~ a Mr Drake[2] an antiquary author of ~~the~~ a Hist of Boston[3] &c tells me that it was never published— ~~and~~ The Librarian[4] ~~of the~~ at Harvard ~~Library~~ University says that is far from complete. A supplement was published in "the Literary World" N Y Feb. 19th 1848[5]—also separately.[6] You can no doubt find ~~it~~ the whole in the British Museum—
>
> Look also at O. Rich's "Bibliotheca Americana nova"[7] published in London— & perhaps of scarse [?] &

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1 Hermann Ernst Ludewig, The Literature of American Local History; a Bibliographical Essay, N.Y. (Printed for the author by R. Craighead), 1846. See Walter Harding, Thoreau's Library, Charlottesville, 1957, p. 68.

2 Samuel Gardner Drake, author of many books on the Indians.

3 The History and Antiquities of Boston...from its settlement in 1630 to the year 1770..., Boston, 1856. Cover title: "History of Boston, Mass."

4 John Langdon Sibley, who had recently succeeded Thoreau's loyal friend, Thaddeus William Harris, Librarian from 1831 until 1856. See J. S. Wade, "The Friendship of Two Old-Time Naturalists," Scientific Monthly, XXIII, pp. 152-160 (August, 1926).

5 "The Literature of the Local History of New York," The Literary World, III, no. 55 (Feb. 19, 1848), pp. 46-50.

6 I have not been able to locate a separate or offprint.

7 See Obadiah Rich, Bibliotheca Americana Nova. A Catalogue of Books relating to America, in various languages, including voyages to the Pacific and around the world, and collections of voyages and travels printed since the year 1700. Compiled principally from the works themselves. (2 vols.) London, 1846. Vol. I was originally published as an independent work in 1835.

457.1 "To be rich & honored by iniquitous means...." See note on 446.29.

457.3 last No of the Westminster magazine...article on Buddhism] See "Buddhism: Mythical and Historical," Westminster Review, LXVI, no. 130 (n.s. X, no. 2) (Oct. 1, 1856), pp. 296-331.

458.32 in Montaigne somewhere the story of Alexander the Great... urged to punish a slanderer] I have not located such a story in Montaigne. Bacon's Apothegms, no. 103, tells of Philip of Macedon's tolerant dealings with a slanderer. Plutarch has a story about Pericles' gentleness toward a slanderer. There are, doubtless, others.

459.37 The N. Y. Tribune...of more than transient interest.... Their notice of "Walden" introduced it to me.] See Greeley's letter in Correspondence, p. 324. I reproduce the New-York Daily Tribune, Sat., July 29, 1854, page 3:

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1854.

New-York Daily Tribune.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A MASSACHUSETTS HERMIT.

Ticknor & Fields have in press a work by HENRY D. THOREAU entitled "Life in the Woods," describing the experience of the author during a solitary residence of two years in a hut on the shore of Walden Pond in Concord, Massachusetts. The volume promises to be one of curious interest, and by the courtesy of the publishers we are permitted to take some extracts in advance of the regular issue.

THE HERMIT BUILDS HIS HUT.

Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an ax and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the ax, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hill-side where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand-heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and pewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself. One day, when my ax had come off and I had cut a green hickory for a wedge, driving it with a stone, and had placed the whole to soak in a pond-hole in order to swell the wood, I saw a striped snake run into the water, and he lay on the bottom apparently without inconvenience as long as I staid there, or more than a quarter of an hour; perhaps because he had not yet fairly come out of the torpid state. It appeared to me that for a like reason men remain in their present low and primitive condition; but if they should feel the influence of the spring of springs arousing them, they would of necessity rise to a higher and more ethereal life. I had previously seen the snakes in frosty mornings in my path with portions of their bodies still numb and inflexible, waiting for the sun to thaw them. On the 1st of April it rained and melted the ice, and in the early part of the day, which was very foggy, I heard a stray goose groping about over the pond and cackling as if lost, or like the spirit of the fog.

So I went on for some days, cutting and hewing timber, and also studs and rafters, all with my narrow ax, not having many communicable or scholar-like thoughts, singing to myself—

> Men say they know many things;
> But lo! they have taken wings—
> The arts and sciences,
> And a thousand appliances;
> The wind that blows
> Is all that anybody knows.

I hewed the main timbers six inches square, most of the studs on two sides only, and the rafters and floor timbers on one side, leaving the rest of the bark on, so that they were just as straight and much stronger than sawed ones. Each stick was carefully mortised or tenoned by its stump, for I had borrowed other tools by this time. My days in the woods were not very long ones; yet I usually carried my dinner of bread and butter, and read the newspaper in which it was wrapped, at noon, sitting amid the green pine boughs which I had cut off, and to my bread was imparted some of their fragrance, for my hands were covered with a thick coat of pitch. Before I had done I was more the friend than the foe of the pine tree, though I had cut down some of them, having become better acquainted with it. Sometimes a rambler in the woods was attracted by the sound of my ax, and we chatted pleasantly over the chips which I had made.

By the middle of April, for I made no haste in my work, but rather made the most of it, my house was framed and ready for the raising. I had already bought the shanty of James Collins, an Irishman who worked on the Fitchburg Railroad, for boards. James Collins's shanty was considered an uncommonly find one. When I called to see it he was not at home. I walked about the outside, at first unobserved from within, the window was so deep and high. It was of small dimensions, with a peaked cottage roof, and not much else to be seen, the dirt being raised five feet all round as if it were a compost heap. The roof was the soundest part, though a good deal warped and made brittle by the sun. Door-sill there was none, but a perennial passage for the hens under the door-board. Mrs. C. came to the door and asked me to view it from the inside. The hens were driven in by my approach. It was dark, and had a dirt floor for the most part, dank, clammy, and aguish, only here a board and there a board which would not bear removal. She lighted a lamp to show me the inside of the roof and the walls, and also that the board floor extended under the bed, warning me not to step into the cellar, a sort of dust hole two feet deep. In her own words, they were "good boards overhead, good boards all around, and a good window,"—of two whole squares originally, only the cat had passed out that way lately. There was a stove, a bed, and a place to sit, an infant in the house where it was born, a silk parasol, gilt-framed looking-glass, and a patent new coffee-mill nailed to an oak sapling, all told. The bargain was soon concluded, for James had in the meanwhile returned. I to pay four dollars and twenty-five cents to-night, he to vacate at five to-morrow morning, selling to nobody else meanwhile: I to take possession at six. It were well he said, to be there early, and anticipate certain indistinct but wholly unjust claims on the score of ground rent and fuel. This he assured me was the only encumbrance. At six I passed him and his family on the road. One large bundle held their all,—bed, coffee-mill, looking-glass, hens—all but the cat, she took to the woods and became a wild cat, and, as I learned afterward, trod in a trap set for wood-chucks, and so became a dead cat at last.

I took down this dwelling the same morning, drawing the nails, and removed it to the pond side by small cart-loads, spreading the boards on the grass there to bleach and warp back again in the sun. One early thrush gave me a note or two as I drove along the woodland path. I was informed treacherously by a young Patrick that neighbor Seeley, an Irishman, in the intervals of the carting, transferred the still tolerable, straight and drivable nails, staples and spikes to his pocket, and then stood when I came back to pass the time of day, and look freshly up, unconcerned, with spring thoughts, at the devastation; there being a dearth of work, as he said. He was there to represent spectatordom, and help make this seemingly insignificant event one with the removal of the gods of Troy.

I dug my cellar in the side of a hill sloping to the south, where a woodchuck had formerly dug his burrow, down

through sumach and blackberry roots, and the lowest stain of vegetation, six feet square by seven deep, to a fine sand where potatoes would not freeze in any winter. The sides were left shelving, and not stoned; but the sun having never shone on them, the sand still keeps its place. It was but two hours' work. I took particular pleasure in this breaking of ground, for in almost all latitudes men dig into the earth for an equable temperature. Under the most splendid house in the city is still to be found the cellar where they store their roots as of old, and long after the superstructure has disappeared posterity remark its dent in the earth. The house is still but a sort of porch at the entrance of a burrow.

At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, rather to improve so good an occasion for neighborliness than from any necessity, I set up the frame of my house. No man was ever more honored in the character of his raisers than I. They are destined, I trust, to assist at the raising of loftier structures one day. I began to occupy my house on the 4th of July, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain; but before boarding I laid the foundation of a chimney at one end, bringing two cartloads of stones up the hill from the pond in my arms. I built the chimney after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the meanwhile out of doors on the ground, early in the morning: which mode I still think is in some respects more convenient and agreeable than the usual one. When it stormed before my bread was baked, I fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch my loaf, and passed some pleasant hours in that way. In those days, when my hands were much employed, I read but little, but the least scraps of paper which lay on the ground, my holder, or tablecloth, afforded me as much entertainment, in fact answered the same purpose as the Iliad.

THE HERMIT PLANTS BEANS.

Before I finished my house, wishing to earn $10 or $12 by some honest and agreeable method, in order to meet my unusual expenses, I planted about two acres and a half of light and sandy soil near it chiefly with beans, but also a small part with potatoes, corn, peas and turnips. The whole lot contains eleven acres, mostly growing up to pines and hickories, and was sold the preceding season for eight dollars and eight cents an acre. One farmer said that it was "good for nothing but to raise cheeping squirrels on." I put no manure whatever on this land, not being the owner, but merely a squatter, and not expecting to cultivate so much again, and I did not quite hoe it all at once. I got out several cords of stumps in plowing, which supplied me with fuel for a long time, and left small circles of virgin mold, easily distinguishable through the summer by the greater luxuriance of the beans there. The dead and for the most part unmerchantable wood behind my house, and the driftwood from the pond, have supplied the remainder of my fuel. I was obliged to hire a team and a man for the plowing, though I held the plow myself. My farm outgoes for the first season were, for implements, seed, work, &c., $14 72½. The seed-corn was given me. This never costs anything to speak of, unless you plant more than enough. I got twelve bushels of beans, and eighteen bushels of potatoes, besides some peas and sweet corn. The yellow corn and turnips were too late to come to anything.

My whole income from the farm was.....	$23 44
Deducting the outgoes.....	14 72½
There are left.....	$8 71½

besides produce consumed and on hand at the time this estimate was made of the value of $4 50—the amount on hand much more than balancing a little grass which I did not raise. All things considered, that is, considering the importance of a man's soul and of to-day, notwithstanding the short time occupied by my experiment, nay, partly even because of its transient character, I believe that that was doing better than any farmer in Concord did that year.

The next year I did better still, for I spaded up all the land which I required, about a third of an acre, and I learned from the experience of both years, not being in the least awed by many celebrated works on husbandry, Arthur Young among the rest, that if one would live simply and eat only the crop which he raised, and raise no more than he ate, and not exchange it for an insufficient quantity of more luxurious and expensive things, he would need to cultivate only a few rods of ground, and that it would be cheaper to spade up that than to use oxen to plow it, and to select a fresh spot from time to time than to manure the old, and he could do all his necessary farm work as it were with his left hand at odd hours in the summer; and thus he would not be tied to an ox, or horse, or cow, or pig, as at present. I desire to speak impartially on this point, and as one not interested in the success or failure of the present economical and social arrangements. I was more independent than any farmer in Concord, for I was not anchored to a house or farm, but could follow the bent of my genius, which is a very crooked one, every moment. Beside being better off than they already, if my house had been burned or my crops had failed, I should have been nearly as well off as before.

THE HERMIT COMMENCES HOUSEKEEPING.

My furniture, part of which I made myself, and the rest cost me nothing of which I have not rendered an account, consisted of a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass three inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet, and a frying-pan, a dipper, a wash-bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses, and a japanned lamp. None is so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin. That is shiftlessness. There is plenty of such chairs as I like best in the village garrets to be had for taking them away. Furniture! Thank God, I can sit and I can stand without the aid of a furniture warehouse. What man but a philosopher would not be ashamed to see his furniture packed in a cart and going up country exposed to the light of heaven and the eyes of men, a beggarly account of empty boxes? That is Spalding's furniture. I could never tell from inspecting such a load whether it belonged to a so-called rich man or a poor one; the owner always seemed poverty-stricken. Indeed, the more you have of such things the poorer you are. Each load looks as if it contained the contents of a dozen shanties; and if one shanty is poor, this is a dozen times as poor. Pray, for what do we *move* over but to get rid of our furniture, our *exuviæ*; at last to go from this world to another newly furnished, and leave this to be burned? It is the same as if all these traps were buckled to a man's belt, and he could not move over the rough country where our lines are cast without dragging them—dragging his trap. He was a lucky fox that left his tail in the trap. The muskrat will gnaw his third leg off to be free. No wonder man has lost his elasticity. How often he is at a dead set! "Sir, if I may be so bold, what do you mean by a dead set?" If you are a seer, whenever you meet a man you will see all that he owns, ay, and much that he pretends to disown, behind him, even to his kitchen furniture and all the trumpery which he saves and will not burn, and he will appear to be harnessed to it and making what headway he can. I think that the man is at a dead set who has got through a knot hole or gateway where his sledge load of furniture cannot follow him. I cannot but feel compassion when I hear some trig, compact looking man, seemingly free, all girded and ready, speak of his "furniture," as whether it is insured or not. "But what shall I do with my furniture!" My gay butterfly is entangled in a spider's web then. Even those who seem for a long while not to have any, if you inquire more narrowly you will find have some stored in somebody's barn. I look upon England to-day as an old gentleman who is traveling with a great deal of baggage, trumpery which has accumulated from long housekeeping, which he has not the courage to burn; great trunk, little trunk, bandbox and bundle. Throw away the first three at least. It would surpass the powers of a well man nowadays to take up his bed and walk, and I should certainly advise a sick one to lay down his bed and run. When I have met an immigrant tottering under a bundle which contained his all—looking like an enormous wen which had grown out of the nape of his neck—I have pitied him, not because that

was his all, but because he had all that to carry. If I have got to drag my trap, I will take care that it be a light one and do not nip me in a vital part. But perchance it would be wisest never to put one's paw into it.

I would observe, by the way, that it costs me nothing for curtains, for I have no gazers to shut out but the sun and moon, and I am willing that they should look in. The moon will not sour milk nor taint meat of mine, nor will the sun injure my furniture or fade my carpet, and if he is sometimes too warm a friend, I find it still better economy to retreat behind some curtain which nature has provided then to add a single item to the details of housekeeping. A lady once offered me a mat, but as I had no room to spare within the house, nor time to spare within or without to shake it, I declined it, preferring to wipe my feet on the sod before my door. It is best to avoid the beginnings of evil.

THE HERMIT'S FIRST SUMMER.

I did not read books the first summer; I hoed beans. Nay, I often did better than this. There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of the head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a revery, amid the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveler's wagon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far fetter than any work of the hands would have been. They were not time subtracted from my life, but so much over and above my usual allowance. I realized what the Orientals mean by contemplation and the forsaking of works. For the most part, I minded not how the hours went. The day advanced as if to light some work of mine; it was morning, and lo, now it is evening, and nothing memorable is accomplished. Instead of singing like the birds, I silently smiled at my incessant good fortune. As the sparrow had its trill, sitting on the hickory before my door, so had I my chuckle or suppressed warble which he might hear out of my nest. My days were not days of the week, bearing the stamp of any heathen deity, nor were they minced into hours and fretted by the ticking of a clock; for I lived like the Puri Indians, of whom it is said that "for yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow they have only one word, and they express the variety of meaning by pointing backward for yesterday, forward for to-morrow, and overhead for the passing day." This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting. A man must find his occasions in himself, it is true. The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove his indolence.

I had this advantage, at least, in my mode of life, over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement, to society and the theater, that my life itself was become my amusement and never ceased to be novel. It was a drama of many scenes and without an end. If we were always indeed getting our living, and regulating our lives according to the last and best mode we had learned, we should never be troubled with ennui. Follow your genius closely enough, and it will not fail to show you a fresh prospect every hour. Housework was a pleasant pastime. When my floor was dirty, I rose early, and, setting all my furniture out of doors on the grass, bed and bedstead making but one budget, dashed water on the floor, and sprinkled white sand from the pond on it, and then with a broom scrubbed it clean and white; and by the time the villagers had broken their fast the morning sun had dried my house sufficiently to allow me to move in again, and my meditations were almost uninterrupted. It was pleasant to see my whole household effects out on the grass, making a little pile like a gipsy's pack, and my three-legged table, from which I did not remove the books and pen and ink, standing amid the pines and hickories. They seemed glad to get out themselves, and as if unwilling to be brought in. I was sometimes tempted to stretch an awning over them and take my seat there. It was worth the while to see the sun shine on these things, and hear the free wind blow on them; so much more interesting most familiar objects look out of doors than in the house. A bird sits on the next bough, life-everlasting grows under the table, and blackberry vines run round its legs; pine cones, chestnut burs, and strawberry leaves are strewn about. It looked as if this was the way these forms came to be transferred to our furniture, to tables, chairs, and bedsteads—because they once stood in their midst.

My house was on the side of a hill, immediately on the edge of the larger wood, in the midst of a young forest of pitch pines and hickories, and half-a-dozen rods from the pond, to which a narrow footpath led down the hill. In my front yard grew the strawberry, blackberry, and life-everlasting, johnswort and golden-rod, shrub-oaks and sand-cherry, blueberry and ground-nut. Near the end of May, the sand-cherry, *(cerasus pumila,)* adorned the sides of the path with its delicate flowers arranged in umbels cylindrically about its short stems, which last, in the fall, weighed down with good sized and handsome cherries fell over in wreaths like rays on every side. I tasted them out of compliment to nature, though they were scarcely palatable. The sumach *(rhus glabra)* grew luxuriantly about the house, pushing up through the embankment which I had made, and growing five or six feet the first season. Its broad pinnate tropical leaf was pleasant though strange to look on. The large buds, suddenly pushing out late in the spring from dry sticks which had seemed to be dead, developed themselves as by magic into graceful green and tender boughs, an inch in diameter; and sometimes, as I sat at my window, so heedlessly did they grow and tax their weak joints, I heard a fresh and tender bough suddenly fall like a fan to the ground, when there was not a breath of air stirring, broken off by its own weight. In August, the large masses of berries, which, when in flower, had attracted many wild bees, gradually assumed their bright velvety crimson hue, and by their weight again bent down and broke the tender limbs.

THE HERMIT FINDS A FRIEND.

Who should come to my lodge this morning but a true Homeric or Paphlagonian man—he had so suitable and poetic a name that I am sorry I cannot print it here—a Canadian, a wood-chopper and post-maker, who can hole fifty posts in a day, who made his last supper on a woodchuck which his dog caught. He, too, has heard of Homer, and, "if it were not for books," would "not know what to do rainy days," though perhaps he has not read one wholly through for many rainy seasons. Some priest who could pronounce the Greek itself taught him to read his verse in the testament in his native parish far away; and now I must translate to him, while he holds the book, Achilles' reproof to Patroclus for his sad countenance—"Why are you in tears, Patroclus, like a young girl?"

> "Or have you alone heard some news from Phthia?
> They say that Menœtius lives yet, son of Actor,
> And Peleus lives, son of Æacus, among the Myrmidons,
> Either of whom having died, we should greatly grieve."

He says, "That's good." He has a great bundle of white-oak bark under his arm for a sick man, gathered this Sunday morning. "I suppose there's no harm in going after such a thing to-day," says he. To him Homer was a great writer, though what his writing was about he did not know. A more simple and natural man it would be hard to find. Vice and disease, which cast such a somber moral hue over the world, seemed to have hardly any existence for him. He was about twenty-eight years old, and had left Canada and his father's house a dozen years before to work in the States, and earn money to buy a farm with at last, perhaps in his native country. He was cast in the coarsest mold; a stout but sluggish body, yet gracefully carried, with a thick sunburnt neck, dark bushy hair, and dull sleepy blue eyes, which were occasionally lit up with expression. He wore a flat gray cloth cap, a dingy wool-colored greatcoat, and cowhide boots. He was a great consumer of meat, usually carrying his dinner to his work a couple of miles past my house—for he chopped all summer—in a tin-pail; cold meats, often cold woodchucks, and coffee in a stone bottle which dangled

by a string from his belt; and sometimes he offered me a drink. He came along early, crossing my bean-field, though without anxiety or haste to get to his work, such as Yankees exhibit. He was n't a-going to hurt himself. He did n't care if he only earned his board. Frequently he would leave his dinner in the bushes, when his dog had caught a woodchuck by the way, and go back a mile and a half to dress it and leave it in the cellar of the house where he boarded, after deliberating first for half an hour whether he could not sink it in the pond safely till nightfall—loving to dwell long upon these themes. He would say, as he went by in the morning, "How thick the pigeons are! If working every day were not my trade, I could get all the meat I should want by hunting—pigeons, woodchucks, rabbits, partridges—by gosh! I could get all I should want for a week in one day."

He was a skilful chopper, and indulged in some flourishes and ornaments in his axe. He cut his trees level and close to the ground, that the sprouts which came up afterward might be more vigorous and a sled might slide over the stumps; and instead of leaving a whole tree to support his corded wood, he would pare it away to a slender stake or splinter which you could break off with your hand at last.

He interested me because he was so quiet and solitary and so happy withal; a well of good humor and contentment which overflowed at his eyes. His mirth was without alloy. Sometimes I saw him at his work in the woods, felling trees, and he would greet me with a laugh of inexpressible satisfaction, and salutation in Canadian French, though he spoke English as well. When I approached him he would suspend his work, and with half suppressed mirth lie along the trunk of a pine which he had felled, and, peeling off the inner bark, roll it up into a ball and chew it while he laughed and talked. Such an exuberance of animal spirits had he that he sometimes tumbled down and rolled on the ground with laughter at any thing which made him think and tickled him. Looking round upon the trees he would exclaim,—"By George! I can enjoy myself well enough here chopping; I want no better sport." Sometimes, when at leisure, he amused himself all day in the woods with a pocket pistol, firing salutes to himself at regular intervals as he walked. In the winter he had a fire by which at noon he warmed his coffee in a kettle: and as he sat on a log to eat his dinner the chickadees would sometimes come round and alight on his arm and peck at the potato in his fingers; and he said that he "liked to have the little *fellers* about him."

In him the animal man chiefly was developed. In physical endurance and contentment he was cousin to the pine and the rock. I asked him once if he was not sometimes tired at night, after working all day; and he answered, with sincere and serious look, "Gorrapit, I never was tired in my life." But the intellectual and what is called spiritual man in him were slumbering as in an infant. He had been instructed only in that innocent and ineffectual way in which the Catholic priests teach the aborigines, by which the pupil is never educated to the degree of consciousness, but only to the degree of trust and reverence, and a child is not made a man, but kept a child. When Nature made him, she gave him a strong body and contentment for his portion, and propped him on every side with reverence and reliance, that he might live out his threescore years and ten a child. He was so genuine and unsophisticated that no introduction would serve to introduce him, more than if you introduced a woodchuck to your neighbor. He had got to find him out as you did. He would not play any part. Men paid him wages for work, and so helped to feed and cloth him; but he never exchanged opinions with them. He was so simply and naturally humble—if he can be called humble who never aspires—that humility was no distinct quality in him, nor could he conceive of it. Wiser men were demi-gods to him. If you told him that such a one was coming, he did as if he thought that anything so grand would expect nothing of himself, but take all the responsibility on itself, and let him be forgotten still. He never heard the sound of praise. He particularly reverenced the writer and the preacher. Their performances were

miracles. When I told him that I wrote considerably, he thought for a long time that it was merely the handwriting which I meant, for he could write a remarkably good hand himself. I sometimes found the name of his native parish handsomely written in the snow by the highway, with the proper French accent, and knew that he had passed. I asked him if he ever wished to write his thoughts. He said that he had read and written letters for those who could not, but he had never tried to write thoughts,—no, he could not, he could not tell what to put first, it would kill him, and then there was spelling to be attended to at the same time!

I heard that a distinguished wise man and reformer asked him if he did not want the world to be changed; but he answered with a chuckle of surprise in his Canadian accent, not knowing that the question had ever been entertained before, "No, I like it well enough." It would have suggested many things to a philosopher to have dealings with him. To a stranger he appeared to know nothing of things in general; yet I sometimes saw in him a man whom I had not seen before, and I did not know whether he was as wise as Shakspere or as simply ignorant as a child, whether to suspect him of a fine poetic consciousness or of stupidity. A townsman told me that when he met him sauntering through the village in his small close-fitting cap, and whistling to himself, he reminded him of a prince in disguise.

His only books were an almanac and an arithmetic, in which last he was considerably expert. The former was a sort of cyclopedia to him, which he supposed to contain an abstract of human knowledge, as indeed it does to a considerable extent. I loved to sound him on the various reforms of the day, and he never failed to look at them in the most simple and practical light. He had never heard of such things before. Could he do without factories? I asked. He had worn the homemade Vermont gray, he said, and that was good. Could he dispense with tea and coffee? Did this country afford any beverage besides water? He had soaked hemlock leaves in water and drank it, and thought that was better than water in warm weather. When I asked him if he could do without money, he showed the convenience of money in such a way as to suggest and coincide with the most philosophical accounts of the origin of this institution, and the very derivation of the word *pecunia*. If an ox were his property, and he wished to get needles and thread at the store, he thought it would be inconvenient and impossible soon to go on mortgaging some portion of the creature each time to that amount. He could defend many institutions better than any philosopher, because, in describing them as they concerned him, he gave the true reason for their prevalence, and speculation had not suggested to him any other. At another time, hearing Plato's definition of a man,—a biped without feathers,—and that one exhibited a cock plucked and called it Plato's man, he thought if an important difference that the *knees* bent the wrong way. He would sometimes exclaim, "How I love to talk! by George, I could talk all day!" I asked him once, when I had not seen him for many months, if he had got a new idea this summer. "Good Lord," said he, "a man that has to work as I do, if he does not forget the ideas he has had, he will do well. May be the man you hoe with is inclined to race; then, by gorry, your mind must be there; you think of weeds." He would sometimes ask me first on such occasions, if I had made any improvement. One winter day I asked him if he was always satisfied with himself, wishing to suggest a substitute within him for the priest without, and some higher motive for living. "Satisfied!" said he; "some men are satisfied with one thing, and some with another. One man, perhaps, if he has got enough, will be satisfied to sit all day with his back to the fire and his belly to the table, by George!" Yet I never, by any maneuvring, could get him to take the spiritual view of things; the highest that he appeared to conceive of was a simple expediency, such as you might expect an animal to appreciate; and this, practically, is true of most men. If I suggested any improvement in his mode of life, he merely answered, without expressing any regret, that it was too late. Yet he thoroughly believed in honesty and the like virtues.

There was a certain positive originality, however slight, to be detected in him, and I occasionally observed that he was thinking for himself and expressing his own opinion, a phenomenon so rare that I would any day walk ten miles to observe it, and it amounted to the reöriginating of many of the institutions of society. Though he hesitated, and perhaps failed to express himself distinctly, he always had a presentable thought behind. Yet his thinking was so primitive and immersed in his animal life, that, though more promising than a merely learned man's, it rarely ripened to anything which can be reported. He suggested that there might be men of genius in the lowest grades of life, however permanently humble and illiterate, who take their own view always, or do not pretend to see at all; who are as bottomless even as Walden Pond was thought to be, though they may be dark and muddy.

THE HERMIT HAS VISITORS, MANY OF THEM BORES.

Many a traveler came out of his way to see me and the inside of my house, and, as an excuse for calling, asked for a glass of water. I told them that I drank at the pond, and pointed thither, offering to lend them a dipper. Far off as I lived, I was not exempted from the annual visitation which occurs, methinks, about the first of April, when everybody is on the move; and I had my share of good luck, though there were some curious specimens among my visitors. Half-witted men from the alms-house and elsewhere came to see me; but I endeavored to make them exercise all the wit they had, and make their confessions to me; in such cases making wit the theme of our conversation; and so was compensated. Indeed, I found some of them to be wiser than the so-called *overseers* of the poor and selectmen of the town, and thought it was time that the tables were turned. With respect to wit, I learned that there was not much difference between the half and the whole. One day, in particular, an inoffensive, simple-minded pauper, whom with others I had often seen used as fencing-stuff, standing or sitting on a bushel in the fields to keep cattle and himself from straying, visited me, and expressed a wish to live as I did. He told me, with the utmost simplicity and truth, quite superior, or rather *inferior*, to anything that is called humility, that he was "deficient in intellect." These were his words. The Lord had made him so, yet he supposed the Lord cared as much for him as for another. "I have always been so," said he, "from my childhood; I never had much mind; I was not like other children; I am weak in the head. It was the Lord's will, I suppose." And there he was to prove the truth of his words. He was a metaphysical puzzle to me. I have rarely met a fellow-man on such promising ground—it was so simple and sincere, and so true all that he said. And, true enough, in proportion as he appeared to humble himself was he exalted. I did not know at first but it was the result of a wise policy. It seemed that from such a basis of truth and frankness as the poor weak-headed pauper had laid, our intercourse might go forward to something better than the intercourse of sages.

I had some guests from those not reckoned commonly among the town's poor, but who should be; who are among the world's poor, at any rate; guests who appeal, not to your hospitality, but to your *hospitality*; who earnestly wish to be helped, and preface their appeal with the information that they are resolved, for one thing, never to help themselves. I require of a visitor that he be not actually starving, though he may have the very best appetite in the world, however he got it. Objects of charity are not guests. Men who did not know when their visit had terminated, though I went about my business again, answering them from greater and greater remoteness. Men of almost every degree of wit called on me in the migrating season. Some who had more wits than they knew what to do with; runaway slaves with plantation manners, who listened from time to time, like the fox in the fable, as if they heard the hounds a-baying on their track, and looked at me beseechingly, as much as to say,

"O Christian, will you send me back?"

One real runaway slave, among the rest, whom I helped to forward toward the north star. Men of one idea, like a hen with one chicken, and that a duckling; men of a thousand ideas, and unkempt heads, like those hens which are made to take charge of a hundred chickens, all in pursuit of one bug, a score of them lost in every morning's dew,—and become frazzled and mangy in consequence; men of ideas instead of legs, a sort of intellectual centipede that made you crawl all over. One man proposed a book in which visitors should write their names, as at the White Mountains; but, alas! I have too good a memory to make that necessary.

I could not but notice some of the peculiarities of my visitors. Girls and boys and young women generally

seemed glad to be in the woods. They looked in the pond and at the flowers, and improved their time. Men of business, even farmers, thought only of solitude and employment, and of the great distance at which I dwelt from something or other; and though they said they loved a ramble in the woods occasionally, it was obvious that they did not. Restless committed men, whose time was all taken up in getting a living or keeping it; ministers who spoke of God as if they enjoyed a monopoly of the subject, who could not bear all kinds of opinions; doctors, lawyers, uneasy housekeepers who pried into my cupboard and bed when I was out,—how came Mrs. —— to know that my sheets were not as clean as hers?—young men who had ceased to be young, and had concluded that it was safest to follow the beaten track of the professions,—all these generally said that it was not possible to do so much good in my position. Ay! there was the rub. The old and infirm and the timid, of whatever age or sex, thought most of sickness, and sudden accident and death; to them life seemed full of danger,—what danger is there if you don't think of any?—and they thought that a prudent man would carefully select the safest position, where Dr. B. might be on hand at a moment's warning. To them the village was literally a *com-munity*, a league for mutual defense, and you would suppose they would not go a-huckleberrying without a medicine chest. The amount of it is, if a man is alive, there is always *danger* that he may die, though the danger must be allowed to be less in proportion as he is dead-and-alive to begin with. A man sits as many risks as he runs. Finally, there were the self-styled reformers, the greatest bores of all, who thought that I was forever singing,—

> This is the house that I built;
> This is the man that lives in the house that I built;

but they did not know that the third line was,—

> There are the folks that worry the man
> That lives in the house that I built.

I did not fear the hen-harriers, for I kept no chickens; but I feared the men-harriers rather.

I had more cheering visitors than the last. Children come a-berrying, railroad men taking a Sunday morning walk in clean shirts, fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers, in short, all honest pilgrims, who came out to the woods for freedom's sake, and really left the village behind, I was ready to greet with,—"Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!" for I had had communication with that race.

461.27 a skimming from your "pan of unwrinkled cream."] The words in quotation marks are possibly Blake's, quoted from his preceding letter.

467.28 what Swedenborg would call "our interiors"] These are the affections, the "thoughts of the heart," man's governing principles or promptings of will. See Emanuel Swedenborg's Arcana Coelestia and his Heaven and Hell. For his wide use of the word, see The Swedenborg Concordance, comp. John Faulkner Potts, (6 vols.) London, 1888-1902, III, 733-747.

467.29 The prophets prophesy as...among the ancient Hebrews...smooth prophets bear away the bells.] See 1 Kings 22, in which only Micaiah dares prophesy truly against Ahab; the other prophets say (22:12): "Go up to Ramoth-gilead, and prosper."

470.12 memoires pour servier] Thoreau undoubtedly wrote "memoires pour servir," quoting the first three words of several significant French histories; e.g., Memoires pour Servir à l'histoire des Hommes Illustres, [by J. P. Niceron], (43 vols.) Paris, 1729-1741; Memoires pour Servir à l'histoire literaire des dix-sept Provinces des Pays-Bas, [by J. N. Paquot], (3 vols.) Louvain, 1765-1770; Memoires secrets pour servir à l'histoire de la république des Lettres en France, 1762-1788, (33 vols.) London, 1784-1788.

470.13 have you read Church's History of Philip's War] Thoreau recommended that Ricketson read: Thomas Church, The Entertaining History of King Philip's War... As also of Expeditions more lately made against the Common Enemy and Indian Rebels in the Eastern Parts of New England; with some account of the divine Providence towards Col. Benjamin Church. A second edition was published at Newport, R. I., in 1772; others, at Boston, 1827; at Exeter, N.H., in 1829; and a revised edition appeared at Hartford in 1845.

475.4 "we are members one of another"] See Ephesians 4:25--"Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor: for we are members one of another."

478.3 read Goethe's Autobiography, by all means] Thoreau refers to it also in his Works (Walden ed.), I, 348. Three translations were available at this time: Memoirs of Goethe: Written by Himself, (2 vols.) London, 1824 (which Emerson had borrowed in the early 1830's from the Boston Athenaeum); also (2 vols.) N.Y., 1824; The Auto-biography of Goethe. Truth and Poetry: from my Life, ed. Parke Godwin, (4 vols. in 2) N.Y., 1846-1847; The Auto-biography of Goethe, tr. John Oxenford, (2 vols.) London (Bohn), 1848-1849. See note on 222.2.

478.4 also Gibbon's] Thoreau's first known acquaintance with Edward Gibbon's works came in his senior year at Harvard, where (January through April, 1837) he read several volumes of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. (See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 86-87.) In an 1838 list of legenda, he recorded Gibbon's name once more, perhaps having in mind the Autobiography or Memoirs. (See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 362-363.) In December, 1840, he completed the Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, Esquire. With Memoirs of his Life and Writings, composed by himself. This might have been one of the three-volume editions illustrated by John Baker Holroyd, First Earl of Sheffield,

one of which appeared in Dublin in 1796. (The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 368-370.)

478.4 Haydon the Painter's [autobiography] See note on 312.34.

478.5 our Franklin's [autobiography] of course] See Walter Harding, Thoreau's Library, p. 52. Thoreau owned The Life of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, possibly the one printed in Salem in 1796.

478.5 perhaps also Alfieris [autobiography] Vittorio Alfieri's Vita, scritta da esso, which appeared in Firenze in 1822, was translated into English as Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Victor Alfieri, (2 vols.) London, 1810. Thoreau probably had in mind: The Autobiography of Vittorio Alfieri, the Tragic Poet, tr. with an original essay on the genius and times of Alfieri, by C. Edwards Lester, N.Y., 1845. (The second edition appeared in the same year.)

478.5 Benvenuto Cellini's [autobiography] See Thoreau's Journal, II, 494-495, for evidence that he was reading this work in September, 1851.

478.6 DeQuincey's Confessions of an Opium Eater] Thomas De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium-eater appeared in book form in England in 1822. American reprintings followed almost immediately, one of them at Philadelphia in 1823. It was supplemented, during the decade of Thoreau's letter, by the Note-book of an English Opium-eater (Boston, 1855). Henry's principal reaction appears in "Higher Laws" in Walden: "I am glad to have drunk water so long, for the same reason that I prefer the natural sky to an opium-eater's heaven. I would fain keep sober always."

478.8 You must read Coleridge again...skipping all his theology...if you value precise definitions] This, of course, was Emerson's point of view, formulated between 1829 and 1836. See "Coleridge and the 'First Philosophy'" in Emerson the Essayist, I, 162-199, and Emerson's "Modern Aspects of Letters" (January 14, 1836) in The Early Lectures, I, 377-380.

478.10 read DeQuincey's reminiscences of Coleridge & Wordsworth] Though serialized in 1834 and later, they did not appear in book form until Literary Reminiscences; from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater, (2 vols.) Boston, 1851; and in his Autobiographic Sketches, (2 vols.) Boston, 1853; London, 1853. They were widely reviewed.

478.24 polygamy with its troubles is the fate of almost all men...two wives—their genius (a celestial muse) and...some fair daughter of the earth] See a similar observation in chapter II of Walden: "...but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife—every man has such a wife—changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him."

480.8 acknowledge the receit of "Tom Bowling"—& the May-flower] For a reproduction of the words and music of the old ballad, see the Thoreau Society Bulletin, No. 51 (Spring, 1955), p. 2. The music was apparently composed by Thomas John Dibdin (1771-1841), who is said to have written 2000 songs and 200 operas and plays. The May-flower was the Trailing Arbutus. See next note.

480.10 his body only is epigaea repens (creeping over the earth)] The Epigaea repens or Trailing Arbutus is the state flower of Massachusetts, sometimes called May-flower or Ground Laurel. Just as Adonis was

metamorphosed into an anemone of bloody hue, the noble Tom Bowling at his death became the white Trailing Arbutus. The Epigaea repens coming in the same mail as the ballad probably suggested to Thoreau's imagination Epigeus, the Grecian prince, who accompanied Achilles to the Trojan War and who, after many deeds of bravery, was killed by Hector. See the Iliad, Book XVI, 570.

480.21 Olmstead was the only entire stranger] Possibly Frederick Law Olmsted, A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, with Remarks on their Economy, London, 1856; N.Y., 1856; A Journey through Texas; or, A Saddle-trip on the Southwestern Frontier, N.Y. and London, 1857; or even Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England, N.Y., 1852. Cholmondeley's condemnation of the author's wordiness was justified. The first two titles and a third (A Journey in the Back Country, London & N.Y., 1860) were condensed and reissued as The Cotton Kingdom, (2 vols.) N.Y., 1861. For Olmsted's significance as a landscape architect and conservationist, see James D. Hart, The Oxford Companion to American Literature.

481.4 the book of Enoch] See The Book of Enoch the Prophet; an Apocryphal Production, supposed for ages to have been lost, but discovered at the close of the last century in Abyssinia; now first translated from an Ethiopic MS. in the Bodleian Library, by Richard Laurence. A third edition, revised and enlarged, appeared at Oxford in 1838.

481.5 inedited Poems of Daniel] Possibly a reference to The Apocrypha of the Book of Daniel; containing the Story of Susannah; the Prayer of Azariah, with the Hymn of the Three Children; and the History of Bel the Dragon, tr. from the Vulgate Latin; with notes; and a short treatise on the matter contained in these pieces. By Luke Howard, London, 1829.

481.14 His is a tongue "not understanded" of the English people.] The allusion is to Article XXIV ("Of Speaking in the Congregation"), one of the Thirty-nine Articles or "Articles of Religion", appended to the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England and to those of its daughter churches, including the Episcopal Church in the United States: "It is a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God, and the custom of the Primitive Church, to have public Prayer in the Church, or to minister the Sacraments, in a tongue not understanded of the people"—an important slogan in England at the time of the Reformation. In other words, Whitman does not speak to Englishmen in a tongue they can understand.

482.11 Talking of Jerusalem..."every good man had a mansion of his own there...."] Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834-1892) here drew upon the imagery of John 14:2-4.

482.12 a crown that would fit no other head] See 1 Cor. 9:25; 2 Timothy 4:8; James 1:12; 1 Peter 5:4; Revelation 2:10; 3:11; 4:4; and 4:10.

482.18 The bells...are ringing somewhere for the queens birthday they tell me.] Queen Victoria was born on May 24, 1819. Probably because, in 1857, the anniversary fell upon a Sunday, the city shifted the observance to Tuesday. The British Museum has checked for me the appropriate issues of Boyle's Court Guide, the Annual Register, and the appropriate issues of the London Times, without locating a specific reference to the bell-ringing in London on May 26.

483.5 By measurement she [the Great Eastern] is larger than the Ark.] Planned in 1852, completed in 1857, and launched in 1859, the Great East-

ern was then the largest ship in the world. In 1860, she reached New York in eleven days, and, beginning in 1869, laid telegraph cables under the Atlantic. She was demolished in 1888. The comparison with the Ark of Noah (Genesis 6-7) is only figurative.

488.5 Kirby and Spence (the fullest [on Glow-worms])] According to Harding, Thoreau's Library, p. 64, Thoreau owned William Kirby and William Spence, An Introduction to Entomology, London, 1856.

488.6 Knapp ("Journal of a Naturalist")] Thoreau owned John Leonard Knapp, Journal of a Naturalist, Philadelphia, 1831. (After his death, Sophia Thoreau gave it to the Concord Free Public Library.)

488.6 "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge" (Rennie)] Thoreau owned several volumes on insects by James Rennie—all published in the series issued by the Library of Entertaining Knowledge: Insect Architecture (London, 1830); Insect Miscellanies (2 vols., London, 1831); and Insect Transformations (London, 1830).

488.7 a French work] Thoreau had in his library a one-volume French work with the title Cours d'Histoire Naturelle. This might have been volume one of Etienne Mulsant's Cours élementaire d'histoire naturelle, contenant les applications de cette science aux diverses connaisances utiles, (3 vols.) Paris, 1856-1860. Walter Harding (Thoreau's Library, pp. 57-58) suggests that Thoreau might have owned J. B. Hennebert and G. G. de Beaurieu, Cours d'histoire naturelle, ou tableau de la nature considerée dans l'homme, les quadrupeds, les oiseaux, les poissons, Paris, 1770.

488.14 Perhaps the worms exhibited by Durkee (whose statement...in the "Traveller" of August 12, 1857, I send you)]

6

BOSTON DAILY TRAVELLER, WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 12, 1857

BOSTON SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Reported for the *Traveller* by the Recording Secretary.

Second July Meeting.

Dr. CHAS. T. JACKSON, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Committee of the Council to whom was referred the consideration of the expediency of raising the annual assessment from three to five dollars, presented a report, which was read and accepted. The committee concluded their report with the recommendation that the annual assessment be five instead of three dollars. The consideration of this recommendation was postponed to the next meeting.

The chairman read a letter from TOWNSEND GLOVER of Washington, returning thanks to the Society for his election as Corresponding Member, and accepting the same. Mr. Glover likewise wrote that he intended soon to send to the Society a number of plates of *Insects injurious to Vegetation*, which he was preparing for publication.

Mr. T. J. WHITTEMORE read a letter from a gentleman in Germany, proposing to exchange a collection of fossil shells of Austria for those of North America, or a rare and costly work on Fossils for the same. The letter was referred to the Curator of Geology.

The SECRETARY said that he felt it his duty to call the attention of the Society to the fact, that, of late, several reports of the proceedings of the Society had been published in the *Boston Courier*, contrary to the rules of the society, and in violation of an arrangement made with the *Boston Traveller*, for the exclusive reports of the meetings. The subject of these reports had been discussed at a recent meeting, and although at that time it was not deemed advisable, in virtue of the existing rules, to take any action in the premises, nevertheless, the opinion generally expressed by those entering into the discussion was, that the meetings of the society were private, and that no person, member or otherwise, had a right to report its transactions, unless so authorized by the society. He was not certain who was the author of the communications to the *Courier*, but he thought it was the duty of the society either to discontinue its relations with the *Traveller*, or to suppress unauthorized reports.

The Chairman, Dr. C. T. JACKSON, stated that, owing to the difficulty of having correct reports printed in the newspapers, an arrangement was some years since made with the editors of the *Traveller*, to have full reports, or abstracts of communications made to this Society published in their paper, under the directions of the Recording Secretary; and a contract had been made with the editors of that paper, to the effect that the Secretary should prepare for that paper, exclusively, the reports of the doings of this Society. This arrangement was beneficial both to the Society and to that newspaper, and although much of the matter published by the Society was too technical for popular readers, yet the *Traveller* had performed faithfully its part in the publication of all the matter communicated by the Secretary. All papers are subject to revision by the Society, before they are published, by being produced at the next meeting after they have been read. This arrangement affords opportunities for corrections, if errors have been made in the record. He further remarked that the Boston Society of Natural History has an undoubted right to control the publication of its proceedings, and that not even the author of a communication, after he had presented his paper to the Society, had any right to publish it himself, in advance of the publication by the Society, unless by vote of the Society this privilege was granted, or unless the right to do so had been claimed and allowed before reading the paper. This is a law recognized by all scientific Societies, and one that is necessary to their welfare. To allow the proceedings of this Society to be reported irregularly and partially, would be a great evil, and especially to subject them to the numerous errors that would be liable to occur, where the proofs were not read by a competent naturalist. The Vice President therefore ruled, from the chair, *that no one but the Secretary of this Society, as authorized by a vote of its Council, and by its agreement with the Boston Traveller, has any right to report the proceedings of the Society for any newspaper or journal.*

DR. SAMUEL KNEELAND, JR., read a paper on the BIRDS OF KEWEENAW POINT, LAKE SUPERIOR.—The birds mentioned in this list were se n by Dr. K. during a residence of nearly a year at Portage Lake, from August, 1856, to June, 1857. A few have been introduced by the authority of competent eye witnesses. By Keweenaw Point is included that portion of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, which extends up into Lake Superior, embracing not only the Point proper, but the western portion as far as Ontonagon, the region of Portage Lake and Entry, and the Anse of Keweenaw Bay,—all of which localities he visited. It is the Copper Region of Lake Superior, lying between 47 and 48 degrees north latitude, and between 88 and 90 degrees longitude west from Greenwich. The list is only an approximation to a complete catalogue of the birds of Upper Michigan, as the adjacent regions have been but little explored; and it is probable that many warblers and migratory birds will be hereafter added to it. This district is for the most part heavily wooded with pines, spruces, maples, &c., and would naturally be supposed to be the favorite retreat of many more birds than are found in it. The stillness of the dark and virgin forests is most remarkable, and it is only during the few warmer months that the woods lose their dismal character. Snow begins to fall about the middle of November, from which date to the middle of March there is scarcely a day without some fall of snow. Hence only the hardier birds can remain during the winter months. The numerous small lakes and water courses are the resorts and breeding places of various water-birds.

For want of space only the common names will be given The scientificnames were fully given in Dr. Kneeland's paper, which will be published in the "Proceedings" of the Society:—

FALCONIDÆ.

Golden Eagle. Bald Eagle.
Fish Hawk. Gyr-Falcon.
Great-footed Hawk. Pigeon Hawk.
Sparrow Hawk. Common Buzzard
Red-shouldered Hawk. Red-tailed Buzzard.
Rough-legged Buzzard. Goshawk.
Cooper's Hawk. Common Harrier.
Sharp-shinned Hawk.

STRIGIDÆ.

Hawk Owl. Snowy Owl.
Acadian Owl. Cinereous Owl.
Barred Owl. Great-horned Owl
Mottled Owl.

CAPRIMULGIDÆ.

Whip-poor-will. Night Hawk.

HIRUNDINIDÆ.

Barn Swallow. White-bellied Swallow.

ALCEDINIDÆ.

Belted King-fisher.

CERTHIDÆ.

Red-bellied Nuthatch. Winter Wren.

TUSCINIDÆ.

Blue Bird. Arctic Blue Bird.
Water Thrush. Black-capped Tit.
Hudson's Bay Tit. Yellow Poll Warbler.
Canada Warbler. Yellow-rumped Warbler.
Black Poll Warbler. Black & Yellow Warbler.
Black-throated Green Warbler. Wag Tail.

TURDIDÆ.

American Robin.—This bird appears in the latter part of April, a month before the snow leaves the ground.
Wood Thrush. Rufous-backed Thrush. Olive-backed Thrush.
Cat Bird.—This bird is not found at Portage Lake, though it is said to occur in the more settled parts of the country. As it is one of the species which follow the course of agriculture, it is quite likely that it will soon become a general summer resident.

MUSCICAPIDÆ.

King Bird. Pewit Flycatcher. Wood Pewee.
Red Start. Red-eyed Vireo. White-eyed Vireo

AMPELIDÆ.

Bohemian Wax Wing. Cedar Bird

LANIDÆ.

Great American Shrike.

CORVIDÆ.

Canada Jay.—This bird is common in the winter, and is a great pest to the trappers, from its propensity to steal their poisoned baits. Like the raven it often falls a victim to its greediness by devouring meat containing strychnine, set for foxes and the fur-bearing animals.
Blue Jay. American Magpie.
American Raven. American Crow.

STURNIDÆ.

Rusty Grakle.—Appears early in the spring in immense flocks, and very fat.
Cow Blackbird. Red-winged Blackbird.
Bob-o'-link?

FRINGILLIDÆ.

Rose-breasted Grosbeak. American Goldfinch.
Lesser Red-poll.
These birds are seen in flocks of twenty or thirty all through the winter, in the woods near the lake and in the beaten roads, in company frequently with the snow birds.
Snow Bird. Fox-colored Sparrow.
Pine Finch. Long Sparrow.
White-throated Sparrow.
This bird is very abundant, and its sweet song is to be heard at all hours of the day and night in the spring and summer.
White-crowned Sparrow. Bay-winged Sparrow
Chipping Sparrow. Tree Sparrow
Snow Bunting. Lapland Lark [illegible]
Shore Lark? Purple Finch.
Pine Grosbeak. Common Cr[illegible]
White-winged Crossbill.
The former of these Crossbills occurs in large flocks during most of the winter, hopping about [illegible] with the familiarity of chipping sparrows.

PICIDÆ.

Arctic Woodpecker.—Common during the [illegible] the severe winters of Lake Superior.
Three-toed Woodpecker Hairy Woodpecker.
Downy " Canada "
Pileated " Red-headed "
Golden-winged "

COLUMBIDÆ.

Passenger Pigeon.—Seen at Portage Lake [illegible] May 4th.

TETRAONIDÆ.

Common Quail.—Another of the birds which follows man in agricultural progress. A few years since unknown in the Upper Peninsula; now not uncommon on the Point. As more attention is paid to agriculture the quail will doubtless be more common in the fields.
Canada Grouse. Ruffed Grouse
The first species of Grouse is comparatively rare. The latter is very common in the woods at all seasons of the year.
White Ptarmigan.—There is a white grouse on this region, but whether it is the *Lagopus mutus*, or *leucurus*, Dr. Kneeland is uncertain.

CHARADRIADÆ.

Black-bellied Plover. Golden Plover
American Ring Plover.

ARDEIDÆ.

Sandhill Crane. Green Heron
American Bittern.

SCOLOPACIDÆ.

Yellow-shanks Tatler. Tell-tale Tatler
Solitary Tatler. Long-legged Sandpiper.
Schinz's Sandpiper. Semipalmated [illegible]
Peep. Red-breasted Snipe
Common Snipe. Woodcock
Wilson's Phalarope.

RALLIDÆ.

Sora Rail.—Not uncommon at Portage Lake in September and October.
American Coot.
The Tatlers, Sandpipers, Snipes, Coots, Geese, Ducks and Looks begin to arrive at Portage Lake about the last of April, when only the small streams opening into the lake are free from ice, from this time till the last of May, when the ice disappears, they are very numerous, and are shot in great numbers.

ANATIDÆ.

White-fronted Goose. Snow Goose
Canada Goose.
The first two species are rare compared with the Canada Goose.
American Swan, seen flying over; not known to alight.
Summer or Wood Duck. American Widgeon
Pintail Duck.
Mallard, Dusky Duck,
Green-winged Teal, Blue-winged Teal
Gadwall Duck, Shoveller Duck,
Ring-necked Duck, Scaup Duck,
Canvass Back Duck.
The Canvass Back Duck has been occasionally seen there during its migrations, but none have been known to have been shot.
Red-headed Duck, Golden-eye Duck,
Buffel-headed Duck, Goosander,
Red-breasted Merganser, Hooded Merganser.
Dr. K. has been informed by hunters that there exists at some seasons a nearly white merganser or "*saw-bill*," as they call it, in the lakes of this vicinity. From the alleged improbability of the occurrence of the *Smew* (Mergellus albellus, Linn.) except as a very rare visitor from Arctic Europe, Dr. K. has not included this bird in his list, though its occurrence is firmly maintained by the Indians and hunters who ought to know. The bird seen by them may have been some white-plumaged duck; though Dr. K. is inclined to believe that Audubon is wrong in excluding the Smew from the American continent and that Wilson is right in making it not an uncommon bird here.

COLYMBIDÆ.

Common Loon. This is a very common species at Portage Lake, in the spring and summer, and is here possessed of all the shyness peculiar to it in more populous localities. The only way the gunner can approach it in the open lake, where it delights to sport and feed, is to conceal the bow of his boat or canoe with branches of evergreen, and surmount this with a bright flag. Behind this screen he can paddle easily towards the bird, whose natural curiosity prompts him to swim towards it to see what it is. By keeping up a shrill whistle at the same time, it is not difficult to get within gun shot. The bird is hunted considerably for its skin, which is used by the natives for *bags, pouches* and knife-sheaths.
Red-throated Diver. Black-*throated* Diver.
Crested Grebe, Horned Grebe, Pied-bill Dabchick.

LARIDÆ.

Herring Gull. Very common on the great lakes, following in the wake of steamers and vessels, and it is not uncommon on Portage Lake. There is said to be a smaller black-headed Gull there, but Dr. K. has never seen it above the Sault St. Marie.
Common Tern. Also undoubtedly other species of Tern.

PELICANIDÆ.

White Pelican. One seen and shot at the Point a few years since.
Total, 147 species; of which 96 are land birds and 51 water birds. The birds of prey are numerous, and consequently the warblers, fly-catchers and finches are in the proportion to supply them with food. The Crow and Woodpecker families preserve the usual ratio of cold climates; while the ducks, divers, and beach birds are what we should naturally expect to find in the neighborhood of the largest and finest sheet of fresh water in the world.

DR. SILAS DURKEE exhibited two specimens of the Common Glow Worm, (Lampyris noctilica,) which were found in Dedham. The specimens are not the larvæ of insects; but the perfect female of a winged beetle (coleoptera,) from which it is so different, that nothing but the actual observation would enable us to infer that they are different sexes of the same insect. They have a small flat head; the antennæ are about half a line in length; and when examined with a common pocket magnifier, are seen to consist of two colors, white and chestnut, alternately. They do not appear to have the power of producing or extinguishing the light at will. Their brilliancy is less than that of the Elater noctilucus, two specimens of which Dr. D. exhibited several months since. He took occasion to watch these glow worms during an interval of about 9 hours, commencing at eight o'clock in the evening. The peculiar faculty of producing light began to show itself between the segments of the body, at the large spiracles or stigmata which may be seen in connection with the wings—there being two of these spiracula to each segment, and twenty-four in all.

From about 8 o'clock to midnight, the light along the rings and at the spiracles was much more brilliant than it was through the segments themselves. But during the latter part of the night, the light was equally diffused throughout the entire length of the worm. This was the case in both specimens. And during this distribution of the luminous power, or properties, nothing could be seen of the spiracula, or of the segments or joints. The worms appeared as if they were two fused masses of beautiful phosphorescent light; sometimes at rest, sometimes assuming a variety of shapes, according to the slow and graceful movements of the insects. The luminous properties were perfectly displayed through a few of the spiracula and a few of the joints, while all the rest were in a condition like that which is maintained during the day; that is, they yielded no light. This partial illumination, however, soon gave place to the most charming diffusion of light along the whole length of the body, and the latter condition was preserved unbroken until the light of day broke the charm, and these fairy little creatures were transformed into mere worms. It is said that the light in the female is most brilliant in the season when the sexes are destined to meet. In some species the light is emitted only during the period of propagation.

THE CURATOR of *Crustacea and Radiata* asked to be excused from the care of the crustacea, or to have the department divided. He thought there was sufficient labor for two curators, and he could properly take charge of the radiata only. The subject was referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. Abbot, Gould and Whittemore.

PRESENTATIONS.—A specimen of Ripple Marks in Sandstone; Parasitic Shells from a Lobster; Algæ, &c., from Dr. S. Kneeland, Jr.; some Paraguay Tea from Mr. N. H. Bishop; and a Horned Toad from Texas, from Mr. Ainsworth, for which the thanks of the Society were voted.

JAMES H. SLAWSON, of Houghton, Michigan, was elected a Corresponding Member.

Messrs. CHAS. V. BEMIS, M. D., of Medford, and OLIVER W. PEABODY, of Boston, were elected Resident Members.

A Death-Scene.

Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting,
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze:
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved and never closed;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not,
Wandered not, nor yet reposed.

So I knew that he was dying—
Stooped and raised his languid head;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,
So I knew that he was dead.

—Emily Bronte

[Emily Bronte]

488.21 I shall be glad to receive the Drosera at any time] He discusses the Drosera rotundifolia in the Journal, II, 431; IV, 75; IX, 291—a species of "a large genus of bog-inhabiting insectivorous herbs, the sundews...."

488.22 I am looking over Loudon's "Arboretum"...added to our Library] Thoreau himself owned John Claudius Loudon's Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum; or the Trees and Shrubs of Britain, native and foreign, delineated and...described, (8 vols.) London, 1838. The Concord Town Library acquired the second edition in eight volumes (London, 1844).

489.4 Your Wilson Flagg...His style, as I remember, is singularly vague (I refer to the book)] Thoreau here gives important memoranda on what he considers an effective prose style. Thomas Wilson Flagg (1805-1884), born in Beverly, Massachusetts, was a minor naturalist, essayist, and poet. The book referred to was Studies in the Field & Forest, Boston, 1857. Thoreau quoted from one of Flagg's works in Journal, XII, 58 (July 25, 1859). See W. G. Barton, "Thoreau, Flagg, and Burroughs," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 16 (III Quarter 1959), pp. 51-64.

490.5 Can't you extract any advantage out of that depression of spirits] Cf. the note on Goethe on 222.2.

496.11 "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"] See Psalm 97.1.

496.22 banks are found to be mere reeds shaken by the wind] See Matthew 11:7 and Luke 7:24.

497.16 read Ruskin's books...his "Modern Painters"..."Seven Lamps of Architecture"] For echoes of Thoreau's reading in Ruskin, see the Journal, X, 69, 147, 209-210 (Oct. 6, 29; Nov. 27, 1857). In the last he notes from Ruskin's Elements of Drawing.

498.25 I keep a mountain anchored off eastward...which I ascend in my dreams] For an excellent commentary on the mountain symbol in English and American Romanticism, see Marjorie Hope Nicolson, Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory: The Development of the Aesthetics of the Infinite, Ithaca, 1959].

498.37 Was it not Umbagog?] Umbagog Lake, source of the Androscoggin River. It lies partly in Coos County, New Hampshire, and partly in Oxford County, Maine.

499.7 when the night is coming in which no man can walk] Modification of the language of John 9:4—"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

500.5 "Where thro' the desert walks the lapwing flies
And tires their echoes with unceasing cries."]
Ricketson thought these lines might have come from Sir Walter Scott. They are actually a variation of a couplet from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," lines 44-45:

Amid thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

500.19 come out and call together the lost sheep of Israel] Echo of Matthew 10:6 and 15:24.

500.28 "carrying coals to Newcastle"] Proverbial in England since the seventeenth century. For variations and parallels, see Burton Stevenson,

The Home Book of Proverbs and The Home Book of Quotations.

500.28 I would sit at the feet of Gamaliel] See Acts 22:3 in which St. Paul says he was educated in Jerusalem "at the feet of Gamaliel and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers...." For the character of Gamaliel, see Acts 5:34-39.

506.20 (V. Hodges' account of his excursion [to Quebec] via the Allegash...in the 2nd Report on the Geology of the Public Lands of Maine & Mass, in '37.)] See Maine: Geological Survey, Second Annual Report on the Geology of the Public Lands, belonging to the two States of Massachusetts and Maine, by Charles Thomas Jackson, Boston, 1838. (Issued also as House Document No. 70, Mass. General Court, 1838. Printed also in Augusta, 1838. The "Report on the Allagash Section from the Penobscot to the St. Lawrence River" by James Thatcher Hodge appears on pages 46-68.

507.12 (V. Colton's R. R. & Township map of Maine.) Not listed under "Maps" in Harding's Thoreau's Library. I reproduce a section of Francis Parkman's copy, now in the Map Room of Harvard College Library. It was published by Joseph H. Colton and Co. (New York) and C. C. Hall (Portland, Maine) in 1855. Its call number is M3275.16.

[This very large map has an attractive border design.]

Rock

COLTON'S
Railroad & Township Map
OF THE STATE OF
MAINE
WITH PORTIONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,
(New Brunswick & Canada.)

PUBLISHED BY J. H. COLTON & Co

No 172 WILLIAM St NEW YORK,

AND C. C. HALL, PORTLAND, MAINE.

1855

M3 2.5.16

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855 by J. H. Colton in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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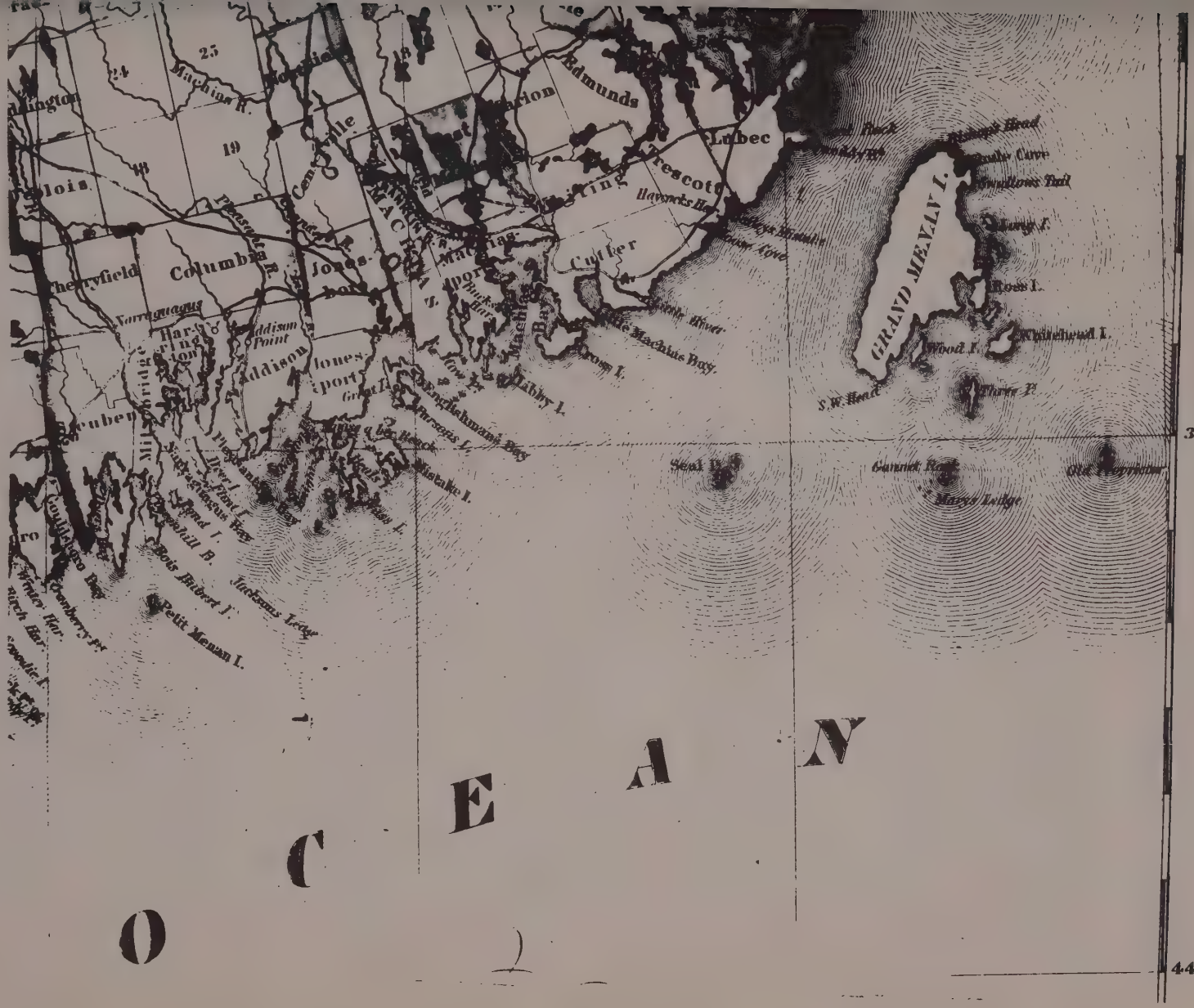
Machias R.
Machias
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Eastport
Campobello I.
Columbia
Jonesport
Addison Point
Addison
Harrington
Pleasant R.
Pleasant Bay
Petit Manan I.
Petit Manan Point
Petit Manan Bar
Jacksons Ledge
Mistake I.
Pond I.
Dyer I.
Head Harbour I.
Head Harbour
Grand Manan I.
Swallow Tail
Ross I.
Wood I.
Three P.
S.W. Head
Gannet Rock
Old Proprietor
Mayo's Ledge
Libby I.
Cutler
Machias Bay
Machias River
Machias Bay
Pleasant Bay
Jones Port
Addison
Harrington
Columbia
Cherryfield
Milbridge
Steuben
Gouldsboro
Gouldsboro Bay
Winter Harbor
Frenchman's Bay
Sullivan
Trescott
Lubec
Edmunds
Cutler
Machias
Machias R.
Pleasant R.
Columbia
Cherryfield
Jonesport
Addison
Addison Point
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Milbridge
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Gouldsboro Bay
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Grand Manan I.
Swallow Tail
Ross I.
Wood I.
Three P.
S.W. Head
Gannet Rock
Old Proprietor
Mayo's Ledge
Libby I.

512.6 What a prospect you can get every morning from the hill-top east of your house!] I believe these phrases are unconscious echoes of Emerson's Nature (Boston, 1836), 21.12ff.: "I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house...with emotions which an angel might share."

513.18 and 28 "fire in my belly"] Possibly an expression used by Thoreau in a letter to B. B. Wiley now lost, or one of the figurative expressions Emerson praised in the chapter on "Language" in Nature—expressions noticeable in "the conversation of a strong-natured farmer or backwoodsman, which all men relish." See Nature (Boston, 1836), 37.14-16.

513.22 I believe that am I once fairly on deck I should not want to go below again.] Wiley here paraphrases Thoreau's famous words in the final chapter of Walden: "I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world.... I do not wish to go below now."

513.33 came across your translation of Cato's advice to those buying farms...and I let this farm alone.] Wiley is referring to the following passage in Walden, chap. II: "Old Cato, whose 'De Re Rustica' is my 'Cultivator,' says...'When you think of getting a farm turn it thus in your mind, not to buy greedily...and do not think it enough to go round it once. The oftener you go there the more it will please you, if it is good.' I think I shall not buy greedily, but go round and round it as long as I live...."

519.15 Channing's poem "Near Home" was printed (if not published) by James Munroe and Co.] See William Ellery Channing (the younger), Near Home; a Poem, Boston, 1858. One copy survives in the Boston Athenaeum; another was once in Thoreau's book collection. (See Harding's Thoreau's Library, p. 40.) On the basis of this letter, the work must have appeared in early July. Thoreau had been critical of the poet's handwriting.

523.1 reflections over these inspiring vessels. (P.S. Of wrath?)] A playful allusion to Romans 9:22 and Rev. 15:7 and 16:1.

523.5 This puts me to thinking, as Jack Downing would say] I cannot locate the phrase in either [Seba Smith's] The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing of Downingville away down East in the State of Maine (Boston, 1833) or [Charles Augustus Davis'] Letters of J. Downing, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade, to his old Friend, Mr. Dwight, or the New York Daily Advertiser, New-York, 1834.

523.8 I am ready to "acknowledge the corn," and plead guilty] The quoted words—now proverbial—were uttered by Charles A. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, while debating in the House of Representatives in 1828. See Maximilian Schele De Vere, Americanisms; the English of the New World, N.Y., 1872.

523.14 whence like the decensus averni there is no return] The first of the italicized words is misspelled. Ricketson alludes to Virgil's Æneid, Book VI, lines 126ff.:

> facilis descensus Averno;
> Noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;
> Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est.

523.22 and the phrase, tribute to the sea, is, I think, borrowed from

...your winter voyage to Nantucket] Thoreau used the italicized words in his letter to Ricketson dated January 6, 1855. See Correspondence, 362.6. He was apparently seasick on the voyage to the island on December 27-29, 1854. See Journal, VII, 91-97.

523.25 I have published my history of New Bedford in a neat duodecimo] See Daniel Ricketson, The History of New Bedford, Bristol County, Massachusetts: including a history of the old Township of Dartmouth and the present Townships of Westport, Dartmouth, and Fairhaven from their Settlement to the Present Time, New Bedford, 1858.

523.26 am prospecting for a volume of poems—also writing some sketches called "Smoke from my Pipe"—in...which I introduce a certain philosopher] Ricketson's poems and sketch of Thoreau ultimately appeared in Daniel Ricketson and his Friends; Letters, Poems, Sketches, etc., edited by Anna and Walton Ricketson, Boston & N.Y., 1902.

524.20 Your "Isle of Haut" is properly "Isle Haute" or the High Island of Champlain's map.] Thoreau's thorough knowledge of the French settlement of Nova Scotia, made fifteen years prior to the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and his acquaintance with French explorations of the New England coast between 1604 and 1608 are demonstrated in chapter X of Cape Cod. See his Writings (Walden ed.), IV, pp. 227-233. For his study of Champlain's maps, see the reproductions of the Canadian Notebook and its inserts in my forthcoming Transcendental Climate, vols. II and III. (The original MS. is in the Pierpont Morgan Library.)

525.5 Did you ever see an English traveller who was not ["highly connected"]? While at Harvard, Thoreau formed a not-too-pleasant view of the English traveller. (It was considerably softened after he had met Charles Lane and Thomas Cholmondeley.) See his "Index Rerum," containing references to his reading in Bulwer-Lytton's England and the English, (2 vols.) N.Y., 1833 (Transcendentalists and Minerva, III, 877-882). On Oct. 28, 1836, Prof. Edward Tyrrel Channing assigned to Thoreau's class the following theme topic: "Travellers & Inhabitants: Causes of equally imperfect & differing accounts of Countries by Travellers & by inhabitants"—the theme to be due on Nov. 11, 1836. Though Thoreau's paper probably does not survive, he made use of the following paragraph from England and the English, I, 5-6, if one may hazard a guess:

> A work of this character, if written by a native, must necessarily, however, be somewhat serious, and to the ordinary reader somewhat dull. A foreigner cannot fail to be a more amusing writer on the characteristics of a people than one of themselves. The piquant foibles—the humorous peculiarities which he finds on the surface of society, he transfers to his pages with all the freshness of first impressions. We are pleased to see in his book every thing most familiar to ourselves treated with the vivacity of a new observer. Even his little mistakes entertain us. His freedom from the social ties which trammel ourselves enables him to intersperse his pages with descriptions of individuals, and to enliven general remarks by pointed personalities: he unites, in one word, the adventure, spirit, and enterprise of travel, with the drier disquisitions of critical observation. But, on the other hand, he sports only with effects; he has rarely lived long enough in the country of which he treats to penetrate to the causes of what he perceives. That which makes him usually amusing makes him also usually superficial. Neither does he, in general, write sufficiently in earnest: he seldom cares very greatly to improve a people in whose improvement he has no interest; he writes to describe, not to ameliorate; he neither knows nor asks what may be the subjects most important to a particular people, at particular seasons to examine,—what delusions it will be most useful to dispel,—what principles

may be the most salutary to establish. Nor can he detect thoroughly the influences which pervade, and perhaps create, the spirit and character of a nation: he does not mix intimately with all classes; he is necessarily thrown into sects and coteries: he picks up individual opinions, and adapts them to superficial impressions or previous prejudice. In addition to these deficiencies, looking only to external customs, and the ostensibilities of manner, he runs the risk of being either too much in love with a people or too much revolted by them. Whatever is new to all of us either excessively delightful or utterly unpleasing,—Custom in all things is the best cure to Passion. Hence, strange as it may seem, travellers and tourists are nearly always the writers of a party,—where you would expect the most impartiality you find the least. But a native having every disadvantage in writing an amusing book, has every advantage in writing a true one,—provided only that he has mixed largely with all classes, and, by a constitutional coolness, or loneliness of mind, has maintained himself aloof from the prejudices of sectarianism and the interests of faction.

In his theme, "Various Means of Public Influence," presented to Channing on March 3, 1837 (See Sanborn, The Life of Henry David Thoreau, Boston & N.Y., 1917, pp. 159-162) he reverts to the subject. I edit here the fragment of the original manuscript surviving in the Houghton Library as an insert in Edmund Clarence Stedman's Poets of America, (2 vols.) Cambridge, 1885, II, Part I, p. 340. (The reader may see what liberties Sanborn took by comparing the following with his printed text.)

The travelling author lands on our shores with all the prejudices of the old country fresh in his mind, prepared to criticise our manners, our customs, and our country—or in other words, to compare them with those paragons which he has left at home. Fully impressed, as every honest citizen should be, with the superiority of his own country, and the preeminent perfection of her government and institutions, to say nothing of her children, he judges of what is right and wrong, good and bad, for these are but relative terms, by a comparison with those fixed and faultless standards, to mistrust which is to him more than sacrilege, as he gives his countrymen the height of our mountains or breadth of our rivers by referring them to their particular measures—their miles, leagues, or acres, as the case may be. Be he ever so free from prejudice, ever so liberal, a cosmopolite in the broadest sense of the word, the professed journalist and travelling bachelor, is too tender of the bantling in his hands, that is soon to astonish the natives the shape of a respectable (I speak of the externals,) duodecimo, containing hints to travellers, gleanings during a 3 weeks' tour in the Valley of the Mississipi [sic], too solicitous is he for the popularity of his book, to withhold the "Sugared Cates" so temptingly offered at every turn, or when he has done, to administer the needed cathartic. Preferring infamy to oblivion—in despair of acquiring a vigorous and healthy fame, he is fain to content himself with a shortlived and bloated reputation, though at the expense of truth.

525.15 I suppose that I have read it in The Mercury. Yet...curious to see how it looks in a volume] This was the New Bedford Mercury.

529.11 the Association of the Alumni of Harvard College...made their report in print, a copy of which has been sent to you] Thoreau, doubtless, read this pamphlet with considerable interest—especially the convincing letter of the Librarian, his friend John Langdon Sibley. The following excerpt from Sibley's letter appears on pages 26-29 of the Report of the Committee of the Association of the Alumni of Harvard College, appointed to take into Consideration the State of the College Library, Cambridge, 1858:

If it were possible, it would be desirable to go further. Various departments are deficient in rare old books and pam-

phlets, which are as important to thorough students as the modern. The Library is not more used for reading than it is for literary, genealogical, historical, statistical, philological, philosophical, scientific, and other investigations. It is the reservoir from which all minds at the University are mainly to be supplied. No limits can be set to its wants, as may sometimes be done with libraries got up for specific purposes. The field of intellectual labor is now so broad, and so carefully and extensively cultivated, that applications are made, not only by the officers and students, but by men of eminent literary attainments, for books, pamphlets, and papers, which by a superficial, one-sided inquirer would be considered worthless. Books which are seldom read are wanted to verify quotations. Biographers and historians ask for ephemeral pamphlets, newspapers, manuscript diaries and letters, relating to the times and persons of which they write. Macaulay cites old almanacs. Some American Hallam or Sismondi will want to examine the school-books of the last and present centuries, to obtain a general idea of their character and of the early education of the country. And where is a collection to be found? Nowhere. They have not been considered worth saving.

The student of mental and ethical philosophy, and the writer of the civil and ecclesiastical history of the country, want the newspapers and books issued by the different religious denominations, from the strong works of Edwards, down to the little Sunday-school primer and the catechism, which are implanting in the child's mind principles by which he will be governed when he becomes a man. The destruction of papers and pamphlets has been so great, and books are so scarce, that it has been said there are not, either in America or Europe, materials for writing a history of the New England Primer, — a little book which has exerted an inconceivable influence on the religious opinions and character, and remotely on the welfare and condition, of the nation. I think it doubtful if there is in existence even one copy of any of the very early editions.

Junk-dealers in the city, and tinmen in the country, collect wagon-loads of dead stock, old books, pamphlets, and papers, among which must be many of great rarity and value, and sell them for a cent or two a pound to paper-makers, to be ground over and converted into paper-hangings. About a year ago I saw in Washington Street, in Boston, three large wagons, nearly filled with huge bags, just leaving a very humble auction-room; and from a few pamphlets which a man was stuffing into the last bag, I rescued one which for nearly eleven years I had been trying to find, to assist me in completing the volumes of a valuable periodical.

I have known a journey to be made from New York to Cambridge, in a storm in January, mainly for the purpose of consulting an old funeral sermon, of which another copy could not be found in the country. It had probably never before been asked for during the generations since it came to the Library; but it was now wanted in a law case involving nearly half a million of dollars. How many would think a funeral sermon worth sending to the Library of Harvard College?

From a remote part of Maine, journeys were repeatedly made to this vicinity for information respecting land claims and mill-privileges, and the parties found at last, by means of an old Boston Directory to which I called their attention, that for years they had probably been pursuing their inquiries on one of the most important points in the wrong direction. And yet the question is often asked, "Of what use is an old Boston Directory?"

A family in a neighboring city, on vacating a house, sent a valuable donation; but from an apprehension that a thorough gleaning had not been made, a messenger was despatched to the place, and he found in the barn, among papers which had been thrown there as worthless, several of the old, scarce Acts and Resolves of the State, other valuable documents, and a small unbound volume, of which fruitless efforts had been made to obtain a copy for the Library.

From a closet where they had probably remained nearly a century, we recently received tolerably complete files of the Boston News Letter and of the Evening Post for the years 1742, 1743, and 1744, which contain a large amount of important information, nowhere else to be had, respecting Whitefield and the great Revival, and the circumstances connected with the publication and statements of Prince's Christian History.

In a neat butter-firkin of literary remnants sent to the Library at my special request, I found pamphlets, odd numbers of periodicals, enabling me to complete imperfect volumes, and a file of newspapers which made a perfect copy of the first volume of the Boston Gazette, beginning in the year 1755, an important period in the history of the American Colonies.

More than once old barrels have been sent to the Library, and though in some instances mice had been feasting on the literary treasures, and running riot among them, I always found something that was desirable.

I might multiply cases to show the value of what is commonly considered worthless, and to call your attention to the vast number and variety of the applications from officers and students, and from others who are drawn to the Library by its reputation and their necessities. I may add, that some of the officers whom I have requested to write to you on the subject cannot speak in detail, but only in general terms, of the poverty-stricken character of their departments, and of the necessity they are under of having recourse to other public libraries, to private libraries, and to their salaries, to eke out, so far as they can, the means to bring their instruction up to the highest standard of the present day. But on this point I may have already become tedious.

I think it would be well if it were generally known that there was never anything printed of which we should not be grateful for one copy. There are hundreds of persons who would be glad to get rid of what they call trash and rubbish. They would make not only their book-shelves, but their garrets, closets, old chests, trunks, and barrels empty their almanacs, sermons, newspapers, directories, reports, old books, manuscript letters and diaries, and pamphlets of every kind, into the lap of our Alma Mater. Among them we should find much that is valuable. Possibly we might get some

things, of which not a copy is now known to be in existence. Authors, desirous of having their works accessible to the public, and preserved where they will be likely to be looked for and found by posterity, might be inclined in some cases to put in the Library a copy of each of their publications. Booksellers would find it for their interest to place here whatever they may print, for there are hundreds of readers to appreciate it and make it known. There are many instances where persons have bought for their own libraries, and for presentation to friends, books of which they obtained their first knowledge from the copies given to the Library. Many graduates might be prompted to give copies of all their writings, and, like the late Hon. Judge John Davis, also to make it a rule to send at least one good book to the Library every year. If this were generally done by the Alumni, with permission from the givers to exchange the duplicates, it would lead to important annual accessions. There may be persons interested in particular studies or pursuits, as poetry, political economy, ethics, American history, the drama, numismatics, Shakespeare, Milton, the reports and acts of some society or corporation, spiritualism, Mormonism, particular classes of sermons, of orations, of speeches, of periodicals, the Texan war, the Kansas difficulties, the reforms of the day, &c., &c., to whom it would be a pleasure to make the collections in their favorite departments as complete as possible, and place them where they would be minutely catalogued and carefully preserved.

536.5 going to the West Indies, or rather to Weiss-nicht-wo] An allusion to Carlyle's Sartor Resartus. Weissnichtwo was the residence of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. Thoreau implies that Cholmondeley, like the German professor, was engaged on important celestial business and was being retailored. At the same time, though quite reliable, he was "very peculiar."

536.10 I was glad to hear that you had called on R. How did you like him?] I can find no record either of Blake's impressions of Ricketson or of Ricketson's reaction to Blake.

536.22 "Hercules with his club
The Dragon did drub; With nothing at all,
But More of More Hall, He slew the Dragon of Wantley."

Thoreau is here quoting from memory the first stanza of "The Dragon of Wantley", which appears in Thomas Percy, Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, (5th ed., 3 vols.) London, 1812, III, 356-367:

Old stories tell, how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a:
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

537.38 There is Dobson over the hill. Have not you and I...trying to sympathize with him?] This Dobson was probably an inmate of the poor house, and Thoreau was probably speaking in the idiom that survives in Will Carleton's Over the Hill to the Poorhouse. If not, he was a transient sharecropper. I have checked the land records, the probate registry, the poll-tax lists, and the town reports, as well as the birth, baptism, marriage and burial records. None of these contains even the surname. I tried unsuccessfully to locate jail records for this period.

538.21 What a fool he must be who thinks that his El Dorado is anywhere but where he lives!] See note on 124.7. A possible echo of Voltaire's Candide, chap. XVII. So the Spaniards called Manhoa of Guiana. See Milton's Paradise Lost, XI, 411-412:

> Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
> Call "El Dorado."

Orellana, lieutenant of Pizarro, asserted that he had discovered such a "gold country" between the Orinoco and the Amazon. Sir Walter Raleigh, one of Thoreau's favorite authors, twice visited the spot indicated and published interesting accounts of its vast wealth. See note on 398.24.

538.29 Thus is it ever with your fair cities of the plain.] Allusion to Lot's choice of dwelling place—Sodom and Gomorrah—at the time of his separation from Abram. See Genesis 13:12-15.

538.29 Their streets may be paved with silver and gold] See note on 538.21. Here may possibly be an allusion to hymns about the Heavenly Jerusalem, sung in the churches and at the piano in Thoreau's home. E.g., "Blessed City, Heavenly Salem" or "Jerusalem, My Happy Home." If not, then possibly an allusion to the streets of Eldorado.

538.31 the real homes of the citizens are in the Tuckerman's Ravines] For Thoreau's acquaintance with Tuckerman's Ravine in the White Mountains, see Journal, XI, 21-29. He, Blake, and Theodore Brown had visited it on July 8 and 9, 1858.

538.39 you hear a neighbor halloo (Brown, may be) and think it is a bear.] For Blake's friend, Theodore Brown, of Worcester, see note on 538.31.

539.3 the excellent drainage of that city of God.] Allusion to St. Augustine's De Civitate Dei. On the spiritual and symbolic significance of mountains and their ravines, see the note on 498.25.

540.18 "What shall it profit a Man?" See note on 170.1; 247.8; 356.18. See Thoreau's essay: "Life Without Principle," which seems to have been created out of two earlier lectures: "What Shall It Profit A Man if he Gain the Whole World and Lose His Soul" and "Getting a Living." See Mark 8:35-37: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

544.3 written by Francis Jeffrey..."If it were not for my love of beautiful nature and poetry, my heart would have died within me long ago." Not located.

549.10 "Behind the plough Burns sang his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child."] See Ebenezer Elliot, Poems, (2 vols.) London, 1834.

549.30 "Is there none for me in the wide world,—no kindred spirit?"] This question seems to echo Papageno's lines in Mozart's The Magic Flute.

550.8 according to Blackstone, "What is not reason is not law"] Not original with Blackstone. Cf. Sir Edward Coke, Institutes: Commentary upon Littleton, Institute I, ¶80: "Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing but reason.... The law...is perfection

of reason." Cf. Sir John Powell in the case of Coggs vs. Bernard (quoted in Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations, comp. Kate Louise Roberts, N.Y. and London, [1940], p. 432b: "Let us consider the reasons of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason."

551.22 In the long run, we find what we expect.] Cf. Matt. 7:7 and Luke 11:9—"Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Cf. the great Transcendental postulates: "Like only can know like." "What we are within that only can we see without." "Quantum sumus, scimus." See the Index of Emerson the Essayist.

557.17 This is the way I am serving King Admetus, confound him!] See note on 47.4.

558.11 Scott's Tactics will not help you to it.] See Winfield Scott, Infantry-Tactics; or Rules for the Exercise and Manoeuvres of the United States' Infantry, (3 vols.) New-York, 1835; (3 vols.) N.Y., 1840; (3 vols.) N.Y., 1854.

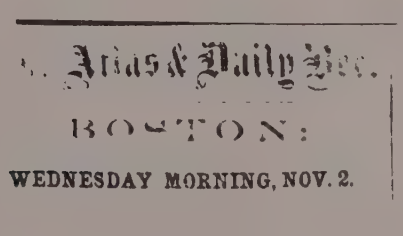
558.27 Swords have no edges, bullets no penetration, for such a contest. In your mind must be a liquor which will dissolve the world whenever it is dropt in it.] For significance of this imagery in Thoreau, see my "The Potent Song in Emerson's Merlin Poems," P Q, XXXII, no. 1 (Jan., 1953), pp. 22-28.

559.7 to read a lecture to Parker's society on the 9th of October next] It was a Sunday engagement. Thoreau was considered for other sermons or lectures at Theodore Parker's church, and once was asked to attend a church picnic. From this last he begged to be excused. See my "Thoreau and Emerson in Channing's Letters to the Watsons," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 14 (I Quarter 1959), pp. 77-85, esp. p. 82. See also Correspondence, p. 582.

560.21 "But unimproved, Heaven's noblest brows are vain,
No sun with plenty crowns the uncultured vale;
Where green lakes languish on the silent plain,
Death rides the billows of the western gale."] Unidentified.

564.19 but in due time we shall reap if we faint not.] See Galatians 6:9. See note on 9.30.

566.12 The best...one of the Brown Lecture was in the Boston "Atlas & Bee" of Nov 2nd.... There were others in the Traveller—the Journal &c of the same date.] See the Boston paper, The Atlas & Daily Bee, Wednesday morning, Nov. 2, 1859:



Atlas & Daily Bee.

BOSTON:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 2.

Amusements This Day and Evening.

BOSTON MUSEUM—Tremont, between School and Court streets—This Evening,—The Gamester, and Ive Written to Brown

BOSTON THEATRE—Washington street—This Evening—Performances by the Rachel Troupe, &c.

PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS, 142 Washington street. Examinations Day and Evening, [illegible] as to occupation, &c. D. P. BUTLER, successor to Fowler & Wells.

ORDWAY HALL—Washington street, opposite Old South Church. Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels.

Notices.

☞ EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, Nov. 1st, the following Resolution was adopted:—

Resolved, That it is recommended to the friends of impartial freedom throughout the Free States, in case of the execution of Capt. JOHN BROWN, now on trial for his life in Virginia, to observe that tragical event, ON THE DAY OF ITS OCCURRENCE, in such manner as by them may be deemed most appropriate in their various localities,—whether by public meetings and addresses, the adoption of resolutions, private conferences, or any other justifiable mode of action,—for the furtherence of the Anti-Slavery cause and renewedly to consecrate themselves to the patriotic and Christian work of effecting the abolition of that most dangerous, unnatural, cruel and impious system of slavery, which is the fruitful source of all our sectional heart-burnings and conflicts, which powerfully and increasingly tends to promote servile insurrections and civil war, which cannot be more truly or more comprehensively described than as "THE SUM OF ALL VILLANIES," which is a burning disgrace and fearful curse to the whole country, and by the speedy extinction of which, alone, can the land be saved from violence, blood, and utter demoralization.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.
CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, }

☞ Editors of newspapers are respectfully requested to copy the above. 2t nov 2

☞ YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION. The DEDICATORY EXERCISES at the New Rooms of the Young Men's Christian Union, Mercantile Building, 16 Summer street, will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Nov. 2, commencing at half-past seven o'clock.

The public is respectfully invited.

W. L. P. BOARDMAN, President.
S. G. STUDLEY, Secretary. 3t oct 31

LATEST NEWS.

In the Legislature yesterday, the work of revising the statutes was advanced as far as it could be. In the House, the time was occupied with the discussion of Mr. Griffin's right to a seat. The House voted to sustain Mr. Griffin's right, and he accordingly remains.

The investigation into the affairs of the State Liquor Agency was continued yesterday. It appears by the testimony of the chief clerk of the Agency that Mr. Burnham was not cognizant of the transaction with Felton & Co., and that the article received was analysed and pronounced pure.

The lecture of Mr. Thoreau, reported in our columns this morning, presents the views of a fanatic in relation to John Brown's Virginia War, and, as might be expected, they are extreme enough.

The telegraph reports a disastrous conflagration, which destroyed a large portion of the town of Mariana, in Florida.

We have our files of foreign papers by the Nova Scotian, but they contain nothing additional or interesting.

It is rumored about town that the Whig State Central Committee has had another resurrection.

An excursion train on the Northwestern Railroad, from Fondu Lac, Wisconsin, bound to Chicago, run upon an ox and was thrown from the track, near Watertown, yesterday. Eight persons were killed and others maugled. The train consisted of thirteen cars, filled with passengers.

The trial of the Virginia insurrectionists continues. Coppic was first arraigned, and the testimony was substantially the same as that against Brown, though put in more briefly. The legal public will be edified with the developments respecting Virginia law, as stated by Mr. Hunter. Cook waived an examination before the justices.

The news from Washington is interesting.

The Arago has arrived at New York, but with dates no later than the Nova Scotian.

Fraternity Lectures.

"Capt. John Brown of Ossawattomie."

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

Phonographically Reported for The Atlas and Daily Bee.

The lecturer originally announced for last evening, in the Fraternity Course, was Frederick Douglas. Charles W. Slack, Esq., appeared before the audience to apologise for Mr. Douglas' absence. At a late hour on Monday, a message had been received from him, at a point which need not be mentioned, and imparting intelligence which could not properly be disclosed. In this communication Mr. Douglas expressed his regret that the fulfilment of his engagement to lecture was not in his power. A freeman, Mr. Slack continued, by right of taking that which to him belonged, as well as by purchase, a citizen of the Empire State, Frederick Douglas would not, that night, be safe in the city of Boston. However differently the audience might view the recent events in the South, there were few present who did not honor the manly bravery of John Brown, in this hour of his deep distress. If they had not one with them who, many think, was engaged in the scheme of Brown, they had one who sympathized with him in his enterprise—Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord.

Mr. Thoreau commenced by saying that he did not wish to force his thoughts upon the audience, but he felt forced himself to speak. Little as he knew of Captain Brown, he would fain do his part to correct the tone of the newspapers; and of the country generally, respecting his character. We can at least express our admiration of and sympathy with him and his companions, and this it was that the lecturer proposed to do.

First, of his history. His grandfather, John Brown, was an officer in the Revolution. He himself was born in Connecticut, about the beginning of this century, but early went, with his father, to Ohio. His father was a contractor, who furnished beef to the army there, in the war of 1812. John Brown accompanied his father to the camp, and assisted him in his employment, seeing considerable of military life—more, perhaps, than if he had been a soldier, for he was often present at the councils of the officers. He learned by experience how armies are supplied and maintained in the field. He saw enough of military life to disgust him with it, and to excite in him a great abhorrence of it. Thought tempted by the offer of some petty office in the army, when about eighteen, he not only declined to accept this, but refused to train, and was fined in consequence. He then resolved that he would have nothing to do with any war unless it were a war for liberty. When the struggle began in Kansas, he sent several sons there to help the Free State party, telling them that if there were need he would follow and assist them with his hand and counsel. This he soon after did; and it was through his agency, more than that of almost any other, that Kansas was made free.

For a part of his life he was a surveyor. At another time he was engaged in wool-growing, and went to Europe when engaged in that business.

He was an old fashioned man in his faith in the Constitution and the Union. Slavery he believed to be opposed to both, and he was its determined foe. He was a New England farmer. He was like the best of those who stood at Concord Bridge and Lexington Common and Bunker Hill. It was no abolition lecturer that converted him to anti-slavery. Ethan Allen, and Stark, with whom he did

may be in some respects compared, were rangers in a far lower and less important field than he. They could face their country's foes; he faced his country herself, when she was wrong. He did not go to Harvard. He was not fed on the pap that is there furnished. As he phrased it, "I know no more grammar than any of your calves." But he went to the University of the West, where he studied the science of liberty. And having taken his degrees, he finally commenced the public practice of humanity in Kansas. Such were his humanities—he would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a falling man. He was a Puritan; and that was not so strange, for some of the Puritans once settled in America. It would be vain to kill him; he died in the time of Cromwell, but he re-appeared here. In his camp he permitted no profanity. No man of loose morals was suffered to remain there, except as prisoner of war. "I would rather," says he, "have the small pox, yellow fever, and cholera, together, than a man without principle." It is a mistake that our people make, when they think that bullies are the best fighters, or the men to oppose these Southerners. Give me God-fearing men, who respect themselves, and with a dozen of them I will oppose a hundred such men as these Buford ruffians." If a man boasted, he had little confidence in him. He had prayers in his camp, morning and evening. He was a man of Spartan habits. At table, he would excuse himself, saying he must eat sparingly and live hard, as a man must who would fit himself for a life of action and exposure, and for great enterprises. He was, above all, a Transcendentalist, a man of ideas and principles, not yielding to a mere transient impulse, but carrying out the purpose of a life. He was a man accustomed to speak within bounds,—a volcano with an ordinary chimney-flue. As an illustration of this, of certain border-ruffians he said, simply, "They had a perfect right to be hung." His simplicity made him appear incomparably strong, and in its presence eloquence seemed at a discount.

As to his tact and prudence—when scarcely a man from the Free States could enter Kansas without molestation, he, with what weapons he could collect, slowly drove an ox-cart through Missouri, apparently as a surveyor. When, in Kansas, he saw a knot of the Ruffians, on the prairie, discussing the topic which then engrossed their their thoughts, he would take his compass, and one of his sons, and proceed to run an imaginary line right through the spot where the conclave was assembled. On coming up with them, he would have some talk, and, having learned their plans, and thus completed his real survey, he would proceed to finish his imaginary one. As to his recent failure, it must be remembered that we do not know the facts about it. His enemy, Mr. Vallandingham, said it was one of the best planned conspiracies that ever failed. Did it show want of good management to deliver a dozen human beings, as he did, walking leisurely with them from one State to another, the government officials not lenient, but afraid of him?

But to make haste, said the lecturer, to his last act, and its effects. The newspapers seem really ignorant of the fact that there are at least two or three individuals to a town, throughout the North, who think much as the speaker did, about Brown and his enterprise. It may be true that only seventeen white men and five negroes were concerned in the enterprise. But the anxiety exhibited to show this may convince us that all is not told. They are so anxious, because of a dim consciousness of a fact which they do not distinctly confess, that at least a million of the free inhabitants of the United States, not privy to this attempt, would have rejoiced if it had succeeded. If any one who has seen him here can pursue, successfully, any other train of thought, I do not know, said the lecturer, what he is made of. I put a piece of paper and a pencil under my pillow, and when I cannot sleep, I write in the dark. The lecturer's respect for his fellow-men was not being increased in these days. The fate of this man is ordinarily spoken of as if a common criminal, with only the redeeming quality of being, as Gov. Wise, in the language of the cock-pit, calls him, "the gamest man" alive, had been apprehended. When Gov. Wise thought he looked so brave, he was not *thinking* of his foes. One neighbor of the speaker said, "He died as the fool dieth," which suggested a likeness between his doing and his neighbor's living. Others disparagingly said, he threw his life away. How do these men throw *their* life away? Another asks, "What will he gain?" as if he expected to fill his pockets! He will not "gain" anything by it, for he could not get four-and-sixpence a day for being hung, take the year round: but he gets a considerable chance to save his soul—and such a soul!—and you do not. No doubt you can get more in your market for a quart of milk than a quart of blood; but such is not the market that heroes carry their blood to. When you plant or bury a hero, a crop of heroes is sure to spring up. The momentary charge at Balaklava has been celebrated by a poet-laureate. But the steady, and for the most part successful charge of this man, for years, against the legions of slavery, is as much more memorable than that, as an intelligent and conscientious man is superior to a machine. Do you think that that will go unsung?

"Served him right—a dangerous man! He is undoubtedly insane."

So they proceed to live their sane and wise and altogether admirable lives, reading their Plutarch a little, but chiefly studying that feat of Putnam, who was let down in a wolf's den; and in this wise nourish themselves for brave and patriotic deeds, some time or other. But the foes we have to meet are in our midst and all about us. There is hardly a house but is divided against itself; for our foe is the want of vitality in man, whence are begotten fear, sloth, superstition, persecution, slavery of all kinds. We are mere figure-heads upon a hulk. The curse of the times is the worship of idols, which at last changes the worshipper himself into a stone image. This man was an exception; for he did not even set up a political graven image between him and his God. Our modern Christianity is lifeless. All the modern Christian's prayers begin with "Now I lay me down to sleep," and he is always looking forward to his "long rest." He shows the whites of his eyes on the Sabbath, and the blacks all the rest of the week. Many, no doubt, are well-disposed; but sluggish by constitution and habit; and they cannot conceive of a man actuated by higher motives than they are. Accordingly, they pronounce this man insane; for they know *they* never could have done as he does, as long as they are themselves. We dream of other countries and times, placing them at a distance; but let some significant event occur in our midst, and we discover this distance and strangeness between us and our nearest neighbors. Our crowded society becomes well-spaced all at once—a city of magnificent distances.

I read, said Mr. Thoreau, all the newspapers I could get, the week after this event; and I do not remember a single expression of sympathy for these men. I have since seen one noble statement, not editorial, in the *Atlas and Bee*. Some voluminous sheets decided not to print Brown's words, to the exclusion of other matter. It was as if a publisher should reject the manuscript of the New Testament, and print Wilson's last speech. The same journal which contained this was chiefly filled, in parallel columns, with the reports of political conventions. They should at least have been printed separately, in an extra. To turn from the words and deeds of earnest men to the cackling of political conventions!

But it was not so much to what the newspapers have omitted, that he objected, as to what they have inserted. Even the *Liberator* called it a misguided, wild, and apparently insane effort. As for the herd of papers and magazines, he did not know of one in the country which would print anything that would ultimately and permanently reduce the number of its subscribers. How, then, can they print truth? A man does a brave and humane deed, and we hear parties on all sides crying "I did n't help him to do it, or in any way countenance it." They need not take so much pains to wash their skirts of him—no intelligent person will ever be convinced that he was as easily as water with a water-pot, and so lay the dust. What is that we hear cast overboard? The bodies of the dead, who have found deliverance. That is the way we are disseminating the sentiments of humanity. Low men suppose Brown was animated by revenge. They do not know the man; they must enlarge themselves to conceive of such a man, a man of faith in principle. He was one who recognized no unjust human laws, but resisted them, as he was bid. No man in America has ever stood up so persistently for the dignity of human nature, knowing himself for man, and the equal of any and all governments. In these respects he was the most American of us all. He needed no lawyer, making false issues, to defend any concern of theirs. He went and came, as he himself informs us, under the auspices of Brown, and nobody else. The Republican party does not perceive how many his failure will make to vote more correctly than they would have them. They have counted the votes of Pennsylvania and Co., but they have not correctly counted Captain Brown's vote. He has taken the wind out of their sails—the little wind they had—and they must lie to and repair. Mr. Thoreau exultingly prophesied the fall of the Republican party as the necessary result of Brown's attempt. What though he did not belong to our clique? We may not approve his principles—let us recognize his magnanimity. Do we think we would lose our reputation? As we lose at the spile, we should gain at the bung.

The lecturer quoted, from one of the newspaper descriptions of Brown, an allusion to the unparalleled indignation he was accustomed to exhibit, whenever the subject of slavery was broached, as if it were a matter of surprise or censure. The slave-ship is on its way, crowded with its dying victims, a small crew of slaveholders, with the vast body of passengers smothering under the hatches, and yet we hear that the only way we are to help the matter is by "the quiet diffusion of the sentiments of humanity," without any outbreak; as if you could disperse the sentiments of humanity, all finished, the pure article,

him. He could not have been tried by his peers, because his peers did not exist.

As for the Democratic journals, they are not human enough, the lecturer said, to affect me at all. I do not feel indignation at anything they may say.

I would rather see the statue of Captain Brown in front of our Massachusetts State House, than that of any other man that I know. I rejoice that I live in this age, that I am his contemporary. Insane? A father, and six sons, and one son-in-law, and several more men, beside at least twelve disciples, all struck with insanity at once! Just as insane were his efforts in Kansas. Ask the tyrant who is the most dangerous foe, the sane man or the insane. Such a word as *insane* is a mere trope with those who persist in using it, and I have no doubt that many of them, in silence, have already retraced their words. Read his admirable answers to Mason, and others. How they are dwarfed and defeated by the contrast! On the one side, half brutish, half timid questioning, on the other, truth, clear as lightning, crashing into their obscene temples. They are made to stand as Pilate, and Gesler, and the Inquisition.

Probably all the speeches of all the men whom Massachusetts has sent to Congress for the last few years, do not match, for manly directness and force, and for simple truth, the few casual remarks of John Brown on the floor of the Harper's Ferry engine-house—that man whom you are about to send to the other world—though not to represent *you* there. He is too fair a specimen of a man to represent the like of us. Who, then, were his constituents? Read his words, understandingly, and you will find out. In his case there is no idle eloquence. Truth is his inspirer, and earnestness the polisher of his sentences. He could afford the loss of his Sharp's rifles, while he retained the faculty of speech—a rifle of far straighter sight and longer range. It is a relief to turn from the slanders against him to the testimony of his enemies. Mr. Thoreau here quoted from the published remarks of Gov. Wise, Col. Washington, and Mr. Vallandingham, in praise of Brown's evident integrity, and heroism.

This event, the lecturer considered, is a touchstone to bring out with distinctness the character of this government. When a government puts forth its strength on the side of injustice, it reveals itself a merely brute force, or worse, a demoniacal force. It is the head of the Plug Uglies. He saw this government to be fairly allied with France and Austria, in oppressing mankind. It says, Cease agitation on the subject of slavery, or I will make a slave of you, or hang you. The only government he recognizes is the power that establishes justice in the land. Treason? Where does such treason take its rise? You presume to contend with a Foe against whom West Point cadets and rifled cannon point not.

The lecturer proceeded to denounce the government, at much length, and to charge upon Massachusetts complicity in its worst crimes. He defended Brown from the imputation of folly in undertaking his enterprise with so few assistants. Would we have the good and the brave wait, for action, till they are in the majority? His company was small simply because few could be found worthy to pass muster. Each was a picked man, culled out of thousands, if not of millions. Surely they were the best men you could select to be hung. That is the greatest compliment this country could pay them. It was Brown's doctrine that we have a right to interfere, by force, with the slaveholders, to rescue the slave. The lecturer agreed with him. A true man would not be as much shocked by the death of the slaveholder as by his life. Forever to talk against slavery, and never to act, is futile and foolish, unless a man were continually inspired. The question is not about the weapon, but the spirit in which you use it. No man has yet appeared in America who loved his fellow-man so well, and treated them so well. For him he took up his life; for him he will lay it down.

This event advertises us that there is such a thing as death. There has been, before, no death in America, for there has been no life. Men have only rotted and sloughed off as they rotted and sloughed along. The best only run down like a clock. They say they will die. I defy them; they cannot do it; they only deliquesce, and leave a hundred eulogists mopping up the spot where they left off. These men at Harper's Ferry, in teaching us how to die, have at the same time taught us how to live. Their deed is the best news that America has ever heard. Mr. Giddings says their history will fill a short page in the history of the country. If that will fill a short page, how long a sentence does Mr. Giddings think the history of the Republican party will fill?

Mr. Thoreau proceeded at considerable length to eulogize Captain Brown as, perhaps, the noblest man on whom the sun will ever rise in America, and closed by reading a large part of Brown's conversation at the armory, as he lay on the floor, after his capture. That scene, he said, will stand in history with the landing of the Pilgrims and the Declaration of Independence. It will be the ornament of some future national gallery, when at least the present form of slavery shall be nomore. Then, and not till then, we will take our revenge.

572.21 the precept "Write with fury, and correct with flegm"] Cognate with: "Marry in haste and repent at leisure"—common since it appeared in John Ray's English Proverbs (1670). I have not been able to locate an example in Thoreau's vocabulary.

579.9 Tophet is his dwelling place.] The desecrated valley of Hinnom outside Jerusalem, sometimes called the Valley of Gehenna. See Isaiah 30:33; Jeremiah 19:6; and the "Gehenna of fire" of Matthew 5:22.

579.17 It is his condition that determines his locality. The principal, the only thing a man makes is his condition, or fate.] Cf. Milton's Paradise Lost, Book I, lines 254-255: "The mind is its own place, and in itself / Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a hell of Heav'n." Cf. Marlowe's Dr. Faustus, Scene iii, lines 79-80: Faustus: How comes it then that thou art out of hell? / Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it. For the rich Swedenborgian dimension of Thoreau's lines, see Emerson the Essayist, I, 232 et passim and my "Emerson and Swedenborgism: A Study Outline and Analysis," E S Q, no. 10 (I Quar. 1958), pp. 14-20.

580.13 Why do you ever mend your clothes, unless...you may mend your ways?] Cf. Sartor Resartus and chapter one of Walden.

585.15 your two speeches on the Hyatt case] See Charles Sumner, Usurpation of the Senate in Imprisoning a Citizen. Two Speeches...on the Imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt for refusing to testify in the Harper's Ferry Investigation, in

the Senate, March 12 and June 15, 1860, Washington, 1860.

585.16 two Patent Office Reports on Agriculture] See Walter Harding, Thoreau's Library, p. 95.

585.17 your speech on the Barbarism of Slavery] See The Barbarism of Slavery...Speech of Hon. Charles Sumner, on the Bill for the Admission of Kansas as a Free State. In the United States Senate, June 4, 1860, Washington, D.C., 1860.

591.27 Audubon & Bachman give "soles hairy"] See John James Audubon and John Bachman, The Quadrupeds of North America, N.Y., 1851. (In Thoreau's library).

592.2 Emmons (in the Massachusetts' Reports)] Massachusetts: Zoological and Botanical Survey. Reports on the Herbaceous Plants and on the Quadrupeds of Massachusetts, [by Chester Dewey and Ebenezer Emmons], Cambridge, 1840.

592.12 I obtained a copy of Bairds' "Mammals"] See Spencer Fullerton Baird, Catalogue of North American Mammals, chiefly in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 1857.

596.23 true mt. hospitality--kill the fatted cloud] Allusion to the "fatted calf" of Luke 15:23-30.

597.11 I suppose the tune was "Excelsior." A possible reference to Longfellow's poem by that title, first published in Ballads and Other Poems (1841).

598.28 None of your just made perfect—pickled eels!] See Hebrews 12:22-23—"But ye are come unto mount Sion...to the general assembly and church of the firstborn...and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

598.33 You looked into the land of promise.] The Land of Canaan. See Hebrews 11:9.

603.5 "Heywood's New England Gazeteer Concord, New Hampshire, 1839."] John Hayward, The New England Gazetteer, (4th ed.) Concord, N.H., and Boston, Mass., 1839. (Copy in the Boston Athenaeum).

608.12 We must "bear and forbear" with each other.] See Epictetus: "If anyone will take these two words to heart and use them for his own guidance and regulation, he will be almost without sin and lead a very peaceful life. These two words are bear and forbear." Quoted by Aulus Gellius in Noctes Atticae, Book XVII, epistle 19, section 6.

611.12 you are "an angel of light"...pondering over the deeds of darkness] See 2 Cor. 11:14—"And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." Cf. "children of light" as opposed to "children of darkness" in 1 Timothy 5:5; Ephesians 5:8; Luke 16:8; and John 12:36.

611.20 Blessed are they who never read a newspaper, for they shall see Nature, and through her, God.] A parody of the Beatitudes in Matt. 5:1-12.

611.24 I am reading Herodotus] Probably Herodotus, a New and Literal Version. From the text of Baehr. By Henry Cary, London (Bohn) 1854.

611.25 Strabo] The Geography of Strabo. Literally translated, with notes. The First Six Books by Hans Claude Hamilton; the remainder by William Falconer, (3 vols.) London (Bohn), 1854-1857.

611.25 Blodget's Climatology] See Lorin Blodget, Climatology of the United States, and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent, Philadelphia, 1857.

611.25 Six Years in the Deserts of North America] The only title I have discovered that approximates this one is: Joseph Robson, An Account of Six Years' Residence in Hudson's Bay, from 1733 to 1736, and 1744 to 1747, London, 1752.

612.27 So we are making merry & living while we can] This Epicurean note appears in Luke 12:19.

613.7 I think "Burnt Njal" good & believe it to be genuine.] Njála: The Story of Burnt Njal; or Life in Iceland at the End of the Tenth Century, tr. from the Icelandic by George Webbe Dasent, (2 vols.) Edinburgh, 1861.

613.8 "Hast thou not heard (says Steinrora to Thangbrand how Thor challenged Christ to single combat] See The Story of Burnt Njal, ed. cit., II, p. 72.

613.10 When Gunnar brandishes his sword three swords are seen in air.] Ibid., I, 60. The quotation continues: "...and he smote so swiftly with his sword, that three seemed to flash through the air at once."

613.11 The account of Ospah & Brodir & Brians battle...only historical account] Ospak the Viking appears in chapter CLVI ("Brian's Battle"). See II, 333-343.

613.13 I place little trust in OHallorans authority] Possibly Sylvester O'Halloran, A General History of Ireland from the Earliest Accounts to the Close of the Twelfth Century, (2 vols.) London, 1778.

613.15 Darwin's origin of species...is a move in the right direction.] Charles Robert Darwin, On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life, London, 1859.

613.19 The book of the season is DeChaillu's Central Africa with accounts of the Gorilla] See Paul Belloni Du Chaillu, Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla...and other Animals, N.Y., 1861; also London, 1861.

613.24 you have seen Sir Emerson Tennent's Ceylon] Sir James Emerson Tennent, Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon, London, 1861.

613.27 a foreign Hamlet...Mr Fechter...the best actor in the world... Goethe's idea...in the Wilhelm Meister] Charles Albert Fechter (1824-1879), born in London. Concerning his interpretation of Hamlet, see George C. D. Odell, Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving, (2 vols.) N.Y., 1920, II, 253; 358-360.

621.6 reminded of the last letter or two in the Voyages of the Baron la Hontan..."La Riviere Longue"...regarded as pure fiction] Thoreau bor-

rowed from Harvard on Feb. 2, 1852: Louis Armand de Lom d'Arce, baron Lahontan, Voyages du Baron de La Hontan dans l'Amerique Septentrionale, qui contiennent une rélation des différens peuples qui y habitent etc., (2 vols. in 1) Amsterdam, 1705.

635.4 the magazine which I loaned you...(The Continental)] See The Continental Monthly, I, no. 1 (Jan., 1862). It was actually distributed in December, 1861, founded by James Roberts Gilmore and edited by Charles Godfrey Leland. The first number contained Delia M. Colton's article, "Ralph Waldo Emerson," on pages 49-62. For Emerson's reaction to it, see "A Sheaf of Emerson Letters," American Literature, XXIV, no. 4 (Jan., 1953), p. 477. For Miss Colton's article itself, see my Emerson, Thoreau and Concord in Early Newspapers, Hartford, 1958, pp. 264-271.

641.11 verses...in Conway's "Dial"...by F. B. Sanborn] The Dial, founded and published in Cincinnati by Moncure Daniel Conway in 1860, was short-lived. Sanborn's verses, "Walden Woods" and "Walden Water," appeared on pages 101-102 of the only volume issued.

642.34 you are heralded in the Atlantic for April...under the head of "Forester"] See Amos Bronson Alcott's "The Forester," Atlantic Monthly, IX, no. 54 (April, 1862), pp. 443-445.

THE FORESTER.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb,
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-wingèd reapers come. — HENRY VAUGHAN..

I HAD never thought of knowing a man so thoroughly of the country as this friend of mine, and so purely a son of Nature. Perhaps he has the profoundest passion for it of any one living; and had the human sentiment been as tender from the first, and as pervading, we might have had pastorals of which Virgil and Theocritus would have envied him the authorship, had they chanced to be his contemporaries. As it is, he has come nearer the antique spirit than any of our native poets, and touched the fields and groves and streams of his native town with a classic interest that shall not fade. Some of his verses are suffused with an elegiac tenderness, as if the woods and fields bewailed the absence of their forester, and murmured their griefs meanwhile to one another, — responsive like idyls. Living in close companionship with Nature, his Muse breathes the spirit and voice of poetry; his excellence lying herein: for when the heart is once divorced from the senses and all sympathy with common things, then poetry has fled, and the love that sings.

The most welcome of companions, this plain countryman. One shall not meet with thoughts invigorating like his often: coming so scented of mountain and field breezes and rippling springs, so like a luxuriant clod from under forest-leaves, moist and mossy with earth-spirits. His presence is tonic, like ice-water in dog-days to the parched citizen pent in chambers and under brazen ceilings. Welcome as the gurgle of brooks, the dripping of pitchers, — then drink and be cool! He seems one with things, of Nature's essence and core, knit of strong timbers, most like a wood and its inhabitants. There are in him sod and shade, woods and waters manifold, the mould and mist of earth and sky. Self-poised and sagacious as any denizen of the elements, he has the key to every animal's brain, every plant, every shrub; and were an Indian to flower forth, and reveal the secrets hidden in his cranium, it would not be more surprising than the speech of our Sylvanus. He must belong to the Homeric age, — is older than pastures and gardens, as if he were of the race of heroes, and one with the elements. He, of all men, seems to be the native New-Englander, as much so as the oak, the granite ledge, our best sample of an indigenous American, untouched by the Old Country, unless he came down from Thor, the Northman; as yet unfathered by any, and a nondescript in the books of natural history.

A peripatetic philosopher, and out of doors for the best parts of his days and nights, he has manifold weather and seasons in him, and the manners of an animal of probity and virtues unstained. Of our moralists he seems the wholesomest; and the best republican citizen in the world, — always at home, and minding his own affairs. Perhaps a little over-confident sometimes, and stiffly individual, dropping society clean out of his theories, while standing friendly in his strict sense of friendship, there is in him an integrity and sense of justice that make possible and actual the virtues of Sparta and the Stoics, and all the more welcome to us in these times of shuffling and of pusillanimity. Plutarch would have made him immortal in his pages, had he lived before his day. Nor have we any so modern as he, — his own and ours; too purely so to be appreciated at once. A scholar by birthright, and an author, his fame has not yet travelled far from the banks of the rivers he has described in his books; but I hazard only the truth in affirming of his prose, that in substance and sense it surpasses that of any naturalist of his time, and that he is sure of a reading in the future. There are fairer fishes in his pages than any now swimming in our streams, and some sleep of his on the banks of the Merrimack by moonlight that Egypt never rivalled; a morning of which Memnon might have envied the music, and a greyhound that was meant for Adonis; some frogs, too, better than any of Aristophanes. Perhaps we have had no eyes like his since Pliny's time. His

senses seem double, giving him access to secrets not easily read by other men: his sagacity resembling that of the beaver and the bee, the dog and the deer; an instinct for seeing and judging, as by some other or seventh sense, dealing with objects as if they were shooting forth from his own mind mythologically, thus completing Nature all round to his senses, and a creation of his at the moment. I am sure he knows the animals, one by one, and everything else knowable in our town, and has named them rightly as Adam did in Paradise, if he be not that ancestor himself. His works are pieces of exquisite sense, celebrations of Nature's virginity, exemplified by rare learning and original observations. Persistently independent and manly, he criticizes men and times largely, urging and defending his opinions with the spirit and pertinacity befitting a descendant of him of the Hammer. A head of mixed genealogy like his, Franco-Norman crossed by Scottish and New-England descent, may be forgiven a few characteristic peculiarities and trenchant traits of thinking, amidst his great common sense and fidelity to the core of natural things. Seldom has a head circumscribed so much of the sense of Cosmos as this footed intelligence, — nothing less than all out-of-doors sufficing his genius and scopes, and, day by day, through all weeks and seasons, the year round.

If one would find the wealth of wit there is in this plain man, the information, the sagacity, the poetry, the piety, let him take a walk with him, say of a winter's afternoon, to the Blue Water, or anywhere about the outskirts of his village-residence. Pagan as he shall outwardly appear, yet he soon shall be seen to be the hearty worshipper of whatsoever is sound and wholesome in Nature,—a piece of russet probity and sound sense that she delights to own and honor. His talk shall be suggestive, subtile, and sincere, under as many masks and mimicries as the shows he passes, and as significant, — Nature choosing to speak through her chosen mouth-piece, — cynically, perhaps, sometimes, and searching into the marrows of men and times he chances to speak of, to his discomfort mostly, and avoidance. Nature, poetry, life, — not politics, not strict science, not society as it is, — are his preferred themes: the new Pantheon, probably, before he gets far, to the naming of the gods some coming Angelo, some Pliny, is to paint and describe. The world is holy, the things seen symbolizing the Unseen, and worthy of worship so, the Zoroastrian rites most becoming a nature so fine as ours in this thin newness, this worship being so sensible, so promotive of possible pieties, — calling us out of doors and under the firmament, where health and wholesomeness are finely insinuated into our souls, — not as idolaters, but as idealists, the seekers of the Unseen through images of the Invisible.

I think his religion of the most primitive type, and inclusive of all natural creatures and things, even to "the sparrow that falls to the ground," — though never by shot of his, — and, for whatsoever is manly in man, his worship may compare with that of the priests and heroes of pagan times. Nor is he false to these traits under any guise, — worshipping at unbloody altars, a favorite of the Unseen, Wisest, and Best. Certainly he is better poised and more nearly self-reliant than other men.

Perhaps he deals best with matter, properly, though very adroitly with mind, with persons, as he knows them best, and sees them from Nature's circle, wherein he dwells habitually. I should say he inspired the sentiment of love, if, indeed, the sentiment he awakens did not seem to partake of a yet purer sentiment, were that possible, — but nameless from its excellency. Friendly he is, and holds his friends by bearings as strict in their tenderness and consideration as are the laws of his thinking, — as prompt and kindly equitable, — neighborly always, and as apt for occasions as he is strenuous against meddling with others in things not his.

I know of nothing more creditable to his greatness than the thoughtful regard, approaching to reverence, by which he has held for many years some of the best persons of his time, living at a distance, and wont to make their annual pilgrimage, usually on foot, to the master, — a devotion very rare in these times of personal indifference, if not of confessed unbelief in persons and ideas.

He has been less of a housekeeper than most, has harvested more wind and storm, sun and sky; abroad night and day with his leash of keen scents, hounding any game stirring, and running it down, for certain, to be spread on the dresser of his page, and served as a feast to the sound intelligences, before he has done with it. We have been accustomed to consider him the salt of things so long that they must lose their savor without his to season them. And when he goes hence, then Pan is dead, and Nature ailing throughout.

His friend sings him thus, with the advantages of his Walden to show him in Nature: —

"It is not far beyond the Village church,
After we pass the wood that skirts the road,
A Lake, — the blue-eyed Walden, that doth smile
Most tenderly upon its neighbor Pines;
And they, as if to recompense this love,
In double beauty spread their branches forth.
This Lake has tranquil loveliness and breadth,
And, of late years, has added to its charms;
For one attracted to its pleasant edge
Has built himself a little Hermitage,
Where with much piety he passes life.

"More fitting place I cannot fancy now,
For such a man to let the line run off
The mortal reel, — such patience hath the Lake,
Such gratitude and cheer is in the Pines.
But more than either lake or forest's depths
This man has in himself: a tranquil man,
With sunny sides where well the fruit is ripe,
Good front and resolute bearing to this life,
And some serener virtues, which control
This rich exterior prudence, — virtues high,
That in the principles of Things are set,
Great by their nature, and consigned to him,
Who, like a faithful Merchant, does account
To God for what he spends, and in what way.
Thrice happy art thou, Walden, in thyself!
Such purity is in thy limpid springs, —
In those green shores which do reflect in thee,
And in this man who dwells upon thy edge,
A holy man within a Hermitage.
May all good showers fall gently into thee,
May thy surrounding forests long be spared,
And may the Dweller on thy tranquil marge
There lead a life of deep tranquillity,
Pure as thy Waters, handsome as thy Shores,
And with those virtues which are like the Stars!"

643.4 "Footnotes from the page of Nature...." By Rev. Hugh Macmillan] See Hugh Macmillan, Footnotes from the Page of Nature; or, First Forms of Vegetation...With Illustrations, Cambridge, 1861.

648.25 the spirit shall survive the earthly tabernacle of clay] Cf. the language of 2 Cor. 5:1—"For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

649.1 "It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well:-
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality."]
See Joseph Addison, Cato, V.i.1-3.

649.5 "The soul's dark cottage, battered, and decayed...."] See Edmund Waller, "Of the Last Verses in the Book" (1645), lines 13-18.

650.5 the great Shepherd..."tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"] "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is quoted in Laurence Sterne's A Sentimental Journey, chapter "Maria." For its many precursors and variants, see Burton Stevenson, The Home Book of Quotations, (3rd ed.) N.Y., 1937, p. 789.

651.19 Concord has found a new voice...a literary journal y'clept "The Monitor"] Albert Stacy was the publisher, and S. Ripley Bartlett was manager. No editor's name was given. For Thoreauviana in this new work, see my "Thoreau, Parker, and Emerson's 'Mousetrap' in The Monitor (1862)," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 7 (II Quarter 1957), pp. 42-46.

651.30 is not Emerson wrong in his interpretation of the whistle of the Chickadee as "Phoebe"?] See Emerson's "The Titmouse," Works, IX, 233-236———especially lines 93-94 on page 236.

TENNYSON'S GIFT TO WALT WHITMAN——A NEW LETTER

By GEORGE I. RAND

The following letter[1] written by Alfred Tennyson to a "Mr. Strahan" on March 16, 1876, is involved in a series of events which began with the appearance of an anonymous article on Walt Whitman in the West Jersey Press on January 26, 1876.[2] Entitled "Walt Whitman's Actual American Position," this article deplored the critical reaction in America to Whitman's poetry and said in part:

> Whitman's poems in their public reception have fallen still-born in this country. They have been met, and are met today, with the determined denial, disgust and scorn of orthodox American authors, publishers and editors, and, in a pecuniary and worldly sense, have certainly wrecked the life of their author....[3]

Whitman sent a copy of this article to his friend William Rossetti in England, and on March 11 it was partially reprinted in the London Athenaeum, which brought it to the attention of Robert Buchanan. On March 14, he wrote to the London Daily News an over-imaginative letter in which he turned what had originated as a plea for recognition of Whitman's significance as a poet into an invective against the American people's treatment of their poets. The first reaction to this letter was a reply by Moncure Conway, one of Whitman's friends in England, who said that Whitman was by no means in as bad financial situation as Buchanan had depicted. Conway also wrote Whitman:

> It is ludicrously false for Buchanan to say that you are in danger of starving.... Your friends here are quite one on the subject, and Rossetti wrote me that he knew Buchanan's statements were exaggerations.[4]

By this time, however, the question had turned into an international argument between the English and the American press. Whitman himself described the situation some years later as follows:

> There was a great rattling of dry bones over there and here that time about my poverty—whether I was starving to death or wasn't—whether the Americans deserted me or didn't desert me: it was rather a big noise over an unimportant matter.[5]

While the dispute was raging, Rossetti received from Whitman a more precise statement of his condition and permission to organize on his behalf a subscription to the Centennial Edition of his poetry. On May 20, therefore, Rossetti printed and distributed the circular reproduced as an appendix to this article.

The new letter gives us an insight into Tennyson's part in the subscription movement initiated by Rossetti. Most Whitman biographers[6] mention Tennyson as a noted subscriber, but the facts place him in a sphere quite distinct. First of all, Tennyson's contribution came long before Rossetti made his request for subscriptions and, in fact, before Whitman had given him permission to do so. Buchanan, apparently, began his own private relief movement for Whitman directly after writing to the Daily News, and Tennyson, hearing from Buchanan directly and believing the gross exaggeration about Whitman's "almost starving," sent him the five-pound check. The fact that Tennyson acted so quickly probably accounts for his not being mentioned on Rossetti's list of early contributors on the circular. In the second place, although Tennyson eventually received a copy of the edition of Whitman's poems, it was not a subscriber's[7] copy but a gift. (Whitman had earlier promised to send Tennyson a free copy of his new edition.)[8] The importance of the new letter, then, lies in the fact that it makes Tennyson's check gratuitous. He was concerned about the welfare of a fellow poet.

Several questions concerning the letter are yet to be answered. What is the precise identity of Mr. Strahan to whom the letter is addressed? Why was he made intermediary? One biography of Tennyson[9] alludes to a Strahan who offered to publish some of Tennyson's works, and a biographer of Whitman mentions a Strahan who, as editor of the Contemporary Review, once refused an article by Whitman.[10] Possibly the man involved is Earl Shinn (1837-1886), an editor who used the pseudonym "Edward Strahan." Why Tennyson sent the check through him instead of directly to Whitman is difficult to answer. Although the correspondence between Tennyson and Whitman had been erratic, they had written several times beginning in 1871. Tennyson says to Strahan in the letter, "I am referred to you...." Perhaps Buchanan had made the arrangement with Strahan to collect contributions for Whitman. Possibly, not having been in touch with Whitman for a while, Tennyson was unaware of his exact whereabouts and had been advised that Strahan could reach him. Perhaps Tennyson wished to remain anonymous. The final question is whether Whitman received the

the money and, if so, what was his reaction? This will probably be elucidated in the forthcoming third volume of The Correspondence of Walt Whitman (edited by Edwin Haviland Miller), which will help us see Tennyson's note within the context of Whitman's correspondence of the year 1876.

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1 Permission to publish this letter has been granted by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.
2 Some have suggested that Whitman himself wrote this anonymous article. For the full text and for the argument in favor of Whitman's authorship, see Clifton Joseph Furness, Walt Whitman's Workshop, Cambridge, 1928, pp. 245-248.
3 Ibid., p. 245.
4 See Horace Traubel, With Walt Whitman in Camden, vol. I (Boston, 1906), pp. 346-347.
5 Ibid., I, p. 368.
6 See Harold Blodgett, Walt Whitman in England, Ithaca, 1934, p. 131; Henry Seidel Canby, Walt Whitman, An American, N.Y., 1950, p. 295; Frances Winwar, American Giant, N.Y., 1951, p. 303; and Gay Wilson Allen, The Solitary Singer, N.Y., 1955, p. 492.
7 In a letter to Buchanan on Sept. 4, 1876, Whitman asked that a set of the Centennial Edition be forwarded to Tennyson. See Horace Traubel, With Walt Whitman in Camden, vol. II (Boston, 1906), p. 376.
8 In a letter from Whitman to Tennyson, July 24, 1875. See The Correspondence of Walt Whitman, N.Y., 1961, II, 339.
9 Hallam Tennyson, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, A Memoir, N.Y., 1899, II, p. 63.
10 Harold Blodgett, op. cit., p. 46.

Farringford
Freshwater
Isle of Wight
March 16/76

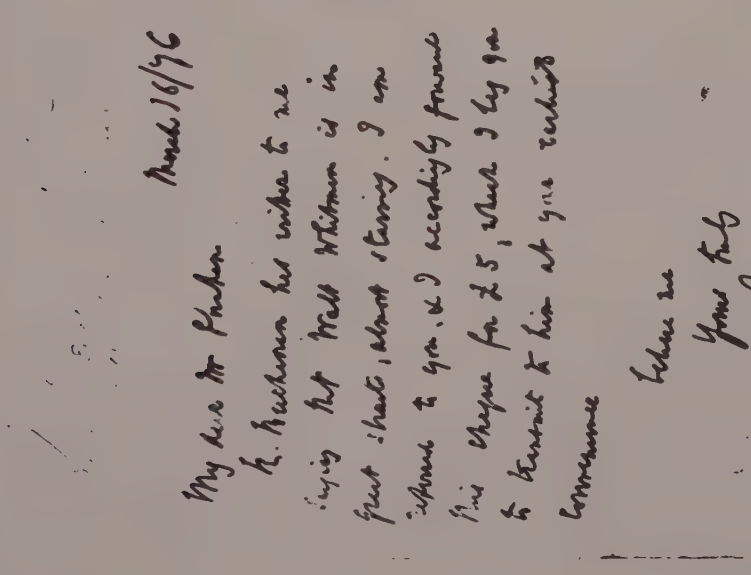
My dear Mr Strahan

R. Buchanan has written to me saying that Walt Whitman is in great straits, almost starving. I am referred to you, & I accordingly forward this cheque for £ 5, which I beg you to transmit to him at your earliest convenience

believe me
Yours truly

A Tennyson

I hope that you & yours are all well & that the world is flourishing with you.



WALT WHITMAN.

Many of the persons to whom this Circular is sent will be aware that in March last, in the *Athenæum* and *Daily News* more especially, statements were printed regarding Mr. Whitman's circumstances in life. The annexed extract from a letter written by himself on the 17th March shows the precise facts of that matter, and the precise thing which he would wish to be done, viz :—that all persons who would like to possess his books, and thereby to contribute to his literary income, should come forward and order the books.

The object of this Circular (which has been necessarily delayed some little while by interchange of letters to and from America) is to invite you to do this.

The editions and prices are shown below; no other editions are procurable from the author. The books, it is understood, will be sent from America carriage free. A list of purchasers, as already notified to me, is also given over-page.

Mr. Whitman's address is stated in his letter. The purchase-money can be sent direct to him; any cheques, orders, or drafts, being made payable by Messrs. Brown Brothers, Bankers, Philadelphia (corner of Chesnut and Strawberry streets), on Mr. Whitman's endorsement; or Post-Office International Money-Orders could be used. Or, if preferred, the amounts can be forwarded to me, and I will remit them to Mr. Whitman.

I should receive with much pleasure any reply to this Circular; also any list (names and addresses) of persons of whom you may know likely to be interested in the matter, to whom I would thereupon send other copies of the Circular.

WM. MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

56 Euston Square, London, N.W.

20th May 1876.

LIST OF BOOKS.

1.—Leaves of Grass, one vol., with two Portraits and Autograph (contains all Whitman's Poetry as yet published, save what is comprised in No. 2). Price £1 (5 dollars).

2.—Two Rivulets, one vol., with Photograph Portrait and Autograph (contains some poetry and all the prose previously published; also 13 new poems, and the Memoranda during the War, and other new prose. Price £1 (5 dollars)

3.—Memoranda during the War, one vol. (same as in No. 2, but separately printed). Price 6s. (1.50 dollar).

LIST OF PURCHASERS.

	£	s.	d.
W. T. Arnold	1	0	0
Professor Atkinson	2	2	0
Professor Armstrong	2	2	0
W. Brockie	1	0	0
A. G. B.	2	2	0
G. L. Cathcart	2	2	0
A. G. Dew-Smith	3	0	0
Mrs. Deschamps	2	0	0
J. D.	2	2	0
Professor Dowden	5	0	0
Benjamin Eyre	2	0	0
George Fraser	2	0	0
E. W. Gosse	2	2	0
Mrs. Gilchrist	5	0	0
P. R. G.	1	1	0
R. Hannah	1	0	0
F. Hueffer	1	0	0
Lady Hardy	2	0	0
James Leicester-Warren	5	0	0
Harold Littledale	2	2	0
Miss Moncrieff	1	0	0
Mrs. Mathews	1	0	0
Hon. Roden Noel	2	2	0
W. M. Rossetti	5	0	0
C. W. Reynell	5	0	0
C. W. S.	2	0	0
Miss T. C. Simpson	2	0	0
A. C. Swinburne	1	0	0
W. B. Scott	5	0	0
Bram. Stoker	2	2	0
Dr. Todhunter	2	2	0
George Wallis	2	2	0
R. R. Whitehead			
T. D. Westness			
R. Spence Watson	5	0	0
Alfred Webb	2	2	0